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The Saturday Evening POST

Mar. 24, 1962

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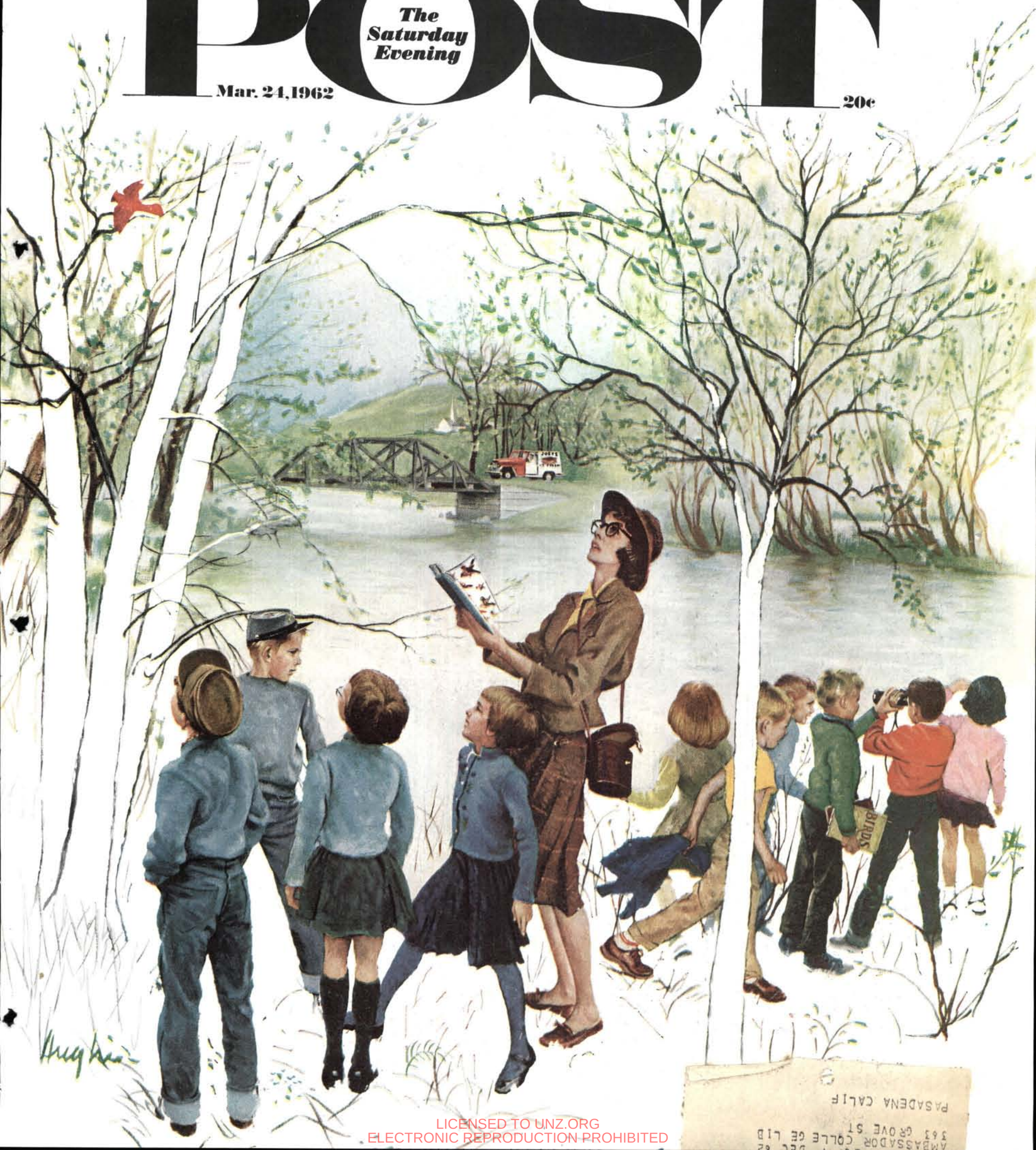

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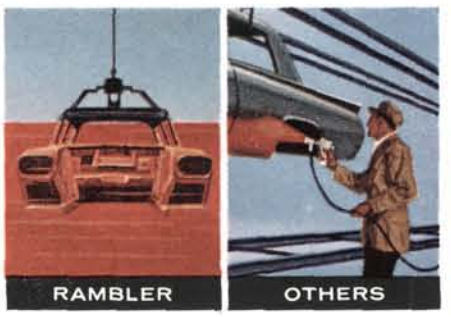

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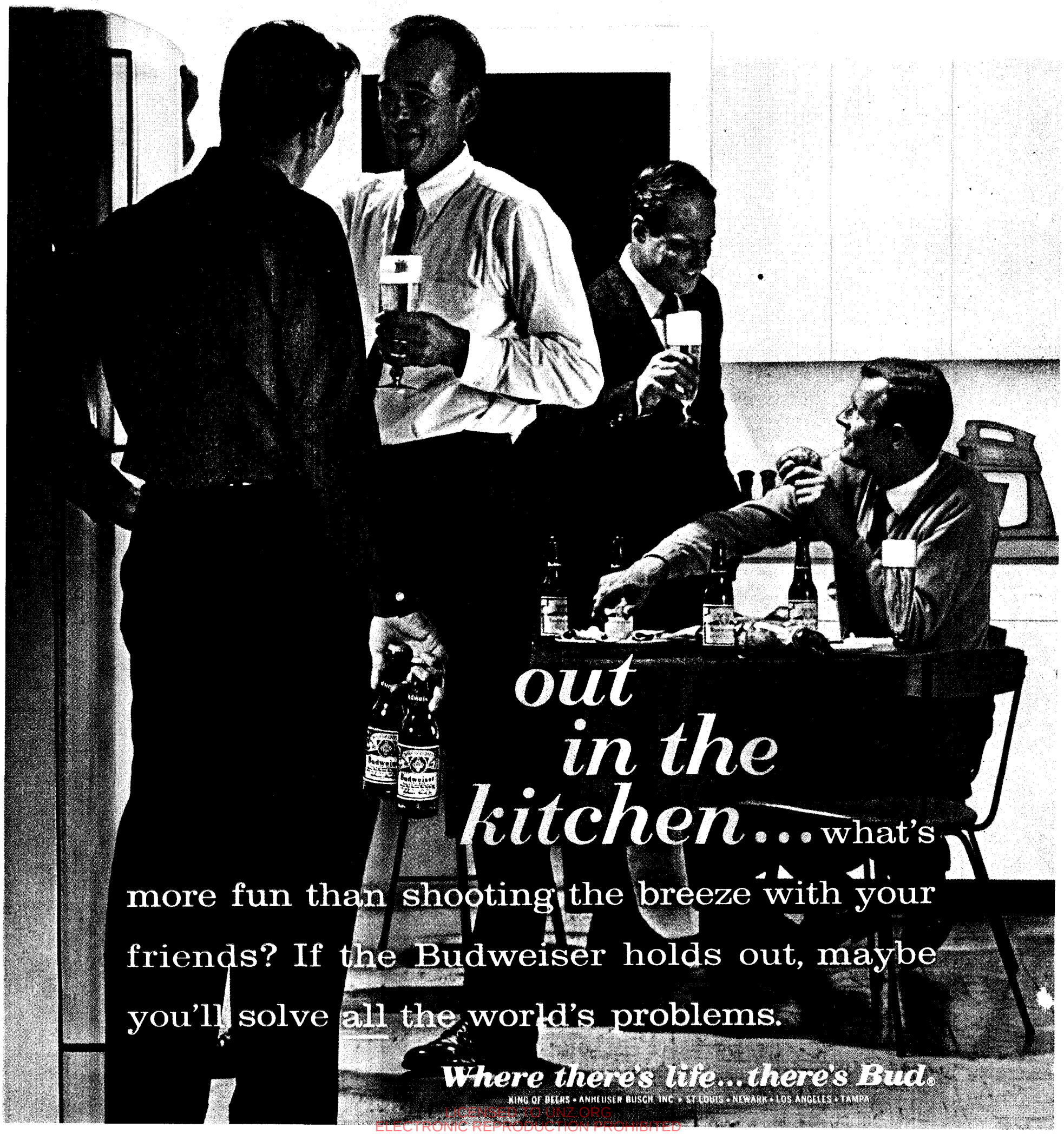
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Amateur actress Owen nervously awaits entrance (left); celebrates after show (right).

The Theater in The Post. On page 42 the article STAGESTRUCK AMERICANS tells about the astonishing boom in amateur theater in recent years: how businessmen, professional men and housewives will give up most of their spare time to put on plays. The picture at left above makes one wonder why: Mrs. Joyce Ann Owen of the Richmond (Indiana) Civic Theatre agonizes over her lines for her minor role in the local version of the Broadway hit *A Majority of One.* But the whole cast really had a ball, and after five successful performances threw a celebration (right), where an elated Mrs. Owen did a tabletop tango.

The Post in the Theater. In case the cover pictured below looks unfamiliar even to long-time readers, let us uncover the facts: It never has appeared in *The Post*, but it does appear in the musical *All-American*, opening in New York this week with music and lyrics by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams (see PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP, page 32). Ray Bolger (second from left) plays the part of a refugee professor of engineering who becomes a highly successful football coach by applying engineering principles to the game. With an assist from a slick outfit called Exploiters, Ltd., he becomes, in fact, so famous that national magazines feature him on their covers. The supposed *Post* cover shows the professor and fellow refugees expressing astonishment, delight and cynicism at the wonders of America.

A Post noncover.

Our Peripatetic Editors. Strolling with India's Jawaharlal Nehru one day last September, Contributing Editor John Kobler asked the prime minister if he would write an article for *The Post*. Suggested subject: Neutralism. Nehru's reply—three months before India invaded Goa—"No." The occasion of Kobler's visit to New Delhi: to dog the steps of international armaments dealer Samuel Cummings (THE MAN WITH THE CROCODILE BRIEFCASE, page 23). Also no stranger to faraway places is Contributing Editor Harold H. Martin, whose extensive travels in the Middle East have brought us a series of articles backed up by his experience of primitive lands, desert discomforts, and hazards of tourism in countries where any stranger may be declared *persona non grata* without notice. In this issue we are publishing his study of the Arab refugees (RING OF HATE AROUND ISRAEL, page 68). A less exotic journey—with the notable exception of his mode of transport—lies behind our article from

Kobler and Nehru in India.

Baum and the turbine auto.

Contributing Editor Arthur W. Baum, who has been driving the highways of America since 1923 and now averages 30,000 miles a year. Here he tells about driving across the United States in a car of tomorrow—the turbine auto. To find out how it works and how it drives, turn to page 38. A not-quite-so-peripatetic contributor to this issue is Senior Editor Robert Murphy, author of FALLOUT ISLAND (page 30), a story about strange happenings on a supposedly uninhabited island. Bob has done plenty of globe-trotting, but says that the travel behind this story consisted solely of a few ambulatory trips to his study.

Our Actual Cover. "The cardinal, children, is a cheerful and industrious bird who takes good care of his young. His food habits are considered highly beneficial to mankind, for he eats many injurious insects and pests." While three of Miss Walker's charges industriously watch the redbird, one rebel is about to join the defectors cheerfully watching an ice-cream truck, source of a food considered by the human young to be highly beneficial to mankind.

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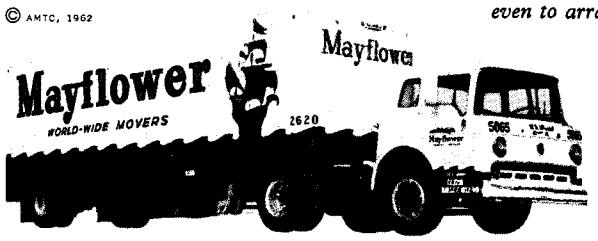

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LETTERS

BELIEVE OR NOT BELIEVE

Dear Sirs:

After reading Mr. Bendiner's dry and remarkably inaccurate SPEAKING OUT article [OUR RIGHT NOT TO BELIEVE, Feb. 10] it was a pleasure to read the warm and truthful one written by Billy Graham [OUR RIGHT TO REQUIRE BELIEF, Feb. 17].

MARGARET LINDEM
Fergus Falls, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

One can hardly help comparing the calmly logical article of Robert Bendiner with the rather emotional rebuttal of Billy Graham. Those of us who are non-Christians take issue with Mr. Graham's belief that every citizen in the United States should believe in his particular brand of God-hood, which makes God synonymous with Christ.

BONNIE PORTNOY
Pittsfield, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I have waited a long time for Mr. Bendiner's article. I was afraid I should never see it. At long last there came a man with the intellectual accomplishments and the courage equal to the task. I am glad that my favorite magazine had the courage to print it.

VERNON F. PETERSON
Rice Lake, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Bravo [for Billy Graham]! It's time someone points out that freedom *from* religion was not in the scheme of things with our Founding Fathers, is not in it with most Americans of today and, I pray, shall not be the order of tomorrow!

MRS. A. REES
Fairview, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

If you wished to create a debate between the viewpoints of Mr. Bendiner and Mr. Graham, you failed. The former points out the dangers of hypocritical public officials professing religion; the latter exhorts to the necessity of all being truly religious, not merely public officials. Since true religion is urged, there can be no room for hypocrites. And since Mr. Graham does not defend what Mr. Bendiner disparages, there is no disagreement.

CHARLES W. WOODSON
Vallejo, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Billy Graham didn't even discuss his subject, which was supposed to be OUR RIGHT TO REQUIRE BELIEF (emphasis added). All he undertakes to prove is that the Founding Fathers were men of religious persuasion. Perhaps so, if one takes a wide and liberal view of the religious opinions of Adams, Jefferson, Paine and Franklin. But the record seems clear that these revered men would have been shocked at the idea of *requiring* religious belief.

MILTON F. LUNCH
Lanham, Md.

● *Mr. Graham originally titled his article,* WHY SHOULD AMERICAN POLITICAL LEADERS BELIEVE IN GOD? *It was retitled by* THE POST.—*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

In his anxiety to support his basic view, with which most men would agree, Mr. Bendiner throws an aura of doubt around some revered names in American history that would mislead readers. . . . If a man is not a church member because he cannot accept the ceremonials of organized religion, there is no reason to count him as a Godless man. . . . All one needs to do is to read Abraham Lincoln's short farewell to his Springfield neighbors to be convinced of his Godliness. But Mr. Bendiner seems willing to let the point rest with the bald statement of the great emancipator's early law partner Herndon, who said of Lincoln, "In short, he was an infidel." What a pitiful perversion about this great man of God.

WARREN R. SPRAGUE
St. Louis, Mo.

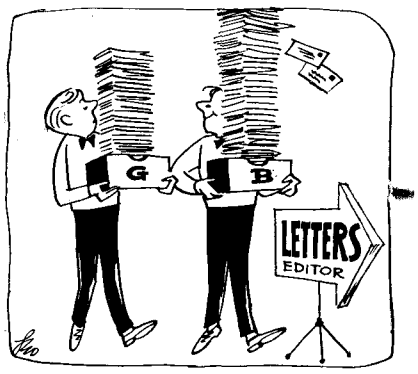
● *To fit Mr. Bendiner's article into the allotted space, the following sentence was cut: "Lincoln's presidency, the years of his ordeal, were admittedly replete with references to God and gave every evidence of deep spiritual feeling, but he could not even then attach himself to any church and, by his wife's testimony, he was 'not a technical Christian.'"* The Post *regrets the deletion.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Here comes one of the many letters you will receive concerning the Robert Bendiner article, the majority of them condemning the article, because that is the way with the devoutly religious or, for whatever reason, the champions of orthodox religion. They want freedom for themselves alone.

LEONARD C. RAUGHLEY
Norfolk, Va.

● *Reader Raughley and many others misjudged the reaction to Mr. Bendiner's article. At press time we had received*



196 letters applauding it and 179 in opposition, while Mr. Graham's piece drew 152 cheers and 207 boos.—ED.

SECRET SICKNESS

Dear Sir:

American Housewives are not the lush boozers that Don Murray says they are [THE HOUSEWIFE'S SECRET SICKNESS, Jan 27]. . . . I think American housewives are tops. Why? I joined their ranks exactly two years ago this month. *The Post* is also one of my favorite magazines, and I don't like you to pick on my neighbors. You make it sound as if every time one of us goes to the hospital it's for a hush-hush, lush-lush reason. From now on I'll be afraid to even own up to a headache for fear it will sound as if I'm recovering from a hangover.

MRS. ALINE SWETS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

If alcoholism is a disease, as the article contends, then it is the only

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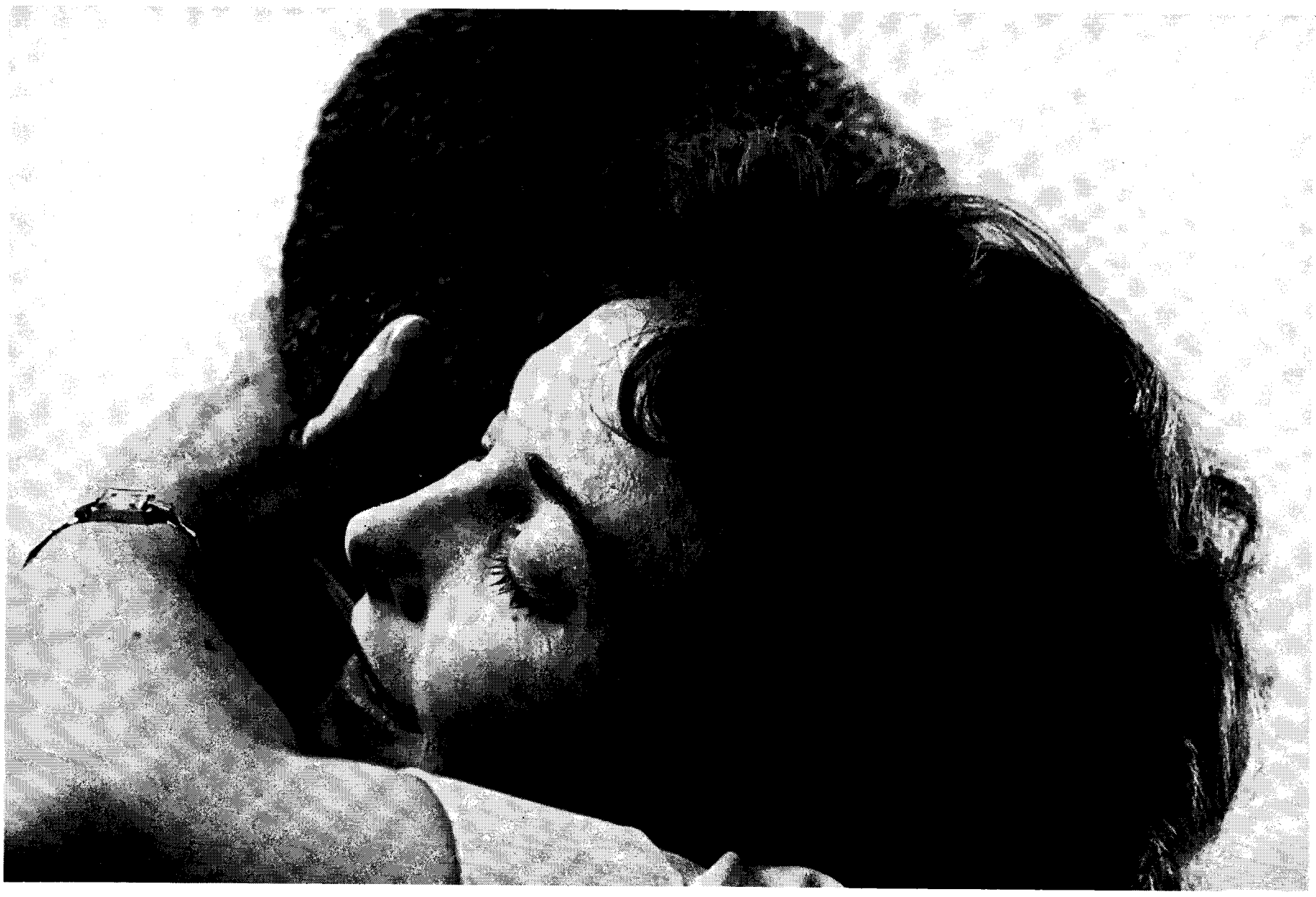
"You're so late, Tom!
I was terribly worried.

All sorts of things went
through my mind...

I wondered if you were in an
accident, or had a heart attack."



"It made me stop and think how much we depend on you!"

Sometimes it takes an incident like this to help a man see his responsibilities more clearly. Suppose something really did "happen." What would become of his family? How would they manage? And then he may think about his life insurance, and wonder if he has enough.

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LETTERS

disease that is self-inflicted. Take away the cause, and the person is well; this leaves the liquor manufacturer to blame, and he should be compelled to establish, maintain and treat alcoholics (their own victims). Tax-supported agencies for this purpose are an imposition on the *non*drinking public.

MRS. H. E. WACKERLE
Chetopa, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

Your article was very sad and very touching. But when I needed to consult some psychiatrists about a character I had in one of my novels, who became an alcoholic, they gave me the three most important reasons, in their opinions, for alcoholism in both sexes: security, despair and lack of religion.

Three eminent opinions leaned more to the "security" cause than anything else. One psychiatrist explained that man is a naturally combative, competitive and striving creature, and when these things are "creamed away" in social security, man loses his incentive and his instinct to survive and excel and strive. . . .

This goes, too, for women, said the psychiatrist. They have little work to do because of machines in their homes, prepared foods and easy money at hand. There is not that "fear of tomorrow" which makes a woman a partner with her husband and exalts her when he becomes a success. Then her secular-school training seeps away whatever religion she had; she becomes "enlightened" and "sophisticated." She has literally no one to whom she can turn, no hope, no joy, no struggle. Then comes the easy bottle bought with the too-easy money.

TAYLOR CALDWELL
Buffalo, N.Y.

● *Miss Caldwell is the author of more than 20 novels. Her biggest success,* Dear and Glorious Physician, *stayed on best-seller lists for a year. Her latest is* A Prologue to Love, *currently a best seller.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

In my opinion, Don Murray's article will cause many a woman who thinks she is alone and lost with her addiction to alcohol to realize that there are others, like her, who have found help for their problem through the aid of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Having attended many meetings of this wonderful organization, I have heard a great number of old-timers state that it was through Jack Alexander's article, ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS [*The Post*, March 1, 1941] that they saw there were others with the same problem as theirs who were able to do something about it.

Since Mr. Murray's article has been published, many a gal in her talk has said, "That was my story before I came to A.A." I believe this article will be quoted for many years to come by some girl who will say that she realized for the first time, while reading THE HOUSEWIFE'S SECRET SICKNESS, that she could get real help with her problem of alcoholism and, for the first time, that she was not alone.

E.H.C.
Hartford, Conn.

EUROPEAN TORNADO?

Dear Sirs:

Your dramatic editorial, THE WINDS OF CHANGE [Feb. 10], are only more gusts in the foul winds which have been sweeping across America from Europe for the past thirty years. They're only the aftermath of the tornado that struck Russia in 1917.

MRS. A. E. BENZINGER
Eureka, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Hurrah for your editorial. . . . It is obvious that in today's world we need a new plan for competing on the world market. The trade barriers that we have in effect now are antiquated and out of date. If we form an alliance with the Common Market, there will emerge a formidable opponent for the Communist bloc. Far from causing unemployment in this country, the President's new foreign-trade program should set off a boom in the American economy the like of which has never been seen before.

GEORGE MITCHELL
Villanova, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Your WINDS OF CHANGE editorial certainly blows full force from the *left*. When a paper, magazine or individual

once becomes oriented toward statism, it becomes a simple matter to rationalize each step toward a complete socialistic governmental structure. Thus, while knowing of the bottomless morass into which farm subsidies have led us, you champion an even deeper bottomless pit by saying "the President advocates assistance for those who suffer under the new legislation." . . .

To compete by means of subsidies to producers who wish to sell on the foreign market, or by granting assistance to those who "suffer" from imports, is to avoid the basic problem involved—foreign producers are producing goods of equal quality at a lower price. This is the problem which must be realistically faced rather than trying to prop up an economic system with subsidies. We must concentrate on more efficient production and distribution and meet foreign competition on an equal and fair footing.

EDWARD A. CHERRY
Chautauqua, N.Y.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
3–Two by Gus Pasquarella; Chris Kindahl; Rothschild. • 12–Arnold Roth. • 23, 24–Chris Kindahl. • 25–Arnold Newman. • 26, 27–Chris Kindahl. • 28–Ollie Atkins. • 29–Chris Kindahl. • 30, 31–Carroll Jones. • 32–Arthur Shay. • 33–Dennis Stock. • 34–Jack Fields. 35–Sid Avery. • 36–Carroll Jones. • 38–Vanguard. • 39, 40, 41–Joe Clark. • 42, 46–Gus Pasquarella. • 48, 49–Joe De Mers. • 58, 59, 63–Wayne Miller. • 68, 69, 70, 71, 73–John Bryson. • 87–S. Neil Fujita. • 94, 95, 96, 97–Edward Clark.

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Then simply return the postage-paid card — without money — and you will promptly receive the stereo record you have selected, together with a bill for $12.93 (that's $4.98 for the record, $7.95 for the phonograph), plus a small shipping charge. (If you select a higher priced record, you will be billed accordingly.) Upon receipt of payment, we will immediately ship your Columbia Compact Stereo Phonograph.

FREE STEREO MUSIC MAGAZINE . . . Every four *weeks you will receive, free, the Club's entertain*ing and informative music Magazine — which will describe fifty or more stereo recordings from every field of music . . . classical, popular, show music, jazz, humor, country and folk, etc.

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Your only membership obligation is to purchase a record every four weeks during the coming year . . . and you may discontinue membership at any time thereafter. If you decide to continue as a member after fulfilling your enrollment agreement, you need not purchase any specified number of records — but for every two selections you do accept, you will receive a stereo Bonus *record of your choice free.*

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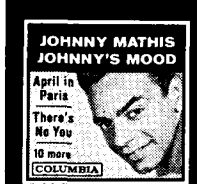
BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY ONE OF THESE EXCITING STEREO RECORDS



1. Also: I'm in the Mood for Love, Stay Warm, etc. . . .$4.98

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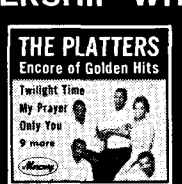
3. California, Avalon, Moonlight Bay, 16 in all $4.98



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5. "A performance of manly eloquence" —N.Y. Times . .$5.98

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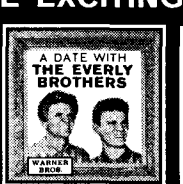

7. Cathy's Clown, A Change of Heart, Love Hurts, etc. $4.98

8. Also: Londonderry Air; Holy, Holy, Holy; etc. . . .$5.98

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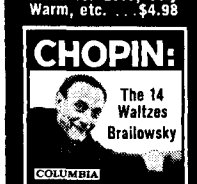
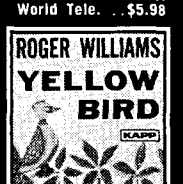
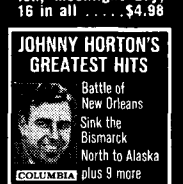


11. "Elegant . . . tone is crystalline"—N.Y. Times $5.98



12. An Affair to Remember, Greensleeves, etc. . .$4.98



13. Also: Comanche, The Mansion You Stole, etc. . . .$4.98

14. Superb performance of this enchanting score $5.98

15. There Goes My Heart, Love Walked In, 9 more . . .$4.98

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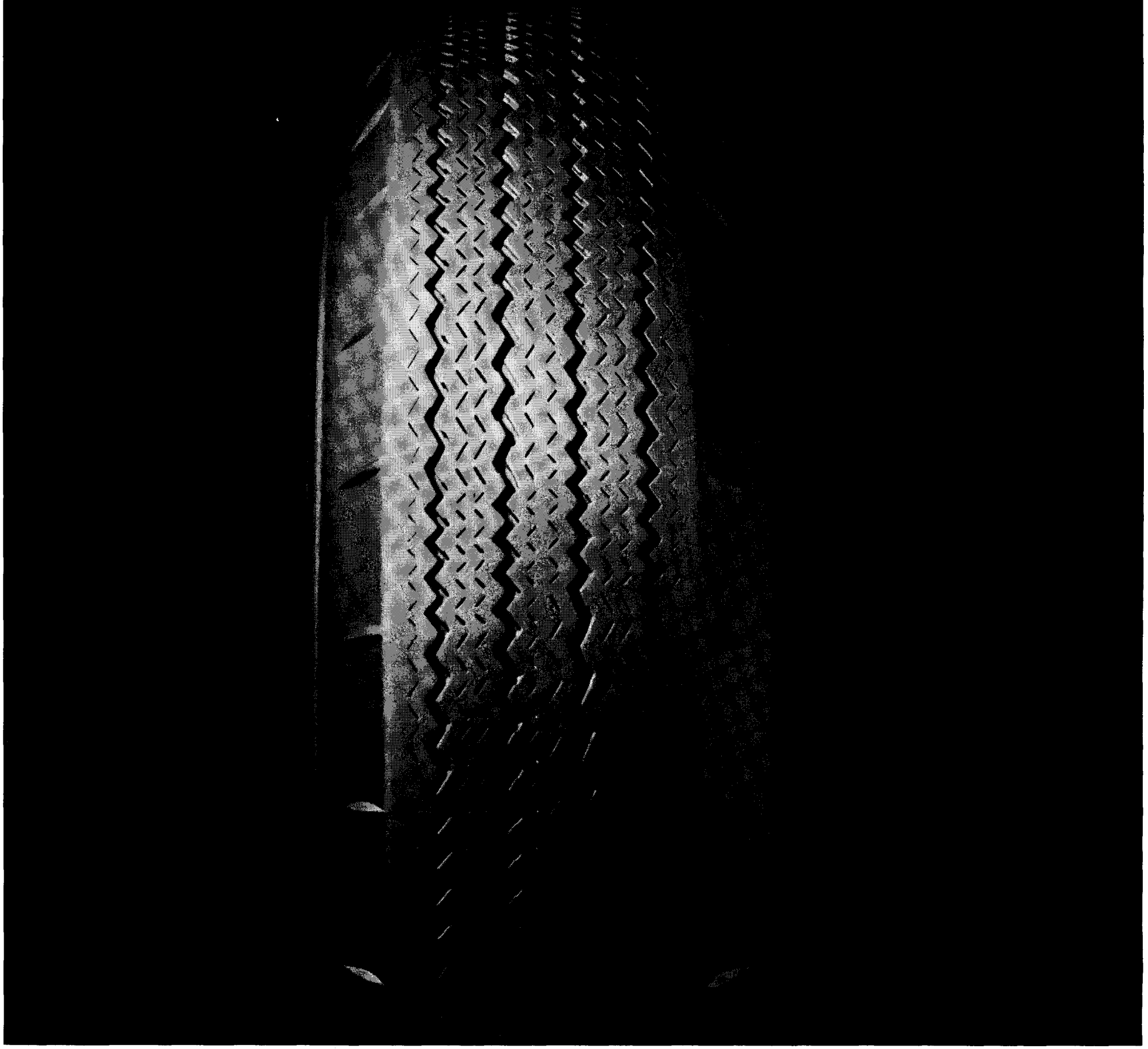
WITH TUFSYN . . . 1962 Custom Super-Cushion run for 21,501 fast-wear miles.



New Tufsyn in Goodyear tires

These 2 tires were run the same distance. On the same car. To let you see the difference Tufsyn makes in Goodyear's new tread compound.

What is Tufsyn? Tufsyn is the name for Goodyear's polybutadiene—the new *tough synthetic*—as developed and specially processed for use in Goodyear tires.

Tufsyn is different from conventional "rubbers"—either natural rubber or previous synthetics. It looks the same. It feels the same. It's in the same family. But, it's tougher. More durable.

Proof? Look at the unretouched photos above. The tire at the right—a 1961 Goodyear—is *famous* for mileage. That's why it was standard equipment on so many makes of new cars last year.

Thousands more miles with Tufsyn—The tire at the left—a 1962 Goodyear with Tufsyn in the tread compound—was still good for thousands of miles when the test was over. Remember—both tires went the *same* mileage over the *same* roads on the *same* car—rotated every 1000 miles. Speed: 60-65 mph.

And we didn't stop with the tread. We added new Tufsyn to the tire body, too—to make it safer. Because Tufsyn holds a tire together

TUFSYN, SUPER-CUSHION, T.M.'s THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON 16, OHIO

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WITHOUT TUFSYN ... 1961 Custom Super-Cushion run for the same mileage.

makes this much difference

etter. Meaning you're better protected against separations, chunk-
ıg, cracking, or chipping—especially at today's turnpike speeds.

25% more durable tire body—In fact, Tufsyn when combined with
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. .stance to road shock—increases tire body
urability by as much as 25%.

More than ever, you get a tire that's built for
ırnpikes. A tire that's *Turnpike-Proved*. And
:'s all made possible by Goodyear's *know how*.

Our constant search for *better* materials and *better* methods means you get a *better* tire. You can count on it.

Remember the name: Tufsyn. Because you're going to want it. Your Goodyear Dealer or Goodyear Service Store has it. Now.

GOODYEAR

More People Ride On Goodyear Tires Than On Any Other Kind!

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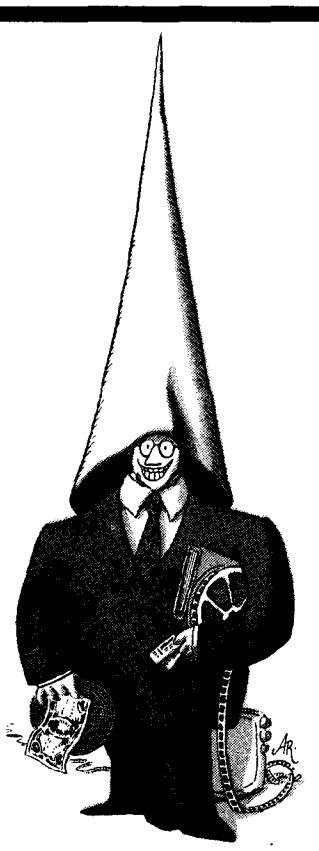
SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

The Mental Midgets Take Over

BY DAVID SUSSKIND



Not long before he died, Ernest Hemingway told a friend of mine, "This is the Millennium of the Untalented. We are deluged with writers who can't write, actors who can't act, singers who can't sing—and they're all making a million dollars a year." I would go even a step further and say that we are living in the Millennium of the Mental Midget. The mediocrities have taken over in almost every phase of American life. Many of them are making millions in their lust for money and power, but they are corrupting their media and producing manifold symptoms of decay in our culture and in our thinking. It is like a rampaging cancer that overwhelms the entire body, from the toes to the scalp.

Harvard grad and Democrat, Navy vet and express agent, David Susskind is a producer of movies (A Raisin in the Sun), *TV specials* (The Moon and Sixpence), *plays* (Rashomon) *and headlines* ("*Hundreds Object to Premier on TV*," *headlined* The New York Times *when Susskind interviewed Khrushchev on* Open End *in 1960*).

For a long time now television has been made the prime example of the mediocrity of our times. It has been fashionable to lament "the vast wasteland"—and I have been among the principal lamenters. But how about the vast wasteland in movies, books, magazines, newspapers, the clergy, education and politics? In Colonial days they put the town drunk in the stocks on the village green so the citizenry could have the sinner in full view at all times in order to learn a lesson about his transgressions. That's what we've done to television. But just as some of those who put the sinner in the stocks in eighteenth-century New England often were more prodigious alcoholics than their public example, so are some of those who are most vocal in reviling television today even more guilty of the same banalities. It's as if our over-all mediocrity required a flaming advertisement—and television, with its mass audiences, provided the most available example.

As a start let's take a look at our newspapers. Aside from a few notable exceptions like *The New York Times*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the Washington *Post* and the Atlanta *Constitution*, the press is filled with more sex and violence every day than you can find in three weeks of solid televiewing. It is a river of morbidity—murder, divorce, switchblade gang fights, children born out of wedlock. A comely girl named Lillian Reis goes on trial for burglary in Pennsylvania, and the story is bigger than the Congo crisis in too many of our newspapers. A collection of hoodlum punks, called the Gallo mob, is raided and disarmed by the police in Brooklyn, and the skirmish pushes the trouble in Laos off the front pages in New York. On the West Coast it is hard to know what is going on in the world unless you subscribe to the airmail edition of *The New York Times*, or some other conscientious out-of-town newspaper. The two major Los Angeles papers are rife with crime and carryings-on of idiot movie stars. There is little space for world events. It is ridiculous and embarrassing and frustrating.

Take away the advertisements, and many papers would be no more than six or seven pages of news. But it's not even news. It's a mélange of chintzy gossip columns, horoscopes, homemaking hints, advice to the lovelorn, comics, crossword puzzles and inane features like, "Are you happily married? Take the following test." The editorial pages, which are supposed to guide our thinking, are mainly morasses of personal prejudice. President Kennedy is trying mightily to avert war while bargaining from strength with the Russians, and the saber-rattling New York *Daily News*, which considers itself far wiser than any elected or appointed official, writes, "It won't do any good, Mr. Kennedy. They only understand force and power."

The news columns, which are supposed to inform, have descended instead into confusion and laxity. Far too many reporters accept the official handout and, when the handout is proved false, sheepishly tell the other side of the story—to the vast perplexity of their readers. The Cuban invasion, for example, was first reported to us as a rumor, then as a full-scale military operation that was going splendidly, then there were unexpected difficulties but the invasion was irresistible, then Castro had defeated the invaders, and finally it turned out that the United States and the CIA were involved and that it was a fiasco in the eyes of the world. What has happened to so many of our reporters and editors? Either they're stupid and not good journalists and didn't see the facts through the smoke screen of official secrecy, or they deliberately lent themselves to jingoism. On either count they're to be censured.

The same is true of the segment of the press that unashamedly lends itself to what is euphemistically called "the official leak." One day they write, "A high official source disclosed today . . ." Then the source realizes the statement isn't sitting right with the American people, and the next day it is denied by an even higher undisclosed official source. Instead of journalism, we have, in many of our newspapers, a medium for samplings and testings. The press is not supposed to be a Gallup Poll. It is supposed to be reporting facts. In this respect—and in the cynical emphasis on violence and sex, for which they sanctimoniously condemn TV—the mediocre newspapers now outnumber the good newspapers in the United States by more than twenty-five to one.

Mediocrity runs rampant, too, in the field of the American motion picture, where the mental midgets *really* have taken over. There has been only a handful of good Hollywood films in recent years—*West Side Story*, *Bridge on the River Kwai*, *The Apartment*, to name some of them—but such rewarding movies comprise only about 5 percent of the total U.S. product. The rest are junk: The I-Was-a-Switchblade-Lover type; the hokey Biblical-drama type which I'm convinced will soon lead to the life story of Judas Iscariot; the let's-examine-our-own-sick-psyche-and-see-how-sex-starved-we-are type, like *Suddenly Last Summer;* the can-there-be-real-happiness-with-fulfilled-libidos type, like *Peyton Place*. Even more revolting are the Gidgets and Fabians aimed

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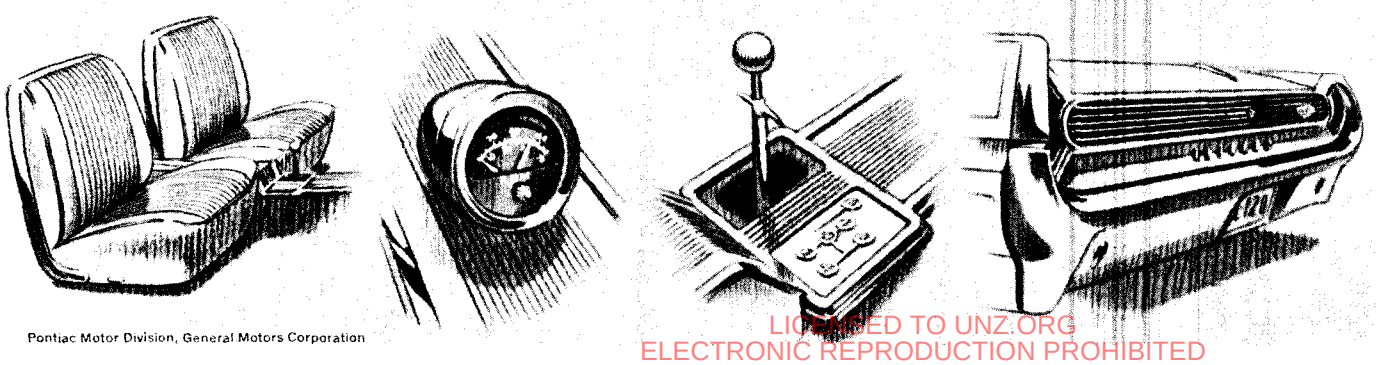
Civilized, well-mannered—but a tiger at heart! For all its soft-spoken elegance, Pontiac's GP harbors a well-nigh irresistible urge to get this show on the road. You can spot clues to that attitude all over the place: special front and rear deck treatment, snug bucket seats, center control console, tach (floor-mounted Hydra-Matic, four-speed gearbox, and the vinyl coated fabric roof covering shown above, are extra-cost options). But where this stinger does its real talking is under the hood, with a lusty 303 hp Trophy V-8. (It's standard equipment, so you can imagine what the extra-cost engine options put out.) Wide-Track goes along with the package, naturally. Check with your Pontiac dealer—you'll soon be as much of a GP enthusiast as he is.



Pontiac Motor Division, General Motors Corporation

GRAND PRIX BY PONTIAC

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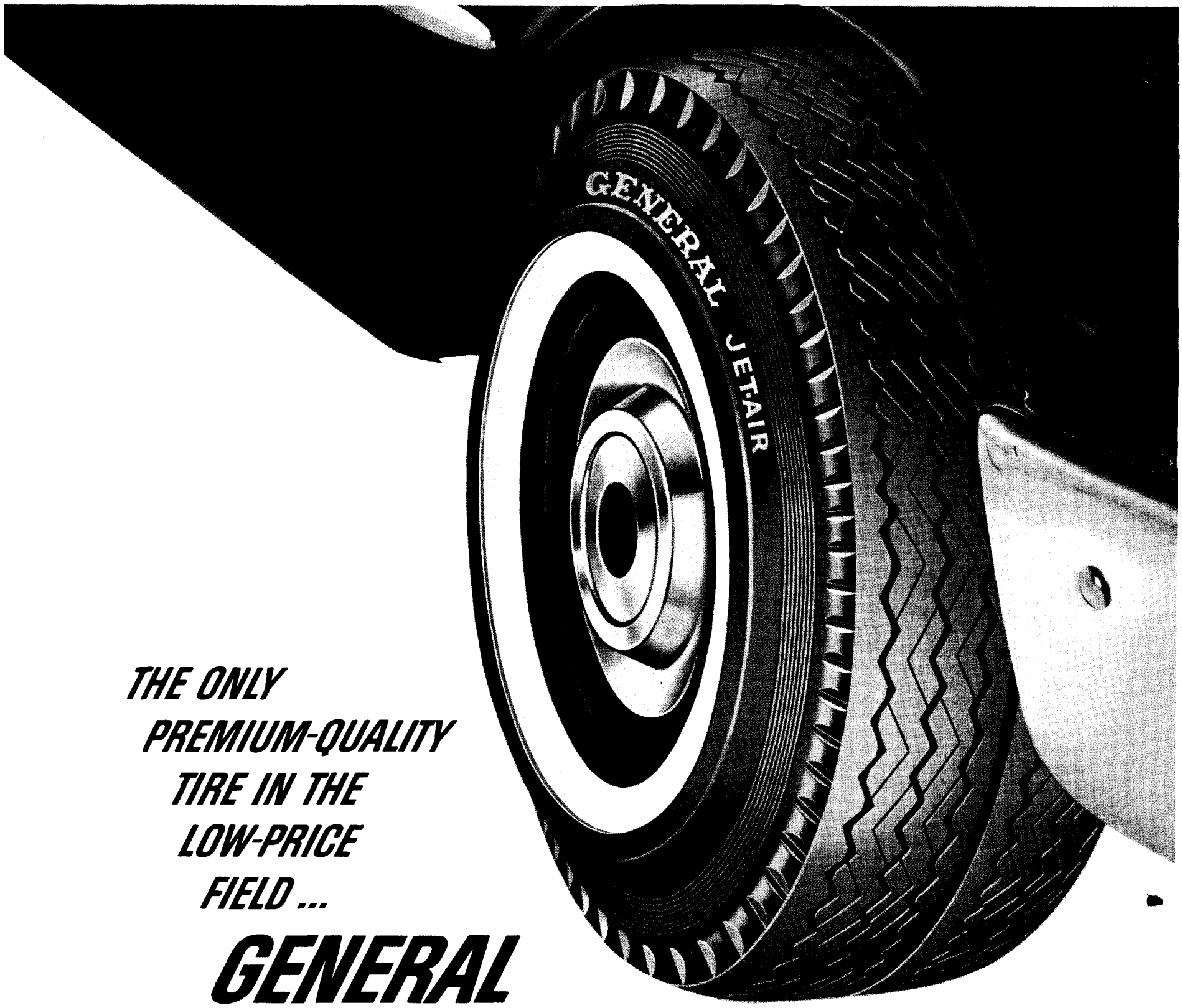

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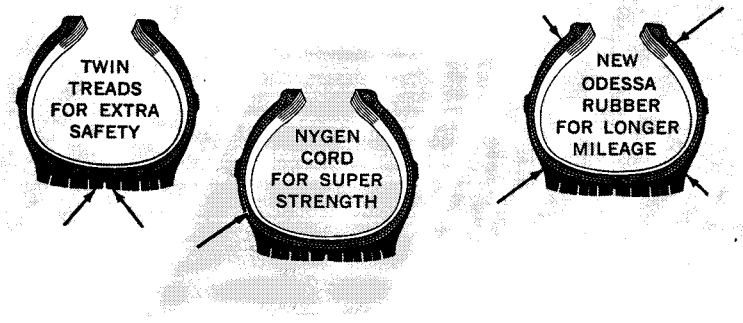

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McAllen General Tire Service
Midland Midland Tire Company
Monahans Golden Chevrolet Co., Inc. Reed Tire Co.
Morton Luper Tire & Motor Co.
Nacogdoches Herman Power Tire Store
New Braunfels Berg Truck & Implement Co.
Odessa Garrison General Tire Service
Ozona Knox Motor Co.
Paris Lamar Oil Company Paris Oil Products
Pasadena Paty General Tire Service, Inc. of Pasadena
Pecos Pecos Tire Service
Port Lavaca Elliott's
Sacul Joe Pye Automotive & Truck
San Angelo Red Covington Tire Service
San Antonio General Tire of San Antonio Joske's of Texas, General Tire & Auto Supply Store Kindell Tire Co.
Sonora R. S. Teaff Oil Co.
Temple Paul Boyd Ford, Inc.
Texarkana Fox Tire Co.
Texas City Texas City Tire Shop, Inc.
Tulia Jennings Supply
Tyler The General Tire Service of Tyler
Uvalde Uvalde General Tire
Van Horn Troy Graves Oil Co.
Vernon The Parr Store
Victoria Victoria General Tire Service, Inc.
Waco Boyle General Tire Co.
Waxahachie Stoffergen Implement
Wichita Falls Hodges Tire Co.
All El Paso Dealers
All Ark-La Service Centers

UTAH
Bingham Canyon Taylor's Service
Blanding Abajo Petroleum Co.
Cedar City Bradshaw Chevrolet Co.
Green River Eugene Hunt Oil Co.
Logan Harris Truck & Equipment Co.
Murray Laury Miller, Inc.
Ogden Jensen Bros. General Tire Service
Salt Lake City Wheeler General Tire Co. Winn & Co., Inc.
Vernal Cal & Jack's Fleet Tire Service
All El Paso Dealers

WASHINGTON
Aberdeen S & W General Tire Service, Inc.
Auburn Webster Automotive Service
Burlington Hoehn Tire Service
Centralia Naismith & Davis
Everett Rainbow Tire Service
Renton Renton General Tire Service
Richland Richland Tire Exchange
Ritzville O. K. Rubber Welders
Seattle Automotive Parts & Equipment Co. Inc. of Seattle General Tire Co.
Spokane Tire Service Co.
Tacoma Sam's Tire Service
Toppenish City Tire Service
Vancouver Evergreen Tire Service & Sales
Walla Walla Ford's Tire Service
Wenatchee Wenatchee General Tire Co.
Yakima Tire Sales & Equipment

WYOMING
Casper Wilson General Tire Service
Cheyenne Chief Tire & Recapping Service, Inc.
Douglas Messick Sales & Service
Kemmerer Don's Standard Service
Lander Lander Motor Co.
Lyman Bridger Valley Motor
Rock River Brown & Nelson
Rock Springs Chief Tire Co.
Sheridan Farmers Co-Op Oil Co.
Thermopolis Smith General Tire Co.
Worland Mountain Tire & Tread, Inc.

ALBERTA
Calgary General Tire of Calgary
Edmonton General Tire of Edmonton
Lethbridge Enerson Motors Limited

B.C.
Langley General Tire of Langley
Nelson Taylor & Wilton Sales Limited
Vancouver General Tire of Vancouver

MAN.
Brandon Norman's Tire Centre
Winnipeg York Tire Service Limited

N.B.
Fredericton Auto Machinery & General Supply Co. Ltd.

NEWFOUNDLAND
St. John's Grouchy's Limited

NOVA SCOTIA
Bridgetown Moir Motors Limited
Halifax Scotia Chevrolet-Oldsmobile Limited
Lunenburg Lunenburg Foundry Garage Co., Ltd.
Shubenacadie Hants Co. Ray's Home & Auto Supplies
Truro Ralph Hoyt Limited

ONTARIO
Arthur Martin & McInnis Imperial Garage and Service Station
Bracebridge Lorne T. Shier
Brantford Kett Motors Limited
Chatham Clements Motor Sales Limited
Collingwood McKee Tire Service
Dryden Lobreau Motors Limited
Erin Winter's Garage
Fort Erie Chris Eden Limited
Fort William Kam Motors Limited
Haliburton Elstone's Sunoco Service
Hamilton General Tire of Hamilton
Ida William Mitchell
Kapuskasing Smith & Lincez Auto Accessories
Killaloe Benjamin Hokum & Son
Kingston St. Remy Motor Service Limited
Leamington Wigle Motors Limited
Lindsay Douglas Tire & Battery Service
Mt. Albert Norris Morton
Niagara Falls Nansons Battery & Service
North Bay Marman Tire & Supplies Limited
Oakville Stirling-Dynes Limited
Odessa Ryders Garage
Oshawa Hambly Tire Limited
Ottawa General Tire of Ottawa
Palmerston McRae's Garage
Pembroke Brown's Auto Supplies
Port Credit Port Credit Motors Limited
Sault Ste. Marie Desanti Tire & Vulcanizing Limited
Sioux Lookout Al Pierce Motors Limited
Stratford R.L.Mitchell Tire Sales
Sudbury United Auto Parts (Sudbury) Ltd.
Toronto Ed Crowe Tire Sales Limited General Tire of Toronto Green & Ross Tire Co., Limited Scarborough Tire & Spring Limited
Val Gagné Guay's Garage Co., Ltd.
Wallaceburg Crossett Motors Limited
Welland Bedard's Service Station

QUEBEC
Berthierville Brissette Automobile Ltée
Chicoutimi Chicoutimi Roberval Oil Inc.
Drummondville Delisle Auto Drummondville Ltée
Granby Coulombe et Fils, Inc.
LaSarre Delisle Auto LaSarre Ltée
LaTuque Delisle Auto LaTuque Ltée
Lorrainville Delisle Auto Lorrainville Ltée
Montreal City Tire Co., Limited Ludger Gravel et Fils Ltée
Quebec City Maurice Rousseau & Co., Ltd.
Ruoyn Delisle Auto Rouyn Ltée
Shawinigan Falls Delisle Auto Shawinigan Ltée
Sorel Gendron & Lamoureux Ltée
Three Rivers Delisle Auto Three Rivers Ltée
Val D'or Delisle Auto Val D'Or Ltée
Ville St. Michel Garage R. Simard Engr.

SASKATCHEWAN
Regina York Tire Service (Regina) Ltd.
Saskatoon E. K. Motors Limited

YUKON TERRITORY
Whitehorse Artic Volkswagen Sales Ltd.

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I can't understand why some of my friends always have to ask about a million people before they try anything new or different.

I make up my own mind!

Take Tampax, for example. It's easy enough to find out the facts about Tampax. All you have to do is read any Tampax ad. Tampax is worn internally. It's invisible in place. There's no odor, no chafing, no embarrassment. You can bathe wearing Tampax. It makes you feel nicer, cleaner, cooler, fresher.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

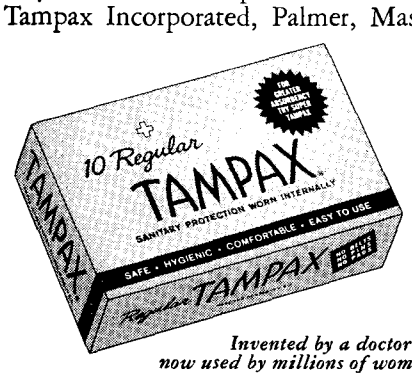
Doesn't that sound as if the product just had to be better? It did to me.

So I didn't ask for anyone's opinion. I just gave myself some good advice.

Try it! I said.

Frankly, taking that advice is one of the smartest moves I ever made. Tampax is all they say it is—and more!

Tampax® internal sanitary protection is available in your choice of 3 absorbency sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Buy it wherever such products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

SPEAKING OUT

at our juvenile idiots who like insipidity in their films to equal that in their popular music. These examples of the so-called Hollywood art form are beneath contempt. Compare them with the foreign product we've been seeing lately: *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, *Room at the Top*, *Never on Sunday*, *400 Blows*, *Two Women*, *Rocco and His Brothers*, and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. All of these not only are pictures that are entertaining but they say something. There is a new wave among moviemakers abroad, but in America we have only a tired old ripple. The great foreign films couldn't have been made in the United States. They have taste, in agination, daring and fidelity to human truth. They are not exaggerated, not hackneyed, not extravagantly ugly or sweet. They have creative rather than mere technical artistry. Today's Hollywood is packed with men whose sole talent is knowing how to put a wet finger into the wind to see how the zephyrs of public attitudes are blowing so they can make the most money.

It's the same with the theater, which in 1960–61 had its worst season in fifty years. Here we have a group of mental midgets who also use the wet-finger-in-the-wind method of producing, but the finger is held up in the direction of the theater-party audience to determine what the mink-clad ladies want to see. The genuine, intelligent theatergoer is ignored in the rush to attract women with finery who come only to view other women with finery, each of whom is accompanied by a restless husband who would rather be home sleeping or watching Jack Paar. The result is a collection of lusterless musicals—designed for people who can't think, who can't read, who can hardly watch and who rarely listen—the endlessly repeated little sex comedies of the *Marriage Go-Round* type, and the slice-of-life dramas about marital infidelity and sex aberrations which are cut-rate imitations of Dostoevski.

Just as with the motion picture, the best plays of the last year or so have been foreign imports—*A Taste of Honey*, *Rhinoceros*, *Beckett*, *Irma La Douce*, *The Hostage* and *The Caretaker*. The only American play that I think could compete in this group was *All the Way Home*, which nearly closed several times because of public apathy, but then went on to win both a Pulitzer prize and the New York Drama Critics' Award. As for most of the rest, it seemed to be the avowed purpose of the producers to assemble a product which would appease any group of 1200 theater-party attenders on any given night, all of whom would scream out, if they could, "Please don't stir us intellectually. Please don't make us think or be moved. We just want to pass a comfortable two hours and see what everyone's wearing."

The same sickness seems to have spread into every other facet of American life. For example, I have met many clergymen, and most impress me as being Madison Avenue automatons in clerical garb. Their principal tenet seems to be: Don't offend, don't stir up trouble, don't influence people to understand. I read résumés of sermons in *The New York Times* every Monday morning, and they are enough to put you to sleep with the sterility, mediocrity and timidity of their thinking. The placid majority is shamed by the very small minority that speaks out with fiery resolve on the moral- and social-welfare issues of our times. But where are the John Haynes Holmses, the Stephen Wises, the Bishop Pines of fifteen years ago?

And the politicians. In the 1940's we had such giants as Robert A. Taft representing conservative thought. Today we have Barry Goldwater. Taft was a man of gigantic intellect, principle and morality. He adopted facts into his purview, studied them and acted on the evidence. He was able to reason, to think and to offer constructive contributions. Goldwater, on the other hand, is opposed to everything without proposing any sane solutions. His is a nineteenth-century mind in hapless conflict with the twentieth century, and that stand has made him a possible candidate for the Presidency of the United States. On the Democratic side we have John F. Kennedy, who, fortunately for us, is possessed of extraordinary intelligence, a sense of history and guts to spare. But who are most of his lieutenants in Congress? Septuagenarian parliamentarians, consecrated to outworn convictions, and unaware that the world is on fire.

In education, also, the mediocrities too often have taken over. Far too few presidents of universities are chosen today for their learning or for their ability to inspire our young to seek knowledge. Again we have sidled into the realm of the charm boy, the salesman, the personality kid who can separate people from their money with his fund-raising ability. He doesn't even have to trouble himself with running the college—there are others who do that—just so long as he is out successfully chasing the buck. On all levels of education, moreover, the teacher—who used to have the same status as doctors and lawyers—has, through low pay and public apathy, generally abdicated his responsibility. Most teachers are passive and boring. They no longer consider it a crusade and a mission to influence young imaginations. Many of them seem to come to teaching because they have a recessive personality and can function only with children. Where are the James Conants and the Mary McLeod Bethunes? When I went to school, there were at least half a dozen teachers who were brilliant and inspiring and unforgettable. Today's children rarely mention a single teacher who has influenced or inspired them.

In the world of music and letters we are in our most miserable state. Last summer I had to make a 1000-mile automobile trip, and I spent most of my time in the car with the radio on. The music I heard was enough to chill my blood. It was feverish, unmelodic, invariably with a moronic lyric—all patently aimed at the juvenile mind. There were odes to my blue-denim sweetheart, the switchblade mambo, Paul Anka incessantly wailing to some nymphet, and so on. In each case the lyric was a primitive rhyme scheme with no imagination at all. There was no love, no tenderness. The feeble writers are married to such microscopic vocabularies that they can't even complete a rhyme scheme without repeating a line. Every once in a while in this jingle jungle you hear a Rodgers and Hammerstein or a Cole Porter tune, and you ask, "How did this new trend happen? Where did these new musical midgets come from?"

In literature you find it hard to believe that only a generation or so ago we had such giants of the novel as F. Scott Fitzgerald, Sinclair Lewis and Ernest Hemingway. Who has replaced them? Grace Metalious, Leon Uris and Rona Jaffe—who make small fortunes, but whose ability to put words together is wholly subordinate to the sex-and-violence-laden stories they tell. We have the historical novel, jam-packed with ancient sex; the novel of suburbia, jam-packed with teasing, tinseled modern sex; the novel of the South, jam-packed with aberrational sex; the novel of the Angry Young Man, jam-packed with iconoclastic sex of the infidelity-can-be-fun school. The characters are never happy sexually in these books; they are clumsy, maladjusted, mismated, always groping. There is no size or brilliant characterization or reflection of our life today. There are only feeble pawings at things that are wrong with our society. There are no Babbitts and no Gatsbys. There are no idealized heroes or heroines either. All are made of papier-mâché in this age of the literary midget.

Is there at least one bright spot in this unrelieved picture of tedium and mediocrity? Yes. Through some miracle, the nonfiction book has emerged as the sole oasis in our cultural desert. Today we are getting more definitive, more scholarly, more exciting work than ever has been produced in this field. In the depth of their perception and lack of fear, the William L. Shirers and the Theodore H. Whites are filling the vacuum left by the Dreisers and the Hemingways. *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* and *The Making of the President, 1960* are as fascinating and as informative as the great American novels of the 1920's and 1930's. In this one area, at least, we are outdoing the world. Where else can you find, at one time, a magnificent biography of William Randolph Hearst, a brilliant book on thermonuclear war, the Dean Acheson profiles, a devastating and sardonic view of Hollywood and gripping accounts of the Lindbergh case and the Spanish Civil War? Here, at least, we are in an age of giants and not midgets.

As for the rest, what is it that has caused such a dramatic decline in our cultural pattern? I think it all represents the legacy of the last decade, in which dissent was dangerous, nonadherence to the norm was suspect, and disagreement was almost equatable with treason. We had a McCarthy who drove America into retreat.

So almost everyone today plays it safe—the newspaperman, the novelist, the TV and movie producer, the clergyman and the educator. It's safer to portray nice, uncontroversial primitive emotions, such as violence or sex, than to attempt to stimulate ideas. It's safer to solve a problem with a punch in the jaw or a bullet from a six-shooter than to indulge in thinking that might offend somebody. We've lost our values and have substituted things. The ethics of the market place are supreme. Whatever you can get away with seems to be the law of the land. It's not, "Is it right? Is it good?" but "Is it profitable?"

Will it ever change? I hope so. It must. In a country as great and as rich in heritage as ours is, you can't permanently submerge and subvert 180,000,000 minds. We've come through these barren periods before, and we can only pray that truth and wisdom and courage will once again arise to put an end to the Millennium of the Mental Midget. THE END

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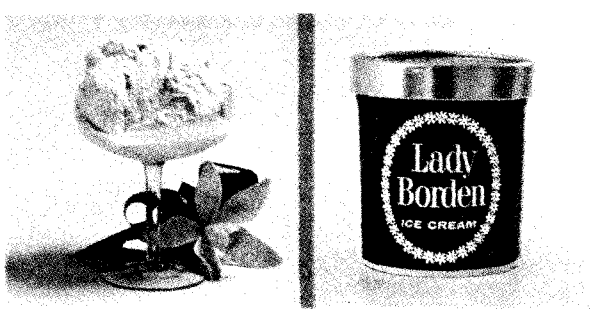

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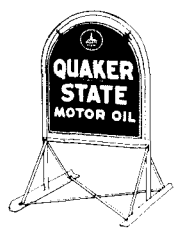

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

BY JOHN KOBLER

THE MAN WITH THE CROCODILE BRIEFCASE

Sam Cummings, an American who looks like a scoutmaster, is the top man in a chancy business: buying and selling war weapons around the world.

One morning last September I sat on a sun-baked terrace high above the Mediterranean, talking to a resident of Monaco who for the last ten years has been furnishing arms to foreign governments. In the popular mind such a figure evokes images of the archetypal "merchants of death," distributing their noxious wares with debonair cynicism among belligerents of every political stripe. Men without a country—so the classic accounts run—exotic and sinister, their origins veiled in darkest mystery, they sneer at national loyalties, manipulate prime ministers like puppets, and everywhere sow intrigue and corruption.

The man I talked to, and later accompanied halfway around the globe, is a thirty-four-year-old native American named Samuel Cummings. He chose Monaco as his legal residence because of its lenient tax laws, but he retains his American citizenship. As founder and sole owner of Interarmco (International Armament Corporation), Cummings is the world's leading arms merchant. Of the total American and British export-import gun trade, about 85 percent passes through his warehouses. He has, in fact, had a hand in almost every important arms deal outside the East Bloc during the last decade.

When West Germany began rearming, the first weapons she acquired included several thousand MG-42 light machine guns supplied by Cummings. In 1957 the Kenya Frontier Police were killing Mau Mau terrorists with British Enfield No. 4 rifles bought from Cummings. The same year he equipped the Finnish army with 100,000 Sten submachine guns.

Cummings's warehouses—nine of them bordering the Potomac River docks at Alexandria, Virginia, one in Los Angeles and another near London—presently contain 660,000 small arms, more than both the American and British armies have in service.

Out of this inventory Cummings can fully equip, at a few days' notice, any infantry corps anywhere. Given slightly longer notice, he can also supply artillery, tanks, submarines, jet fighters. The bulk of his merchandise is foreign government surplus, much of it war booty. The MG-42's he sold West Germany were, ironically, the same machine guns Hitler's *Wehrmacht* abandoned when evacuating the Netherlands.

As foreign governments adopt new ordnance, retiring the old, Cummings or one of his ubiquitous agents is likely to turn up with a gold-plated pistol as a gift to the head of state, and a bid for the surplus weapons. For $1,000,000 in 1959 Cummings bagged Spain's entire arms surplus. Another $1,000,000 bought him 600,000 Enfield rifles the British Government decided to sell after reducing the levels of its infantry strength. By last October he had unloaded all the Enfields. Fifty thousand went to Pakistan's border patrols.

There are many arms merchants, both clandestine and legal, but none of the others commands Interarmco's resources. Its foreign branches, affiliates and agencies girdle the globe. Furthermore, it holds exclusive sales franchises throughout most of the western world on the products of the Finnish, Swedish and Dutch national arms factories. The corporation's annual volume of business runs high up in eight figures. Its current net book value exceeds $10,000,000.

The Geneva *Tribune* recently awarded Cummings the symbolic crown worn by Sir Basil Zaharoff, the inscrutable Greek munitions magnate of the early 1900's, who purportedly fomented wars to create markets for his products. Moscow's *Pravda* denounced the CIA, which

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Cummings with his agents in Athens, where he bought Greek surplus weapons. He also does a lively business selling arms to collectors.

Bargain-basement munitions merchant Cummings owns more small arms than the British and American armies have in service.

"ON A FEW DAYS' NOTICE HE CAN EQUIP ANY INFANTRY CORPS ANYWHERE."

once employed Cummings, as a silent partner in his "illegal transactions." *Der Spiegel*, a Munich newsweekly, suggested links between Interarmco and various German arms smugglers. Cummings's Munich representative, Hans Joachim Seidenschnur, the magazine charged, was arming the Portuguese planters in Angola against the native black rebels.

Last July a Zurich arms merchant named Paul Stauffer fell dead in front of his garage, riddled by five bullets. It was the eighth murder in Switzerland or Germany since 1958 of men believed to have been plying the same trade. The Zurich police theorized that the "Red Hand," a right-wing French terrorist society, killed Stauffer for running guns to the Algerian FLN. His files contained letters from Interarmco. The newspapers failed to report, however, that the letters declined offers of arms from Stauffer. To Cummings's further embarrassment, he learned that Seidenschnur had been the close friend of a Hamburg arms dealer, Georg Puchert, who shipped guns to the FLN. Puchert was blown up by a bomb concealed in his car. Cummings fired Seidenschnur.

The stories depicting Cummings as Zaharoff *redivivus* amuse more than they irk him. In reality he dare not buy or sell as much as a blunderbuss without a license from the U. S. State Department's Office of Munitions Control, the British War Office, or both, depending on the sphere of influence involved. To evade this jurisdiction would be to jeopardize a business compared to which the operations of gun runners are small potatoes. Thus, the record of Cummings's transactions, whether with Caribbean dictators or libertarian South American presidents, Asian leftist or African conservative leaders, reflects the labyrinthine paths of American and/or British foreign policy.

I had slim hope, when I phoned Cummings before leaving for Monaco, that anybody in his line of business would prove very communicative, but he readily agreed to tell me anything I wanted to know. His voice was jovial. "Good show! I'll meet your plane."

He was the last man I would have picked out of the crowd at Nice airport as a titan of the international arms trade. He seemed even younger than thirty-four, big, bearlike, boyishly voluble. He wore Bermuda shorts, sandals and a vivid Guatemalan sports shirt embroidered with quetzals. He carried my bags to a white Ferrari 250 *Gran Turismo*.

As we slid into Monte Carlo, he chuckled. "Zaharoff lived here too. The idea sort of embarrasses me. Did you read the *Spiegel* article? Rubbish!"

No expletives stronger than "rubbish" and "good show," I found, pass his lips. His speech, like his manner, has the hearty but decorous tone of a scoutmaster. He frequently lapses into anglicisms, the effect of years spent among the English. He keeps a flat in Mayfair, belongs to the fashionable Devonshire Club, and is the only foreigner ever elected to the Worshipful Company of Gunmakers.

"Nobody can operate like Zaharoff nowadays," he was saying, and I thought I detected a note of regret. "There was no international arms control then. You sold to anybody who could pay you. But it's physically impossible today to move big loads across frontiers without government help. Smugglers? Sure, there are plenty. But what they smuggle doesn't amount to a row of beans."

We began spiraling up a mountain road. "Do East Bloc dealers try to sell you stuff?" I asked.

"Of course. I wouldn't touch it, though, even if I could get away with it; the price is always out of line."

As for selling arms to Soviet satellites, he pointed out that they don't need them. "Why would they? Russia gives them the latest models. But we Americans, with our overemphasis on nuclear weapons, can't equip two divisions with up-to-date small arms.

"Look, the best heavy machine gun in the world is the Russian 14.5 mm. I found some of the cartridges they were designed to fire in a load of Russo-Finnish War surplus. I tested them on a sample of the steel we use for our armored personnel carriers, which were designed to withstand fifty-caliber cartridges. They went through it like a knife through butter. We have nothing to match the Russian R.P.D. light machine gun either."

He halted the Ferrari before a stylish apartment house and we rode an elevator to the sixth floor, where his combination home and office occupies ten rooms. He introduced me to his wife Irma, a slender, beautiful Swiss girl. She is his second wife. The first, a German, could not adjust herself to his globe-trotting.

Cummings's study bears few signs of the frantic activity one might expect to find at the nerve center of a munitions empire. A German assistant and a part-time French stenographer complete his Monaco staff. He himself types a good deal of his business correspondence. Facing his desk stands a regimental two-pounder mortar, circa 1790; behind him, a suit of sixteenth-century German armor. Battle scenes, old sabers and pistols festoon the walls throughout the apartment. Cummings is an insatiable collector of rare weapons and a student of military history.

All ten rooms open onto a terrace overlooking the principality. To distract himself Cummings sometimes trains a pair of binoculars on the palace and observes the prince and princess splashing in the royal swimming pool. He has never met Rainier, but an English sporting-gun firm he controls is fashioning a hunting rifle to the Prince's specifications and Cummings will present it to him.

The fleshpots of the Riviera hold scant allure for Cummings. He never sets foot in the Monte Carlo casino except to humor visiting friends, and then he risks no more than a few francs in the slot machines. He frequents none of the sumptuous restaurants, preferring simple fare, especially hamburgers, prepared by his wife. He drinks no alcohol, not even wine, and he doesn't smoke. "I guess I have a puritan streak in me," he says.

We discussed the morality of the arms business. Cummings's conscience is evidently clear. "I feel no more responsibility for what people do with the weapons I sell them," he said, "than an automobile manufacturer feels for traffic deaths. I won't turn down any profitable trade I can get a license for. It's not my job to be a moral judge of humanity.

"If you believe dealing in arms is evil, then to be logical you should refuse to pay your income tax because the government spends two thirds of it on weapons."

Yet, paradoxically, he later cited as perfect embodiments of his moral philosophy two short stories—Kipling's *Miracle of Purun Baghat* and Tolstoi's *What Men Live By*. Both exemplify the same moral code: The good man loves and accepts responsibility for his fellow men.

Cummings's passion for weapons burgeoned early. He was five when an American Legion post in his native Philadelphia junked some World War I relics. A German Maxim machine gun wound up in the Cummings home, a gift from a legionnaire friend, and little Sam spent blissful months dismantling and reassembling the mechanism. "I guess," he says, "that was the start of my nefarious career."

He springs from Philadelphia Main Line stock. He was provided with governesses and expensive primary schooling. An inheritance spared his father the need for any toil more rigorous than tending his stock-market investments—until the Wall Street crash wiped him out, and he went to work as manager of an electrical-supply house. Soon afterward, when Sam was eight, his father died, leaving the family in a poor way. His widow found employment with a real-estate firm and earned enough money to send Sam to Philadelphia's elite Episcopal Academy. The Latin motto embroidered on the academy blazers he later adopted as Interarmco's motto—*Esse Quam Videri* (To Be Rather Than to Seem).

Reaching draft age toward the end of the war, Cummings served in the infantry at Camp Lee. Upon his discharge he entered George Washington University in Washington, D.C., and won a bachelor-of-arts degree. On the side he ferreted out ancient weapons to sell to other enthusiasts.

Tantalized by visions of the arms he knew lay thick on Europe's battlefields, Cummings interrupted his studies to travel abroad. In the Falaise gap, where the Allies trapped ten German divisions, he beheld, during the summer of 1948, rifles and machine guns, many of them still clutched by the hands of skeletons the French had not buried for fear of booby traps, and guns were piled like cordwood in the fields, awaiting removal. Such technically obsolete matériel, Cummings reckoned, the French Government

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In Bangkok to buy surplus arms, Cummings entertains influential contacts. At left: the son of Thailand's Prime Minister Sarit Thanarat.

On his junket through the Orient, the great arms merchant stopped "to pay his respects" to "a great neutralist," Nehru of India.

"I'M AN EXILE BECAUSE IN AMERICA NOBODY CAN ACCUMULATE CAPITAL ANY MORE."

would sell cheaply to anybody with the means to transport it. But his capital then totaled eight dollars, and his only income was his sixty-five-dollars-a-month GI Bill of Rights payment.

As soon as he got home, he wrote to the Western Arms Corporation of Los Angeles, which caters to collectors and sportsmen, offering himself as a scout. Before he received any encouragement, the Korean War broke out and the CIA found use for his special talent. At the spy agency's Washington headquarters he devoted the next eighteen months to identifying the makes of North Korean weapons from photographs. To nobody's astonishment the majority proved to be Russian. He quit when Western Arms agreed to hire him at a salary of $5600 a year plus one eighth of 1 percent commission.

Roaming the world, subsisting on his expense account, Cummings banked $25,000 in two years. With that sum he launched Interarmco. In his business correspondence and sales pitch he grandly referred to himself in the third person. "So people wouldn't suspect that Interarmco's entire staff was me."

After registering, as Federal regulations require, with the Treasury Department and the Office of Munitions Control, he cast about for his first batch of weapons. While scouting Panama for Western Arms he had come to know the chief of police, Col. Bolivar Vallerino. He revisited him. Did Panama perhaps have any surplus to dispose of? She did indeed—no less than 7000 small arms. Panama's President José Antonio Remón—later assassinated—being considered friendly to the United States, the Office of Munitions Control granted an import license. The deal cost Cummings almost his entire starting capital. But he was able to sell the lot at a modest profit to Western Arms.

Masking his extreme youth behind sober attire and a grave demeanor, Cummings began canvassing the foreign embassies in Washington. The Dominican military attaché extended the warmest welcome and urged him to visit the republic. There Cummings was received by Trujillo himself. Where, the dictator asked him, could they get some jet fighters. As it happened, Cummings knew where.

He had already established connections abroad with a number of commercial agents, and from his man in Sweden he had learned that the Swedish Government might be persuaded to part with twenty-six Vampire jets. Cummings cabled a bid. The price he quoted the Dominicans was $3,500,000. What he offered the Swedes remains a golden secret between him and Internal Revenue. The Swedes accepted. Reluctant, however, to assume full moral responsibility for arming the likes of Trujillo, they interposed a condition: Washington must allow the shipment transit through the U.S.

While Cummings waited on tenterhooks, the State Department pondered the effect of such a transaction on the peace of the Caribbean. The crucial factor, Cummings believes, was the relative military potential of "El Benefactor" and Venezuela's despotic President Jiménez. The two countries lie barely an hour apart by jet, and relations between them were growing strained. The year before, Jiménez had obtained twenty-five Vampires from England's de-Haviland Aircraft. If the enemies were to achieve air parity, neither would be apt to attack the other. Cummings got his license. Sweden shipped the jets to New York, and there Dominican freighters picked them up.

Five years later Cummings chanced to see those same jets take off for action against another Trujillo enemy. He had returned to the Dominican capital to complete the sale of 25,000 rifles, when Cuban-based rebels landed near Puerto Plata. The Vampires strafed them on the beach. Farmers wielding machetes killed most of the survivors.

The jet sale, Cummings's first bonanza, enabled him to swing a barter deal with Guatemala. Against a small-arms surplus of 80,000 pieces and ammunition he traded $250,000 worth of military field equipment.

The American dealers could not absorb so huge a treasure, so Cummings leased the first of his Alexandria warehouses. At the same time he established legitimate claim to the use of the corporate "we" by recruiting several young gun fanatics to run the American end of the business while he drummed up foreign trade. There are now four of them, and Cummings has willed them the corporation. The general manager is Peter Beer, who fled his native Austria after the Nazi *Anschluss* and served as a combat intelligence officer with a U.S. paratroop squadron; the sales manager, Richard Winter, a former bombardier; the treasurer, Frank Slye of Washington; the liaison man with the State Department, Richard Breed, a direct descendant of the Union general George Gordon Meade. Interarmco also sells surplus foreign uniforms. When working around the warehouses, both executives and rank-and-file employees wear fatigues which vary according to the stock on hand. Last year it was *Afrika Korps* issue, this year it's British Royal Navy.

Until 1959, when the State Department banned the sale of arms in the Caribbean, Interarmco's business in that smoldering area flourished. Trujillo remained a steady customer. Batista's troops, tracking the *Fidelistas* through Oriente Province, carried Thompson submachine and Browning heavy machine guns exported to them by Cummings. Before the U.S. embargo, Castro received the first fifty of what was to have been a big consignment of Armalite AR-10 rifles, a new model developed by Fairchild Engine and Airplane. "If we'd had some sooner," Castro told him, "we'd have won sooner." Czechoslovakia's Omnipol Trading Organization now furnishes most of Castro's munitions.

In 1955 Costa Rican exiles, abetted by Nicaragua's dictator Anastasio Somosa, invaded their homeland, hoping to destroy the democratic regime of President José Figueres. Among the arms Somosa slipped them were Italian Beretta pistols and Danish Madsen submachine guns, bought from Cummings. Costa Rica's loyalist militia, supported by air cover, turned back the rebels with 2000 M-1 rifles, 1000 thirty-caliber Browning machine guns and 2,000,000 rounds of ammunition—also supplied by Cummings.

Cummings confesses to a certain affinity for successful dictators. "They have a sense of order and they pay their bills promptly," he maintains. Of Trujillo he observes, "A pleasant person to deal with. He ran an excellent government. He wasn't quite as black as the press painted him." Of Batista, "As fascinating a self-made man as you'd want to meet."

The loss of his Caribbean market did not greatly distress Cummings, for by then he had created corporations abroad. Thanks to Cummings, Liberia's President William Tubman rejoices in the possession of 2000 Springfield rifles with extra-long chrome-plated bayonets. For the arsenals of the Sudan, Africa's biggest nation, Cummings recently shipped $2,800,000 worth of AR-10's. Tito is now augmenting Yugoslavia's ordnance by purchases from Interarmco of the same rifle.

What Cummings banks on to keep Interarmco heavily stocked is the rapid obsolescence of modern combat weapons. The Nike Ajax, for example, was superseded after five years by the Hercules, and Cummings now hopes to buy some British Thunderbirds—equivalent to the Hercules—for resale to a nervous Middle East oil potentate. But many arms become obsolete only in terms of total war. For limited conflicts, like those fought in Korea, Laos and Vietnam, guns dating from both World Wars still kill efficiently.

At first blush it seems incredible that Cummings can find so many cash customers when the United States gives away billions of dollars a year in military aid to anti-Soviet countries. The United States, however, may elect to sell armaments, as it did in the recent case of the jets Tito wanted. Moreover, miles of red tape may have to be unraveled before a foreign government can obtain military aid, whereas Interarmco is geared to make fast deliveries. At times, too, the available U.S. ordnance does not meet foreign specifications. But Interarmco can often equip infantry units of a foreign country with small arms originally manufactured for that country.

Big as they are, Cummings's military deals account for only about half his total volume. In the United States and England he exploits four different nonmilitary markets. Being a connoisseur of rare weapons, he combs every lot he buys for curios to tempt people of similar bent, of whom he estimates America alone has at least 5000.

Next come sportsmen, with thin pocketbooks, who crave cheap weapons. This market is inexhaustible. Last year state and federal agencies issued some 22,000,000 hunting licenses. Interarmco offers some brand-new guns at a fraction of

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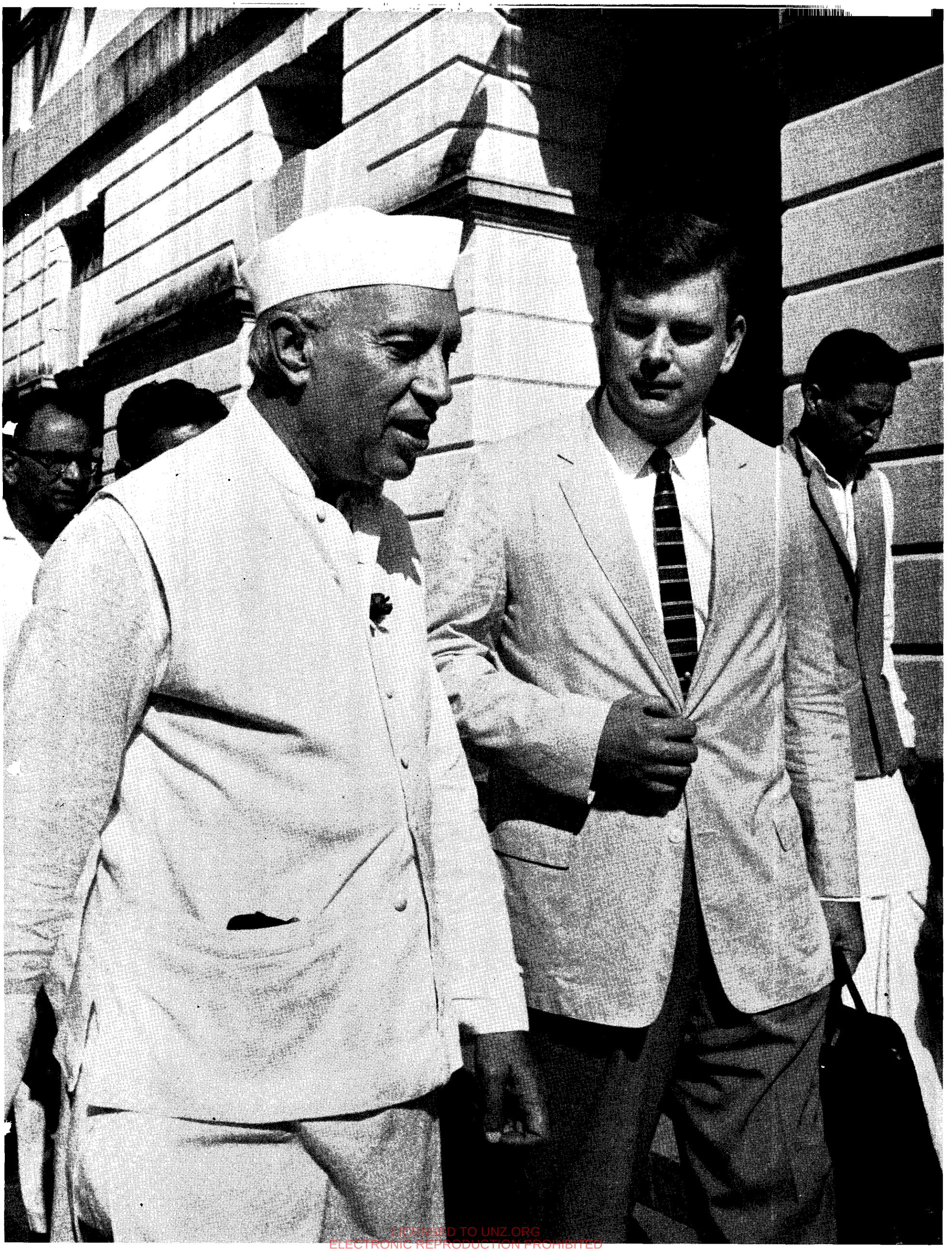

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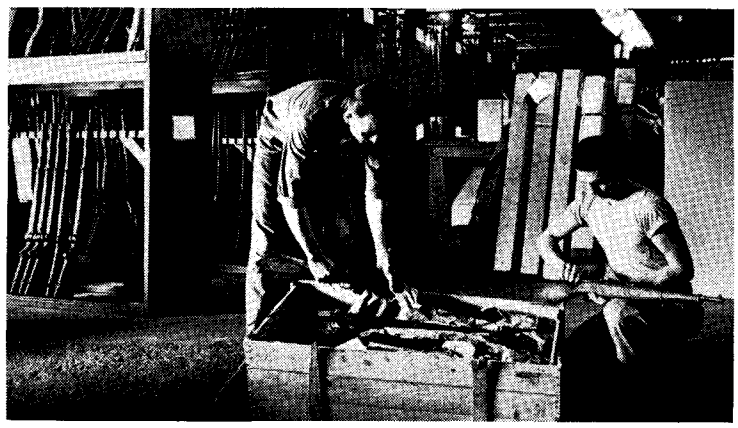
One of Cummings's eleven warehouses. They contain 600,000 rifles, 50,000 pistols, 10,000 machine guns, 100,000,000 cartridges.



"I feel no more responsibility for what people do with the weapons I sell them than an automobile manufacturer feels for traffic deaths."

"IT'S NOT MY JOB TO BE A MORAL JUDGE OF HUMANITY."

the original price. A recent British lot, for example, included 9000 unused Colt .45 automatics. Interarmco's price is $34.95. Almost identical Colts normally retail at $78.25. Such price-cutting does not endear Cummings to the American small-arms industry.

In another class are wealthier marksmen who demand custom-made guns, a prestige market. Interarmco owns 55 percent of two of England's poshest sporting-rifle firms, Churchill and Cogswell & Harrison, whose hand-crafted guns may run as high as $2000 apiece.

Finally there are sales and rentals to movie studios, a sideline which nets Interarmco $150,000 to $200,000 a year. Many of the props for *The Guns of Navarone*, *Lawrence of Arabia* and countless horse operas came from Interarmco.

While Cummings dismisses with a laugh the stories casting him as the mastermind of the underground arms traffic, he does not take lightly a petition now before the Office of Emergency Planning Co-ordinator in Washington, D.C. If granted, it would wreck his domestic trade. Submitted by six sporting-rifle companies, among them Winchester and Remington, it seeks to reduce the import quotas of obsolete foreign military rifles by more than 95 percent. These bargain weapons, the petitioners maintain, imperil national security. How? By cutting so deeply into the sales of new American rifles as to force the manufacturers to lay off skilled labor, with the result they have been unable to meet their schedules on Government contracts for combat weapons.

Cummings countered the threat by organizing a lobby representing eighteen importers. He contends that the 1958 recession, not competition, occasioned the layoffs and that the petitioners' real motive is monopolistic.

Cummings became a resident of Monaco last year. "I'm an economic exile," he told me. "I don't prefer life abroad, but in America nobody starting from scratch can accumulate capital any more. It's an immoral situation. What Internal Revenue doesn't take you have to sink into new stock. Interarmco, Virginia, of course, still pays a fifty-two percent Federal corporate tax, an eleven percent import excise and a five and a half percent state tax. But the business I can administer from Monaco is taxed only one percent, and there's no personal income tax."

Though Cummings now employs 200 people, he trusts no one but himself to size up a prospective deal, so that dearly as he loves to bask in the Riviera sun by his wife's side, he spends six to eight months a year on the road. I quote from my diary of the trip I took with him:

September seventeenth. Wife Irma drives us to Nice airport for 10:50 A.M. flight to Athens via Rome. Cummings lugs crocodile briefcase stuffed with blank contracts, brochures touting wares: ONLY INTERARMCO BRINGS YOU A SUPERB MODERN ANTITANK WEAPON. . . . WHY BE UNDERGUNNED? Also magnet to test quality of cartridge cases. Also micrometer to measure wear of gun bores. Also, to delouse hotel room in Far East back country, bug bombs.

Rome airport. Lunch with Interarmco Italian agent. Valuable man. Has office opposite War Ministry and inside track on surplus. But nothing available since purchase last year of 25,000 carbines.

Athens. Met by agent Kariotoglou with inventory of Greek Army surplus awaiting Cummings's inspection: 30,000 odds and ends. "Good show!"

September eighteenth. 8:30 A.M. K. whisks us to 3rd Ordnance Depot at Menidi. We sip Turkish coffee gritty as crankcase oil, courtesy of depot commander, Colonel Tsarpalas. Cummings spot-checks surplus. Gazes wistfully at World War I cannon by gate, but not for sale. "I could sell it for a thousand dollars in the States as a garden ornament."

Back to Athens and Army HQ for talk with ordnance chief. Deal clinched. Exact figure classified information, but "something under $100,000."

September nineteenth. IRAN. A key bastion against Soviet expansion southward, and U. S. technical mission is struggling hard to bring country out of Stone into Atomic Age. American weapons pouring in. Last year agreement reached in principle for Cummings to buy obsolete small arms, of which Iran has millions' worth. Question is how much and when. Agent Ali Dadshaw reports no answer possible this trip because Shah in Paris and nothing ever decided without him.

Cummings tours arsenals, charming commanding officers. Devours gobs of Iran's most edible delicacy—fresh caviar, costing about 1383 *reals* per pound, or seventeen dollars (price in the U.S.: $38.50).

And so to New Delhi by midnight plane, arriving more dead than alive.

September twentieth. Little time for sleep. Agent Asrani has arranged series of palavers at defense ministry. Object: a trade-in deal, coordinating Indian surplus-disposal program with deliveries of new basic infantry rifles.

"How can you be sure," I ask Cummings, "your customers won't reexport to some blacklisted government?"

"We can't. But every contract we write contains a clause stipulating against reexport to any government. Far as I know, it's never been violated."

September twenty-second. Mornings between eight and nine Nehru likes to stroll in ministerial garden. Security officers permitting, anybody can stroll with him. Asrani gets us cleared.

"What do you want me to do?" Prime Minister asks Cummings.

"Not a thing, Mr. Nehru," Cummings replies, flashing boyish grin. "We only want to pay our respects." Press photographers snap great neutralist chatting with great arms merchant.

September twenty-third. Bangkok. Interarmco agent here is young American, David Cumberland, formerly employed by U. S. Military Assistance Advisory Group. If he lands huge Thai surplus, he stands to make a packet in commissions. No cinch, though. "You can't name a bid just like that," he says. "If you show too much interest, the Oriental mind gets suspicious. They figure the stuff must be worth more."

Cumberland rounds up influential Thais for lunch. Prize catch: Prime Minister's son.

September twenty-fourth. I notice revolver sticking out of Cumberland's pants pocket. He explains, "There's this agent for another American outfit, a native Thai, who's after the surplus too. You never know. Business competition out here can be kind of rugged."

Not time enough for me to get visas to all countries left on Cummings's itinerary. So we part. Last I see of him in Bangkok he's haring off to barbershop to have head shaved and so frustrate lice in lice-infested Indonesia.

I met Cummings again three weeks later at Interarmco's Alexandria depot, where he filled me in on the rest of his expedition—Singapore (to shop for British-police surplus), Indonesia (to visit arsenals scattered from Sumatra to Bali, the first Westerner so privileged), Melbourne (to study the progress of a new arms-disposal program), Wellington (ditto), finally the long haul to Alexandria via Fiji, Honolulu and Los Angeles.

For a man who cherishes the creature comforts as much as Cummings does, Indonesia must have been rough going. The best hotel in Djakarta, the capital, has no running water. There is no water safe to drink and no palatable food except fruit. He lived for ten days on bananas. At night he kept his clothes in his suitcase. "No telling what will crawl into them," he said. In East Java, rebel bands make travel by car hazardous. To insure Cummings air priorities, the Indonesians gave him the temporary rank of colonel.

Cummings's fortitude was rewarded with the fattest plum of the trip. His Djakarta agent is cozily situated, being President Sukarno's cousin, and he helped negotiate the sale of a $1,000,000 hoard of World War II weapons. Cummings departed, unwashed, famished and exhausted, but with a contract in his crocodile briefcase.

Back in Alexandria, he had barely greeted general manager Beer when word came from the Irish government accepting an offer of $225,000 for 65,000 Enfields. With a cry of "Good show!" Cummings was off to Dublin to expedite delivery.

Before leaving he showed me around Interarmco's retail and mail-order annex, known to gun buffs as Hunters Lodge.

"Do you do any shooting yourself?" I asked him as he lovingly fingered an M-91 Mauser Sporter.

"A little target practice," he said, "but I don't hunt much. I dislike killing things."

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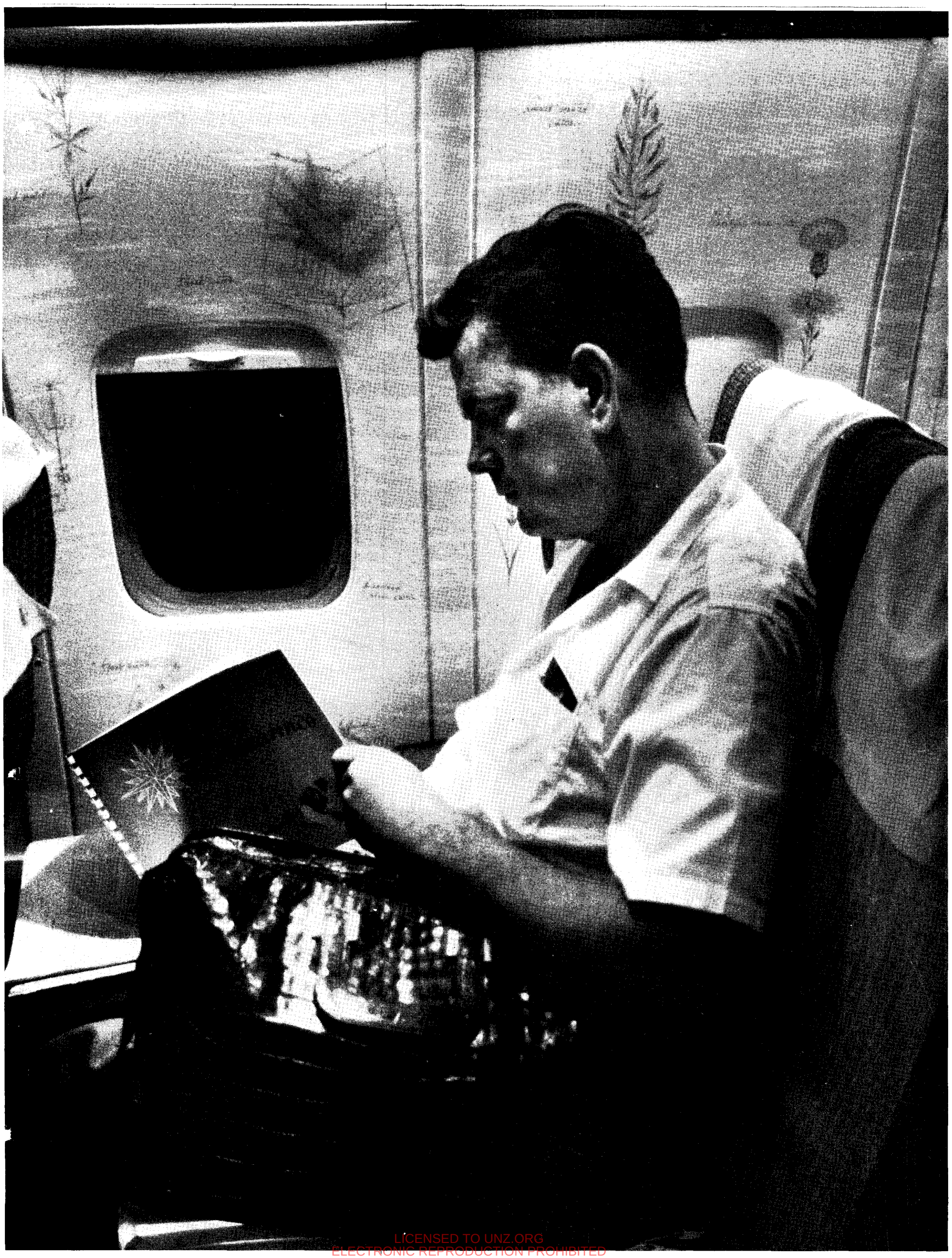

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They had raised the island just after dawn, and now, several hours later, were standing off the opening through the encircling coral reef until the tide was high enough to float them through. The indigo of the sea about them shattered to white on the reef, and beyond it the shallower waters of the atoll ran through the lovely shades of jade to emerald to aquamarine to another line of spray and the gleaming sands of the beach beneath a background of palms. The island, eight or ten miles long, higher in the south where an ancient, badly weathered dead volcanic cone thrust up above the jungle, looked undisturbed and serene beneath the clear sky.

There were five men on the schooner: the two Fijian sailors sitting quietly together before the foremast and the three white men standing together in the stern. Erickson, the schooner's owner, had the wheel; the two Americans, John Gilfillan and Alan Bransom, both taller and considerably less weathered than he, stood one on each side of him.

It was Bransom who had hired the schooner; Gilfillan had come along on his invitation, paying his own way to Hawaii, where they had picked up the schooner. Although Gilfillan had known Bransom for several years in San Francisco, where they both lived at the same club, the man was still rather mysterious to him. Bransom apparently had a business of some sort which paid him well and didn't make too great demands upon his time; and when he had asked Gilfillan to take a holiday with him, a sort of sentimental journey to one of the little-known Pacific islands, Gilfillan decided to go. He had inherited enough money to do what he liked and spent most of his time fishing, shooting, skiing and writing an occasional magazine piece. He had never been in that part of the world and had been at a loose end at the moment.

He looked at the island they had come so far to visit and then looked questioningly at Bransom, for he didn't believe now that it was a sentimental journey; he had decided during the long trip that Bransom hadn't any sentimentality whatever in his makeup.

"Like it?" Bransom asked.

"It looks like a paradise," Gilfillan said.

"It was, almost," Bransom said. . . . "Didn't you think so, Cap?"

FALLOUT ISLAND:

PAINTING BY CARROLL JONES

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Yah, I t'ought so," Erickson said. "Fine people, pretty girls. I have t'em almost to myself, no ot'er trader come by much." He grinned.

And they never brought them back for you?"

No," Erickson said and pointed off over the sea to the southeast. "Americans took t'em all down t'ere. Made t'em stay t'ere. Was said, wind is bad for here, fallout came down."

You must have missed them."

Yah, I miss t'em. I have not been here for twenty year, maybe more. Now I am here again, I miss t'em more."

Well," Gilfillan said, "it must have cooled off by now. . . . Don't you think so, Alan?"

Hope so," Bransom said. "As Cap pointed out, there was an odd condition here. Wind seemed to be funneled in from all over, and with all the testing, the fallout just kept dropping in. We had to get out."

Quick, huh?" Gilfillan said.

Yes, quick," Bransom said and looked at Gilfillan. "You're beginning to put two and two together, I take it."

I believe I am," Gilfillan said and grinned. Now that I think of it—not that I haven't thought of it before—it does seem that a trip here sounds like an expensive whim."

"I've enjoyed watching you trying to figure it out," Bransom said. "I'll tell you when we get ashore. . . . How much longer, Cap?"

"Soon, now," Erickson said and raised his voice. "Tommy, watch by the channel when we pass, yah?"

One of the Fijians stood up and moved closer to the bow. Erickson swung the schooner closer to the reef and ran parallel to it. The water shoaled and paled to starboard, showing the submerged coral heads rising from the depths and the brilliant colors of the life that grew upon it and swam about. The other Fijian came aft and climbed up on the cabin roof to get a little height. They passed the opening, in which the water deepened in color, and Erickson swung out again. The two Fijians joined him; the one who had been on the roof made a gesture showing an angle, and Erickson and Tommy nodded.

"Been long time since I was here," Erickson said to Bransom. "Coral grow up, but Americans blast when t'ey come, make pretty deep. All right, I t'ink." He looked at the Fijians and jerked a thumb at the sails. They lowered and lashed them, Erickson started the engine, and with Tommy in the bow again and the other Fijian back on the cabin roof giving hand signals they eased their way slowly through the opening and dropped anchor a few hundred yards off the beach. Erickson stopped the engine.

"Back again," he said and then frowned slightly at Bransom. "Not many birds," he said in a rather surprised tone. "Not many birds, like before."

"No," Bransom said. "I didn't think there would be. I'll get the radiation meter, and we'll try a trip ashore."

Neither Erickson nor the Fijians were very enthusiastic about going ashore, so Bransom and Gilfillan went in in the dinghy, tied up to the wreck of an old wharf and managed to get ashore on it without having to go in through the surf. Bransom, with Gilfillan following, walked about on the beach with the radiation meter and went a little way into the palms before deciding to turn back. It was very quiet, except for the dry rattle of the palms in the light wind.

"Spotty," Bransom said. "Still a bit above industrial levels here and there, but that's all right. We're not going to spend a long vacation here anyhow."

"What was that bit about the birds?" Gilfillan asked. "Remember you told Cap when we anchored that you hadn't thought many of them would be here."

"An informed guess. Birds take radiation badly, not so well as insects and animals. The ones that were native here would have been wiped out, probably, and not many more would have come in. Even if they did, it must have been too high for them for a long time."

"Well, wouldn't they have—ah—mutations, or something? Or go back to what they were long ago? I've read a lot of stuff, speculation, maybe. . . ." His voice died away, and he made a gesture with one hand.

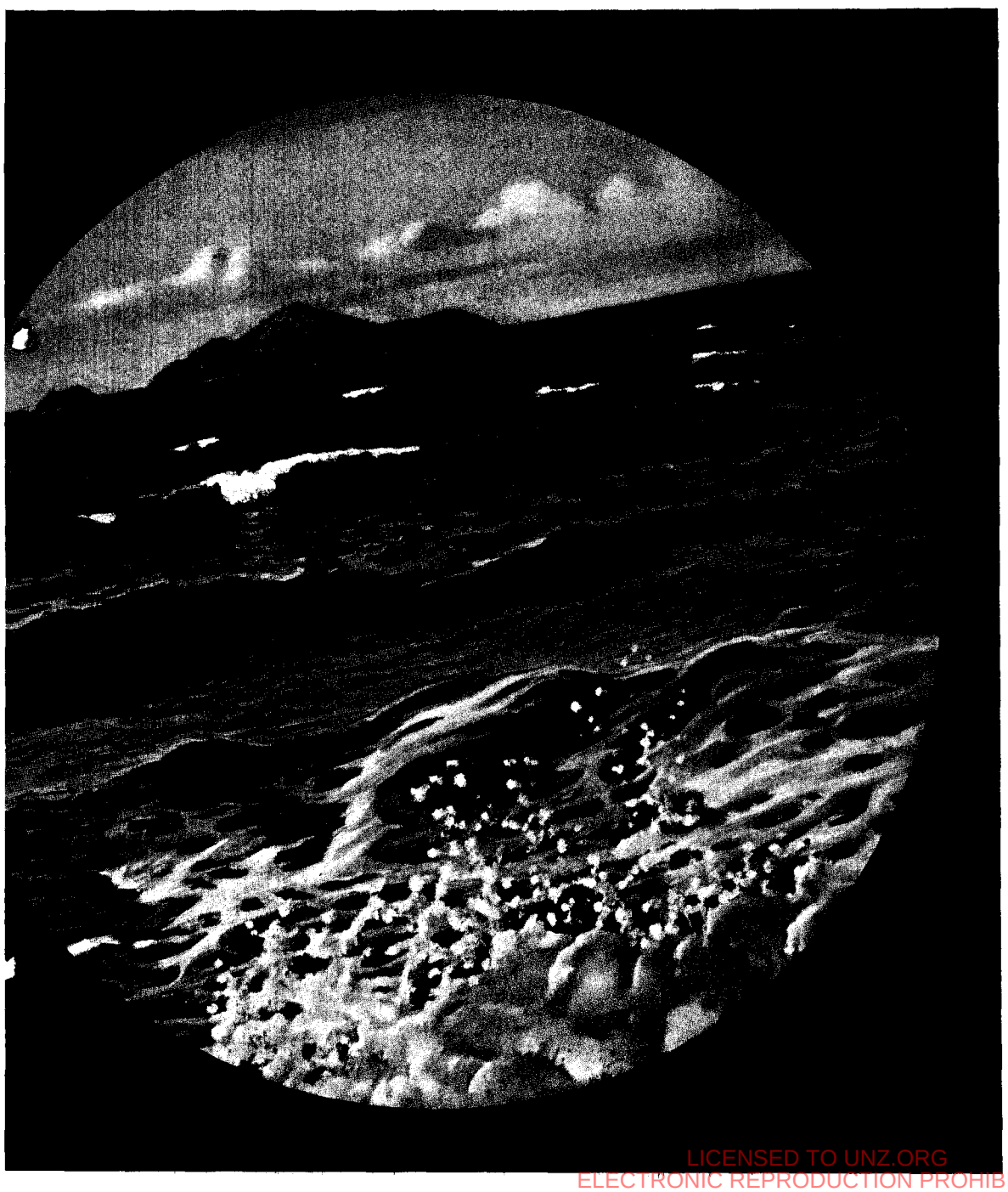
"They all died," Bransom said. "As for going back, they couldn't have done that. Nature never goes back, never repeats itself. It just progresses in one direction. Now that I think of it, there used to be lizards here, too, a couple of feet long. They ran all about. We used to eat one once in a while."

"The world's different nowadays," Gilfillan said. "These mutations, now ——"

"We've always had mutations," Bransom said a little sententiously. "Radiation just speeds the mutations up, or perhaps increases the number of them. Well, let's get back. We've missed lunch, and I don't want to miss dinner too." He started to walk, and Gilfillan fell in beside him.

"Didn't you have a house here when you were watching for Japanese?" Gilfillan asked after a moment. "Don't you want to see it again?"

(Continued on Page 75)



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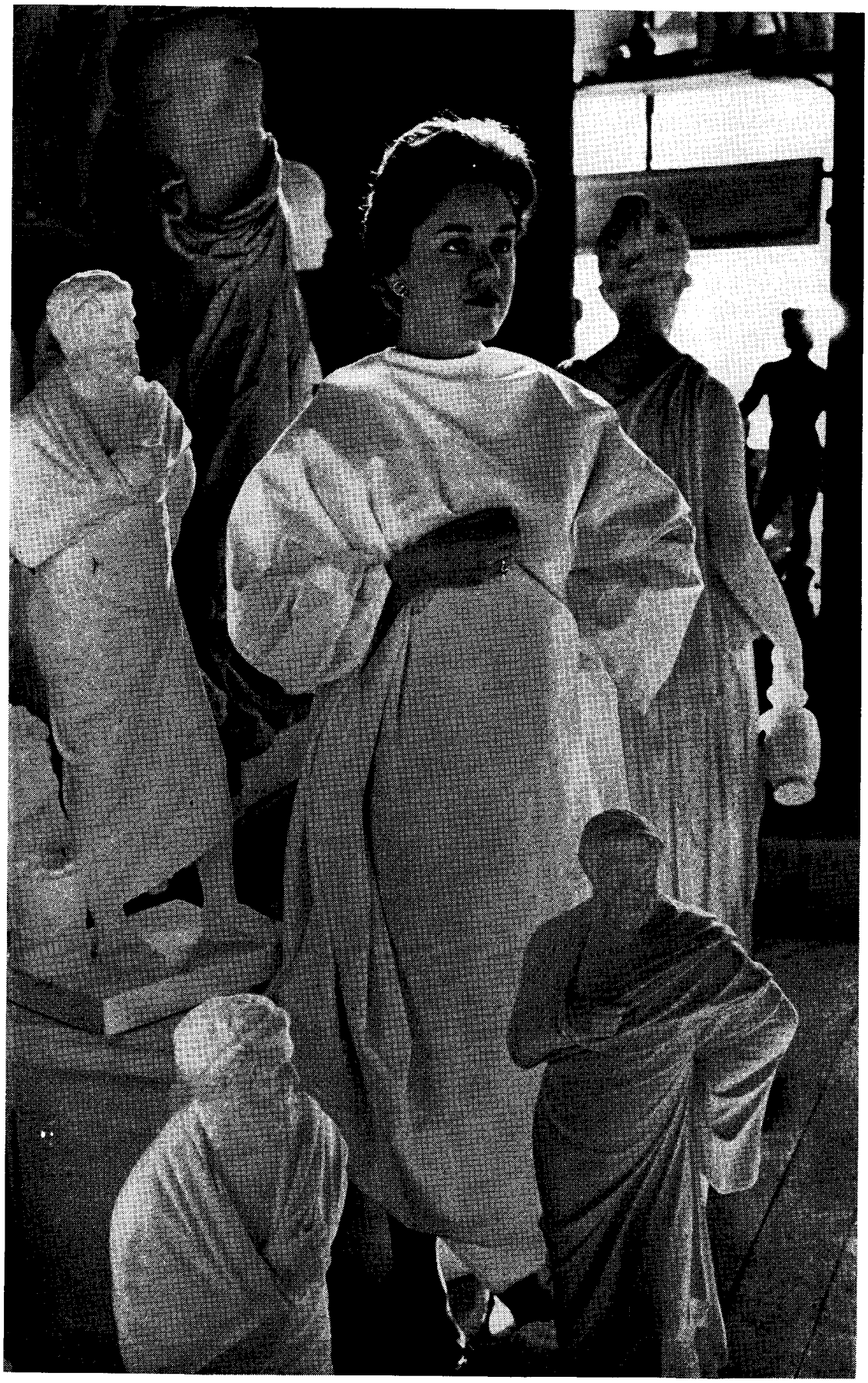
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Classic Contender: In a percale toga, Mary Lee Cullen, 21, a standout college debater, mingles with statues of history's great orator, Demosthenes. Member of the debating team at Loyola University of Chicago, Mary Lee won recognition from Harvard University and Notre Dame as one of the ten best college debaters in the U.S. last year. In the prestigious Harvard Invitational Tournament last month, competing with more than 200 collegiate speakers, she was the only woman to score in the top 10 percent. Says her coach: "She's undoubtedly been the best debater in Loyola's history." Daughter of an Evanston, Ill., Pullman conductor, Mary Lee entered Loyola in 1958, already a high-school debating champ. She won two scholarships, set out to prove herself worthy. Her record: Straight A's, except for one B in Shakespeare. She loves debating, but knows when to quit: "On dates I bend over backward to show that girls needn't be argumentative offstage." A history major, Mary Lee plans to enter graduate school next fall, already feels pangs at ending her debating career. What's so great about debating? "Mainly it teaches you to communicate—and clearly. But," she says, "it also teaches you to lose gracefully. You can't win all the time." PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR SHAY.

Musical Makers: In place at their keyboards, lyricist Lee Adams, 37, and composer Charley Strouse, 32, conjure words and music for Broadway. They wrote the songs for the hit musical *Bye Bye Birdie* and for *All American*, a new musical starring Ray Bolger which opened in New York City this week. "We work together," says Lee, "note by note and word by word. It's tough as hell. We die on each syllable, each measure." *Birdie* flourished on Broadway for 77 weeks and earned $100,000 apiece for Lee and Charley in its first year. Receipts from movie rights, recording royalties and road companies are adding to the bonanza. "We don't knock the money," says Lee. "We love the rolling waves of green. But the main reason we kill ourselves is that we love to work." *Birdie*'s opening-night smash marked the end of a long apprenticeship for the team. Lee, son of a Mansfield, Ohio, doctor, had studied journalism at Ohio State and Columbia, worked as a reporter, later as a magazine editor. Charley, Manhattan-born, grew up in "a Jewish middle-class neighborhood, where every girl wears braces and every boy practices the piano." Charley played the piano too; at 16 he went to the Eastman School of Music, wrote quartets, a concerto and part of a symphony. ("I want to get back to serious music," Charley says today. "I want to finish my symphony.") The young composer, however, was working as a dance-band pianist when he met Lee Adams at a party in 1949. The pair started churning out words and music in their spare time for small night clubs and revues and for resorts in New York's Catskill Mountains. The experience they accumulated (they wrote some 500 songs) helped them convince the producer of *Birdie* that they could do the music for his show. Charley is a bachelor; Lee has a wife and two cats. "Charley has a tremendous feeling for lyrics," says lyricist Lee; "he's a big help with the words." "And Lee has a good ear for music," says Charley, "if I may be permitted to say so." "Yes," replies Lee, the soul of affability, "you may say so." PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNIS STOCK.

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Fit Fighter: Working out is a religion with Alejandre Lavorante, his manager says. "Alex is one of the few boxers I've ever known who really like the gym." At the moment, Alex, a 25-year-old from Argentina, is training for an upcoming bout in Los Angeles with light-heavyweight titleholder Archie Moore. Alex stands six-four, weighs 206, is the son of Italians who emigrated to Argentina before he was born. As a youngster, Alex gave up basketball (his father felt it kept Alex out too late), concentrated on boxing. Entering the ring at 16, he fought and won 35 amateur bouts, including the national amateur title match. Ex-champion Jack Dempsey spotted Alex while traveling in South America, persuaded manager Paul (Pinky) George to bring him to the U.S. and train him. (In 1923 Dempsey KO'd another Argentine heavyweight, Luis Firpo, known as "the Wild Bull of the Pampas." Predictably, sportswriters are calling Alex "the Wild Calf.") Since coming to the U.S. Alex has won 21 fights, 15 by knockouts, and lost two close ones. He and Pinky George know the Moore fight can determine Alex's boxing future, particularly his chances for a crack at Floyd Patterson's crown. Both profess confidence. "We've wanted Moore for a long time," says Pinky, "and he's finally walked into our trap." PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK FIELDS.

Word Whiz: Pondering new ways of teaching Russian to an electronic student taxes the talents of Christine Montgomery, 28. Her student: a digital computer. Her talents: expertness in linguistics, anthropology and computer programming. As a member of the Synthetic Intelligence Department of Thompson Ramo Wooldridge, Inc., Canoga Park, California, Christine stores Russian words and rules of grammar in the machine's memory. She tells friends her work is classified, "because I don't get much of a charge out of talking shop." Actually most of the Soviet scientific papers translated by the computer are not classified. But they are complex: Because Russian sentence structure is unlike ours, Christine flunks the computer if it gives word-for-word translations (which would convert "Prof. Suvorov wrote this article" into "This article wrote Prof. Suvorov"). Christine, born in Arlington, Virginia, received a B.A. in French and Russian from Georgetown University. While pursuing an M.S. at Georgetown and attending computer school, she paid for her schooling by working as a research associate at Georgetown's pioneering "machine translation project," and as a linguistics teacher to missionaries at Catholic University. The teaching job helped point the way to her ultimate ambition—to help set up a linguistic computer center where scholars, foreign-service workers and missionaries can send tape recordings and notes on any unwritten language, get back a systematic analysis so they can learn the language quickly. "A lot of linguists think such computer analysis is a science-fiction idea," she says, "but I believe this can be done." Christine now lives in Bel Air, commutes by sports car between her part-time job in Canoga Park and the U.C.L.A. campus, where she's working toward a doctorate in anthropology. Busy? "Sometimes I even have to cut down on my social life, which is hard because men are not very understanding about competing with books." PHOTOGRAPH BY SID AVERY.

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KILLER

Nearly everyone around Jacksonville Medical Hospital knew that Dr. Dennis Sullivan, chief resident in surgery, was a night prowler, but what many of them did not know was that this habit was actually a compulsion to be close to those who needed him most. Now it was almost midnight as he roamed the corridors, oblivious to the smells of ether, ethanol and the many other hospital scents which had been with him for so many years. His other senses, however, were acutely attuned to all activities: the flashing of night lights, sudden huddles of nurses and interns at doors labeled NO VISITORS ALLOWED, the muffled chiming of the emergency night gongs, the moans and groans of the trampled and trapped.

His brow was corrugated because he was grappling with a grave problem and getting nowhere. City, county and state authorities didn't know it—yet—but a sickness was spreading. It was a slow but violent sickness, and it was approaching epidemic proportions. On the charts it was recorded as "Virus X"—and the very name made the doctor smolder, because it was an admission of failure: inability to diagnose a disease that was killing and crippling young and old in an age of unparalleled medical achievement.

He approached a large, gleaming, stainless-steel door. The door had a single small pane of reinforced glass, and above the door an electric sign spelled the warning, ISOLATION—POSITIVELY NO ADMITTANCE.

The doctor peered through the glass and lighted a cigarette, and the glow from the burning match briefly reflected his face in the window. It was a face that contained sincerity, compassion and sadness. Patients very rarely saw the sadness because it was professionally masked by the quick, small smile, the warmth of voice and the penetrating, searching blue eyes. From a pocket in his smock the doctor withdrew a key ring. He applied the key to the Isolation door, and the door opened smoothly, soundlessly. Doctor Sullivan then walked up the corridor toward the desk of the charge nurse.

He observed that one wall of the corridor was lined with occupied cots. His rubber-soled shoes squeaked on the freshly waxed tiles, but the nurse busily filling out charts, failed to hear him approach. "And we call this Isolation," the doctor said quietly, gesturing toward the cots in the corridor. The nurse looked up quickly, and some black curls tumbled from beneath her cap. The Isolation wing was air-conditioned, but there were beads of perspiration on her forehead, and her lagoon-blue eyes looked troubled. "You dropped some ashes on your smock," she said, but her eyes were probing his face. "Thank you," he said, brushing at them. "You have shadows under your eyes. Ever try sleep?"

"Rarely. My husband's sort of a somnambulist."

"Always pronounce that slowly," Doctor Sullivan said, poking her curls back beneath her cap.

Doctor Sullivan's wife, Bette, was night supervisor of nurses. Normally Isolation was off her beat. But then again, normally Isolation could accommodate fifty patients. Now it contained nearly 100, and every day the parade of stricken seemed to increase. In desperation Doctor Fincannon, the aging but able hospital administrator, had moved interns out of their quarters and into a nearby motel. Temporary isolation wards were being established in the nurses' home.

Glancing at his wrist watch, Doctor Sullivan said severely, "It's past midnight."

Bette nodded. "I'm relieving Miss Taggert. She was on duty from noon until nearly midnight."

"So were you," the doctor said.

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IN DISGUISE

by Ronald Sercombe

NO ONE COULD STOP EPIDEMIC X

"That's different," Bette said quickly.

"Not different," said Doctor Sullivan. "Just typical."

"Has—has Doctor Foreman returned yet?" Bette asked hopefully. Doctor Foreman was chief pathologist.

"No." Doctor Sullivan massaged the back of his neck, which was aching. "Doctor Foreman is still in Rochester. He is much in demand, you know. Doctor Foreman has observed and kept records of two cases of spontaneous regression—melanoma miracles. He may not return for weeks."

Bette took a deep breath. She gestured toward the cots in the corridor. "But this is an emergency, Dennis. An ——" She lowered her voice. "What amounts to an epidemic. Virus X. Virus X?" Her eyes flashed. "Has the laboratory goofed? Or are we hiding something?"

The lines in Doctor Sullivan's forehead deepened. "You're fatigued, darling," he said, "or you wouldn't talk that way. We're all tired. We're all working hard at it—Doctor Fincannon, Doctor Whittaker and Doctor Skinner. True, we have a staff problem. Doctor Foreman is away. Two of our best laboratory technologists are ill with influenza. Kook Hwai Lee hasn't left the laboratory in three days. He is simply snowed under with routine blood work."

Doctor Lee, an exchange student from Korea, was respected and recognized by doctors, interns and nurses as a brilliant and dedicated young resident pathologist. He had quickly grasped American hospital techniques. But in his devotion to duty he had neglected to master English.

"Just exactly what do you think this—this Virus X might be?" Bette asked.

The doctor was still massaging his neck. "I have offered several theories—all wrong. For the past several weeks my operating schedule has been rough, Bette. Doctor Lee needs help—desperately. Because of personal pressures, I'm afraid I have been letting him down."

"Oh." Bette sounded utterly dejected.

"Many strange bugs are cropping up," Doctor Sullivan added. "We have an air-pollution problem in East Jacksonville. Simultaneously we have an outbreak of throat ailments that is increasing our patient load. City and state health experts do not believe there is any connection. But they are still investigating—and so are we."

Bette returned to her charts. When she spoke again, she still sounded despondent. "Linda was calling for you. She said you promised to say good night to her."

He nodded. "I got waylaid. An emergency bronchoscopy. She's probably asleep by now, but I'll see."

Linda Prescott, seven, had been in Room 206, Isolation, for three days. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dautry Prescott, were admitted the same day. A neighbor had driven them in from Mandarin, a little town beside the St. Johns River, where Mr. Prescott operated a chicken farm. Their case histories and charts were almost identical. Onset: lack of appetite, abdominal pain, occasional vomiting, sudden convulsions and collapse. Diagnosis: Virus X. Therapy: various antibiotics and complete bed rest.

The door to Room 206 was ajar. Doctor Sullivan entered quietly and stepped around a screen. A dim night light was glowing. He could barely see the shadowy shapes of four beds. Using a flashlight that was built into his pen, the doctor beamed the tiny ray on Linda's chart. It was not a cheerful report. The persistence of abdominal pains indicated gastroenteritis. At the bottom of the chart a nurse had written, PATIENT IS UNCO-OPERATIVE. REFUSES TO TAKE NOURISHMENT.

So would I, Doctor Sullivan thought, *if I had a tummy ache.*

"Hello, Doctor Dennis." Startled, the doctor raised his flashlight.

Linda's eyes were large, very brown and serious. Her face, heart-shaped, was gray. The doctor brushed away some limp blond curls from her forehead as he took her pulse.

After a while he said gently, "I kept my promise, Linda."

"I want to see my mother, Doctor Dennis." She spoke very precisely, distinctly and unemotionally.

"In a few days, maybe," the doctor said cheerfully.

"Has she got the measles too?"

"Measles?" Doctor Sullivan asked. He was busy with his stethoscope.

"I asked that man—the man who scrubs the floor early in the morning. He said he reckons we all got measles."

Doctor Sullivan chuckled quietly as he went to work with his sphygmomanometer. "He probably knows as much as we do. Linda, there's a bad mark on your report card. You're not co-op—working with us. If you want to get well and see your mother, you must eat. Do you understand?"

He saw lines of stubbornness forming around her tiny mouth. "My father bought me some dishes of my very own. I want to eat from my very own dishes. And I can't sleep, Doctor Dennis. I can't sleep because I know Lucy must be hungry and thirsty."

"Lucy?" the doctor asked abstractedly, because he was concentrating on the fluctuations of the sphygmomanometer needle.

"Lucy's my dog. Maybe she's got the measles too."

"H'm," Doctor Sullivan said. He was not at all pleased with his findings. In fact, he was concerned.

Linda's brown eyes filled and overflowed. "You—you're just like all the rest," she said unhappily. "You say, 'Yes, Linda' and 'No, Linda' and 'You must eat, Linda.' And nobody will do anything about Lucy."

Gently Doctor Sullivan dabbed at Linda's tears with a clean tissue.

"You want to bet?" he said cheerfully. "Tell you what. Soon as the sun comes up, Mrs. Sullivan and I will drive to your home. We'll take care of Lucy. Maybe we'll board her in some nice kennels." Now the eyes were glowing, but her chin was still trembling.

(Continued on Page 64)

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I RODE CROSS COUNTRY IN THE TURBINE AUTO

A *POST* EDITOR'S EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW OF A REVOLUTIONARY AUTOMOBILE. BEGINNING A TWO-PART FEATURE ON CARS OF TOMORROW.

The author wheeling into Los Angeles at the end of his 3154-mile transcontinental trip. His copilot is George J. Huebner Jr., chief of the Chrysler research team which developed the car's gas-turbine power plant.

I have just driven an automobile 3154 miles from New York City to Los Angeles. The time required was less than five days. Temperatures ranged from sub-zero to summery. Traveled roads included turnpikes, freeways, sections of the Interstate system and ordinary highways—over mountains and through greenery, prairie and desert. West from northern Illinois the route lay entirely along U. S. 66.

I am reporting on this otherwise ordinary trip because I have reason to believe that no other person outside the automobile industry has ever driven across the continent in the same kind of vehicle.

The car shell was common enough. It was a somewhat modified Dodge Polara hardtop. But the power plant under its hood was a regenerative gas-turbine engine. Thus the 3154-mile trip was made with an engine that burned diesel fuel, that had a single spark plug, no pistons, no distributor, no cooling system, no crankshaft, and no neutral position on its automatic transmission.

On big airplanes, such a turbine engine is known as a turbojet. Turbines are known also on some seagoing vessels, and they are an old story in research laboratories.

But a turbine engine is a rare sight in an automobile, certainly in an automobile doing the customary chores of driving—cruising, stopping for the lifted palm of a traffic cop, entering and leaving parking lots, stopping at service-station pumps. To learn how this power plant responds to an average driver, I undertook this coast-to-coast run.

I must confess that I had a copilot. He was George J. Huebner Jr., fifty-one years old, director of Chrysler Corporation research and father of the turbine that powered our car. We were attended by seven engineers and mechanics involved in the Chrysler turbine program, who followed us in two conventional station wagons and one camp wagon crammed with rescue and replacement gear. Intercar radiophone linked our fleet, and we clung pretty close to legal speeds, averaging 55.5 mph.

Our car was plainly labeled a turbine test car on a transcontinental test run. Most of the time we wore raincoats with TURBINE RESEARCH lettered on the backs. One of these coats inspired a fundamental question in a little Mexican-American church in Holbrook, Arizona. The wearer, Gerry DeClaire, Huebner's assistant, heard a small boy in the next pew whisper, "*¿ Mamá, qué es un turbino?*"

The question was a good one. The answer is that a gas turbine is a heat engine, something like a bonfire in a closed bucket. The bucket resembles your pressure cooker at bean-canning time. The fire feeds on any fuel that will pass through the lines to reach the single, continually ignited spark. It is a fierce fire, 1500 degrees Fahrenheit or more, which creates a whistling gale that is led through two many-bladed turbine wheels, just as the wind passes through a windmill and with the same effect. The gale spins the turbine wheels, up to 46,000 revolutions per minute.

The first of these miniature windmills spins a compressor which squeezes, and consequently heats, incoming air to be mixed with fuel in the fire chamber. The second turbine, its speed stepped down by reducing gears, drives the prop shaft that drives the rear wheels.

A straight gas turbine engine consumes most of its energy in just heating sufficient air to keep its mixture burning. It expels from its pipe an exhaust hot enough to ignite a wet board fence at twenty feet. As this kind of engine would be not only powerless but dangerous in a motor vehicle, the turbine engine in our car was regenerative. That is, the hot gases, after passing through the second turbine, are led back to a regenerator and made to give up most of their heat to the new gale entering the fire chamber.

Many automotive experts have said that, while the gas turbine did chase reciprocating piston engines out of giant aircraft, it could not replace piston engines in automobiles. Specific problems were often cited. The turbine had to be regenerative, or it would gulp far too much fuel. Surely this would mean large size and high production cost. And in order to move a turbine car from a standing start, it would be necessary to wait while the turbine was spun up from an idling 20,000 rpm to power delivery at 35,000 rpm, leaving the car momentarily dead at traffic lights while other cars lunged forward. Some said there would be an inevitable lag in slowing or stopping, since the drive turbine would not stop spinning very quickly compared to the quick braking power of a piston engine suddenly deprived of fuel.

These problems belonged to the engineers, not to me. And they had an additional problem. If they had failed to solve the alleged deficiencies of the gas turbine, and they exposed the failure to an outsider, they would have thrown a boomerang which would return to smite them. But I was not to make allowances or accept excuses. I was simply to compare the turbine car with the conventional cars I have driven.

Did the car feel right and sound right? Would it be awkward to maneuver along the frantic rat race of Lindbergh Boulevard in St. Louis or along the Pasadena Freeway into Los Angeles? Would it soar or struggle up the grade to 7250 feet at Campbell's Pass in New Mexico? Could it be controlled easily on the fifty-mile downgrade from Kingman to Topock in Arizona or down the west side of Cajon into San Bernardino, California? Would it start easily on zero-degree mornings? How much fuel would it use?

Let me say at once that I would be delighted to step into the turbine car tomorrow morning and travel any of these stretches or meet any of these conditions. Our convoy did so. It left New York's Central Park in fair weather. It met sleet and snow in the Pennsylvania mountains. Next morning, south of Chicago, the temperature was

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BY ARTHUR W. BAUM

below zero. It was near zero at St. Louis and below freezing across Missouri, Oklahoma and the Texas Panhandle. In western Arizona and California it turned warm for the first time. We bucked head winds of some force for about half the total trip. Traffic was average, from light in most open country to heavy in the cities, and very heavy on the Pasadena Freeway into Los Angeles.

We did have some trouble, but the troubles had nothing to do with the performance of the gas turbine, which was perfect throughout. In Illinois we picked up a tankful of diesel fuel which was contaminated with water. The temperature at the time was near zero and within a mile of the service station the water froze in the fuel line. The line had to be disconnected, thawed and blown out. The tank then was loaded with deicer fluid. But this could have happened to any car.

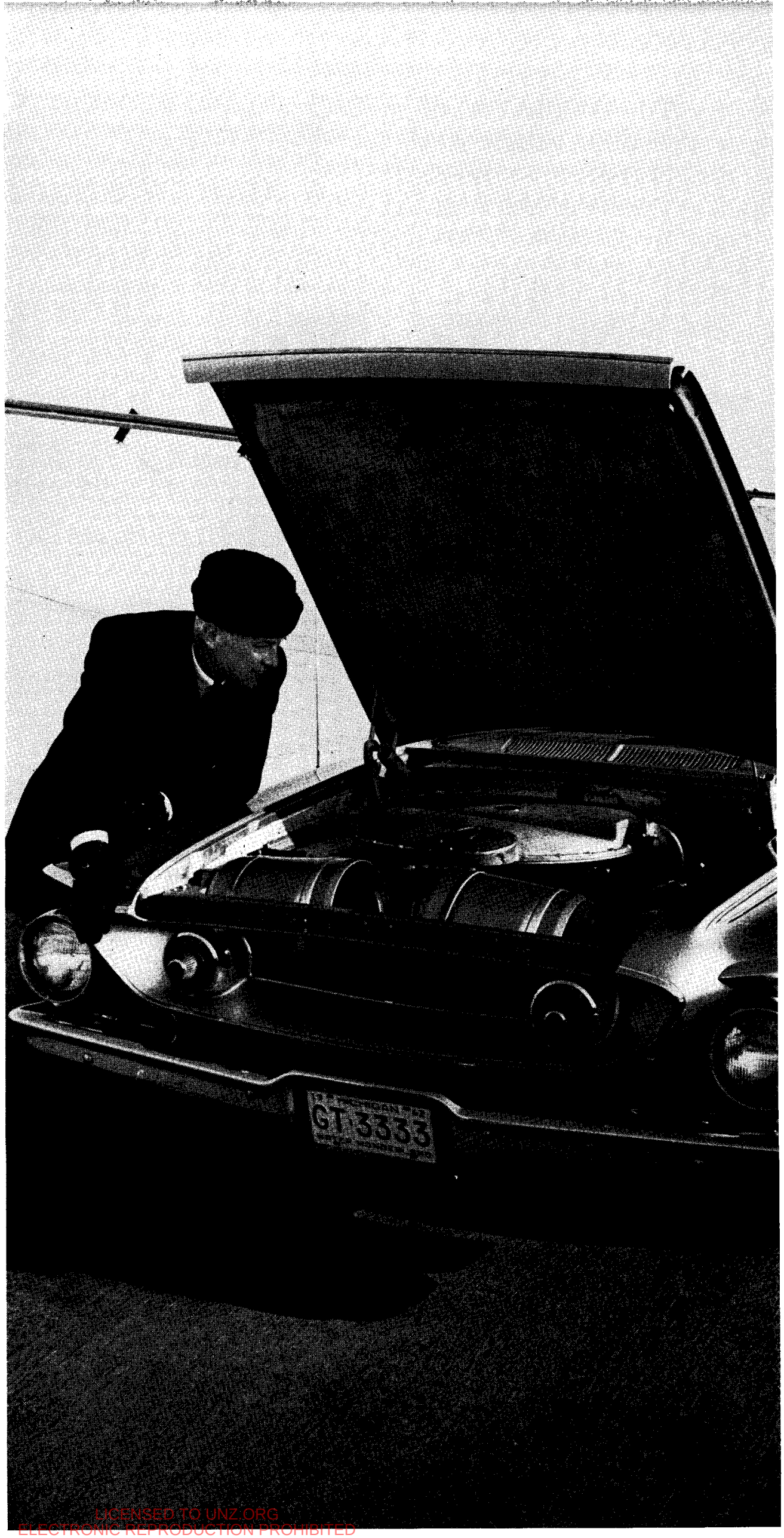
At Shamrock, Texas, the engine flooded on starting. The cure involved removing the cap of the firing chamber, wiping the points of the lone spark plug with a rag, reloading the fuel line with a few drops of diesel oil. The reason it flooded? A special ignition switch, installed to keep curious strangers from swiping a trial ride, had not been turned on. Eight of us thought this was rather amusing. The one who didn't, but smiled anyway, was George Huebner, the daddy of the engine and the man who headed Chrysler's development of the Redstone and Jupiter missiles. It was Huebner who had forgotten to turn the switch.

On two occasions we noted performance lapses. A speck of dirt affected a fuel valve, so the valve was wiped clean with a piece of facial tissue. Another speck of dirt or ice interfered with the automatic operation of the twenty-three little nozzles which direct the air blast against the turbine blades. This mishap was remedied by jiggling the accelerator. Neither occurrence stopped the engine. There was only one unplanned stoppage—the freeze-up in Illinois—throughout the 3154 miles.

Both dirt-speck mishaps occurred because the turbine engine was mounted in a car designed for a V-8 piston engine. This was a makeshift mounting for the turbine motor and it left exposed several parts which would be guarded in a car designed specifically for the turbine.

This mismating of a conventional car shell with an unconventional engine also required an automatic transmission hookup which resulted in bumpy shifts at low speeds. In a complete turbine car not only could smooth step-ups be achieved, but only two stages would be needed—low and high.

So much for the mechanical diary of the turbine trip. I would only add that while I might view the turbine as a guinea pig, Huebner looked upon me as the guinea pig. He knew all about the turbine, because he had built it. What he did not know was how I would react to its operation, and he was interested. The effect the new power plant will have on drivers is going to be very important.



Engineer Huebner and his brainchild: The 140 hp engine has one spark plug, can run on peanut oil.

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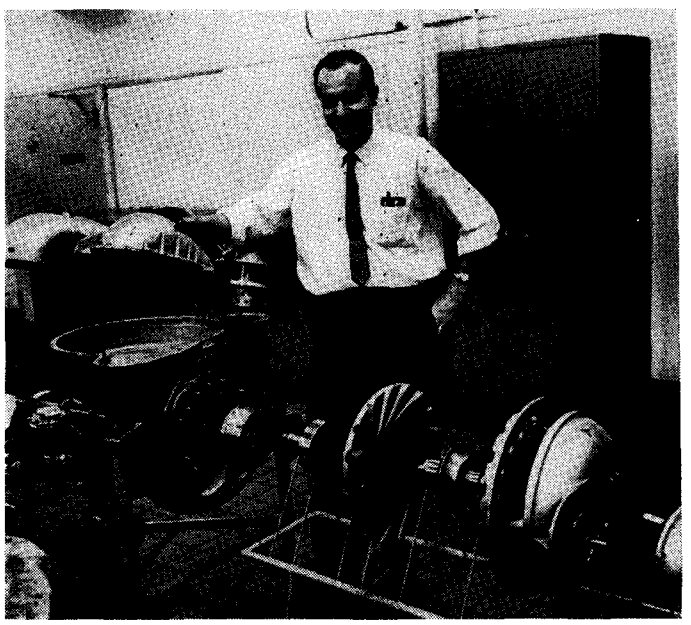
"THE TURBINE HAS 200 FEWER PARTS THAN A PISTON SYSTEM—MAINTENANCE WILL BE ALMOST NONEXISTENT."



A display model of the turbine engine. Gases generated in the 1700-degree heat of the combustion chamber (beneath engineer H. P. LeFevre's hand) are jetted against the blades of a turbine wheel to provide power.

Huebner, a man who smiles frequently but doesn't always mean it, is a paradox. He has a good sense of humor, and at the same time he is a perfectionist. He is, for example, a tea drinker who carries his own teapot and tea things to preclude dependence on such loose restaurant habits as dropping the tea bag into the hot water. As everyone knows, the tea bag should be in the pot first and the hot water—205° F.—poured gently over it. I do not know his views on steeping time, but it is probably calculated by slide rule.

George also is a hat collector, and although we were making a one-way crossing of the continent, he wore a two-way hat—a Sherlock Holmes model, purchased in London, with beaks both east and west. He smoked no pipe but was otherwise impeccably dressed and correctly behaved. He made every effort to keep from displaying an immense satisfaction with his turbine engine.

We were not agreed on noise. If a piston engine often sounds like an asthmatic English bulldog breathing at double time, the turbine sounds like a 200-pound mosquito that means business. The whine is most noticeable from outside the car, and the disparity between piston-engine and turbine noise is most audible while both are idling. Although allowance must be made for the fact that a strange new noise sounds much louder than a familiar one of equal intensity, the turbine's light scream was beyond my taste.

Huebner was not at all upset by my reaction. "The sound which you find unwelcome," he explained, "is not the engine at all, but the reduction gears. This is essentially accidental, deriving from the fact that the gears were hand-machined. Highly accurate production gears would eliminate the whine altogether."

If only half that objective were achieved, I would find the turbine sound perfectly acceptable. Even now, it is difficult to tell whether the car is turbine or reciprocating at cruising speeds of fifty or more. The over-the-road noises—wheel hum, rumble and wind—predominate. Huebner claims that the two types of power plants are about equal in decibels of sound at twenty-eight mph, the piston engine above that speed creating more decibels than the turbine. And after all, many Americans operate small foreign cars which sound like infuriated sewing machines.

Several times I changed from the turbine to a conventional wagon for a spell, trying to gauge differences. On more than one occasion in the turbine car, Huebner caught me glancing down at the special test instrumentation between the bucket seats. He would smile and say, "Forget which car you were in?" It was his point. I *had* forgotten.

The turbine car's complete freedom from vibration while idling was a surprise. But I thought the turbine's pickup from a standing start was delayed, that nothing happened for a moment after the accelerator was depressed.

"The spin-up lag is still there," Huebner said, "but it's slight. In older turbines it was as much as six seconds, which makes a great difference. But in this turbine it is down to one and one half seconds and can be reduced further. Also, driving experience in this car can pretty well eliminate it. The driver must be prepared to accelerate more heavily at first. If he wants to mimic an aircraft by revving up against locked brakes, he can make a leaping start by doing so and then suddenly releasing the brakes. This, of course, wastes fuel, as it would in any car."

By the time we reached California, I had become pretty well accustomed to this getaway characteristic. But some part of the sensation remained. It was as if the turbine car, starting alongside a theoretical piston car, would fall behind the piston car in the first hundred feet of travel, but by a much greater surge thereafter would catch and pass the piston car in the second hundred feet.

The reverse of this sensation occurred in slowing down from cruising speed. In a piston car traveling at a smart pace, if the foot is lifted from the accelerator, the engine immediately begins to act as a brake. The turbine engine also slows the car under these conditions, and a bit more strongly than a piston engine. But the turbine seems to permit the car to float or coast a moment before the engine slowdown takes effect.

The moment is very brief. It is the length of time required for the automatic nozzles to change the angle of the air blasts directed against the turbine blades. While power is being applied they direct the air blast at an angle that forces the second turbine wheel—the one that turns the drive shaft—to spin fast. When the accelerator is released the nozzles automatically change to an angle that checks, rather than promotes, the spin of the drive turbine. It is a little like a shift in the wind that suddenly becalms a sailboat.

Apart from these small strangenesses, driving the turbine car was a comfortable, easy experience. Moreover, the turbine had its impressive qualities. Although it is rated at only 140 horsepower, which is about the same as the huskier engines in compact cars, its performance is that of a 225 hp engine.

The turbine's get-up-and-go impressed me particularly when we crossed the Continental Divide near Thoreau, New Mexico, and climbed again in Arizona's Flagstaff area. At times there are long grades in this country which are not really difficult for the modern passenger car, but do have a restraining effect on the car's ability to accelerate. On some of these climbs I deliberately stepped up pace, perhaps to three-quarters throttle, then phoned the station wagon behind us to ask the position of its accelerator.

Usually the answer was, "We're flat out. We're on the floorboard and we're losing ground on you." Huebner sometimes played the same trick on the piston cars, but for a different reason. He knew results in advance and I didn't. He was simply showing off his pet.

The cost of such achievements in terms of fuel would appeal to the average car owner. Although we occasionally drove the turbine car on jet fuel, which is largely kerosene, our basic fuel was diesel. The best full day's record was run completely on diesel. It was the leg from Shamrock, Texas, to Holbrook, Arizona, and it included the climb over the Divide. On that day we averaged 16.6 miles per gallon of diesel oil. This was a better average than the other cars in the convoy obtained on regular gasoline. And we paid at least three cents a gallon less for the diesel than for regular-grade gasoline.

One might assume that George Huebner's attitude toward the gas turbine would be impartial, since he also is responsible for research aimed at the further refinement and development of the company's piston engines. Perhaps he tries to be impartial, but he is not. He is now a turbine partisan.

"I do not underestimate today's marvelous Otto cycle engine, but after many decades of improving it, we are gaining small advances at

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increasing cost to both manufacturer and user. In the last few seasons we have had to retreat from the very high compression ratios that had been reached. Car owners found that they were being forced to buy higher-octane, costlier fuel for those engines.

"But the regenerative gas turbine is a comparative infant. There are, I believe, much wider opportunities for exploration in this young engine. Moreover, the gas turbine is a simpler and more logical power form."

Neither Huebner's opinion nor the demonstrated fact that the gas turbine is functional necessarily means that the old reliable gas piston engine is seriously threatened at this time. But the regenerative gas turbine has many points in its favor. The exhaust stream is not only cool and devoid of the heat danger that was once feared; it also is free from unburned hydrocarbons that contribute to smog. Fuel consumption is down to or below conventional standards. Our turbine weighed one third less than the piston engine it replaced, and as the third-generation Chrysler turbine, it is already obsolete. The fourth generation will weigh about 350 pounds—half as much as an equivalent piston engine. At this weight, it will afford stylists a chance to move it around in the car to suit any design advantage they may visualize. Both General Motors and Ford have tucked gas turbines into experimental cars or trucks during the last several years.

The turbine has a stand-out advantage in simplicity. It has 200 fewer parts than a piston system. No Chrysler turbine since the primitive first generation in 1954 has had or needed a change of oil. Maintenance will be almost nonexistent. Little wear is probable on a simple, straight shaft spinning on plain sleeve bearings; the engine might outlast the car. An entire cooling system is eliminated, yet there is no danger of overheating in stalled traffic.

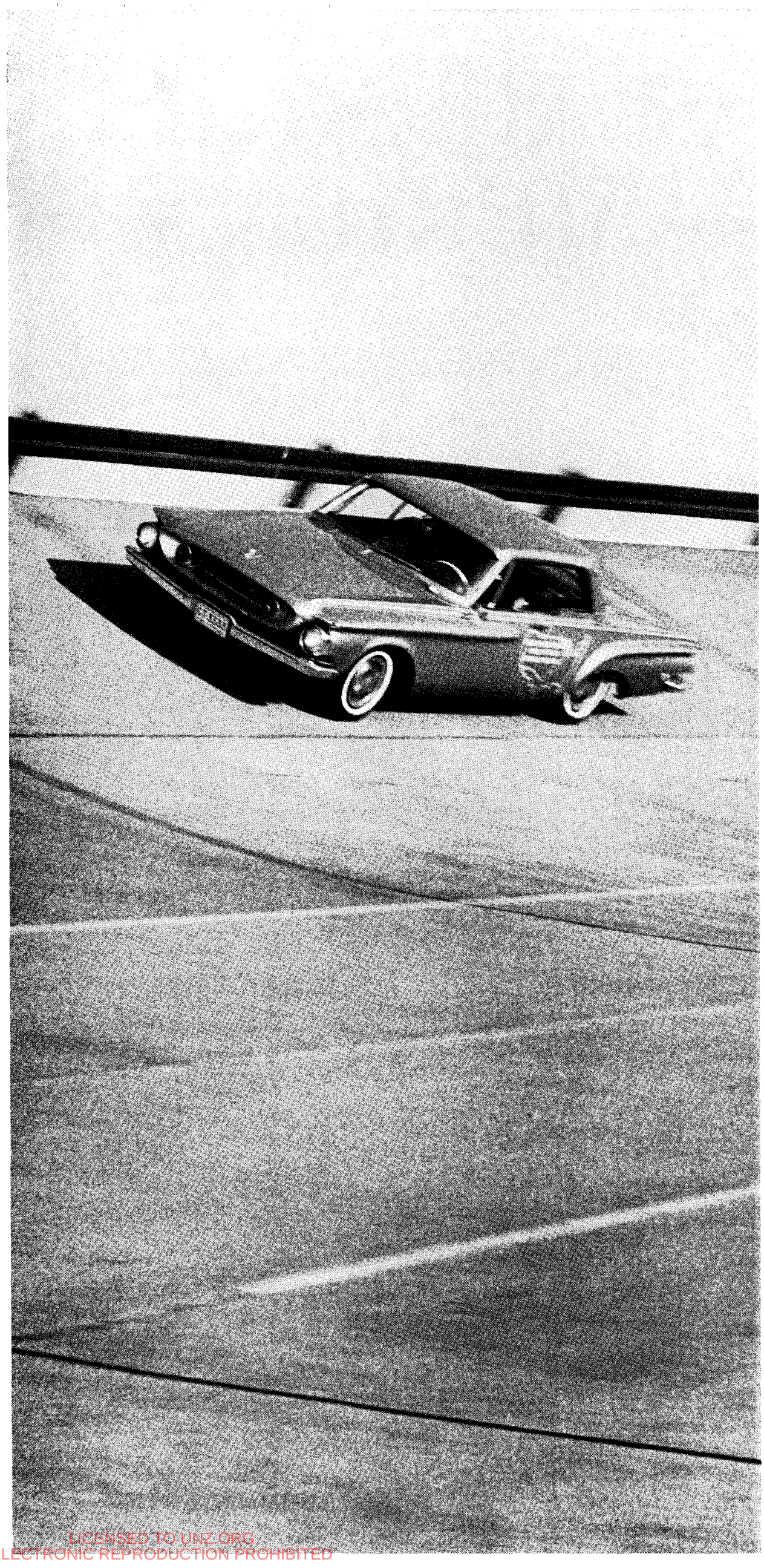
These merits still do not assure that turbine-powered automobiles will reach the public market, however. Three factors enter into the engine's future. How much will they cost to produce? Will purchasers like them? And will they provide enough sales advantage to carry the huge cost of writing off part of existing manufacturing facilities for piston engines?

Chrysler alone probably has a depreciated investment of nearly $100,000,000 in engine production plants. To replace all the industry's present engine plants would mean forfeiting a large part of $1,000,000,000.

George Huebner calculates that at equal production volume, the turbine would cost no more to manufacture than the piston, and perhaps less. But even this partisan is not convinced the gas turbine can shoulder the cost of outmoding present manufacturing facilities.

He does believe that numbers of people would like and would buy turbine cars at comparable cost. And herein may lie the whole significance of my transcontinental adventure. For the first time an automobile manufacturing company is apparently willing to consider a market test of a gas-turbine car. They need reactions from users and I was the first long-distance trial horse. Publicly, Chrysler has said it will market fifty to seventy-five turbine cars. Privately, however, some company voices are suggesting more—hundreds, thousands, perhaps tens of thousands.

(Next week The Post will consider other advanced ideas in cars, engines and highways.)



The turbo-car at the Chrysler proving grounds in Chelsea, Michigan. Top speed: about 115 mph.

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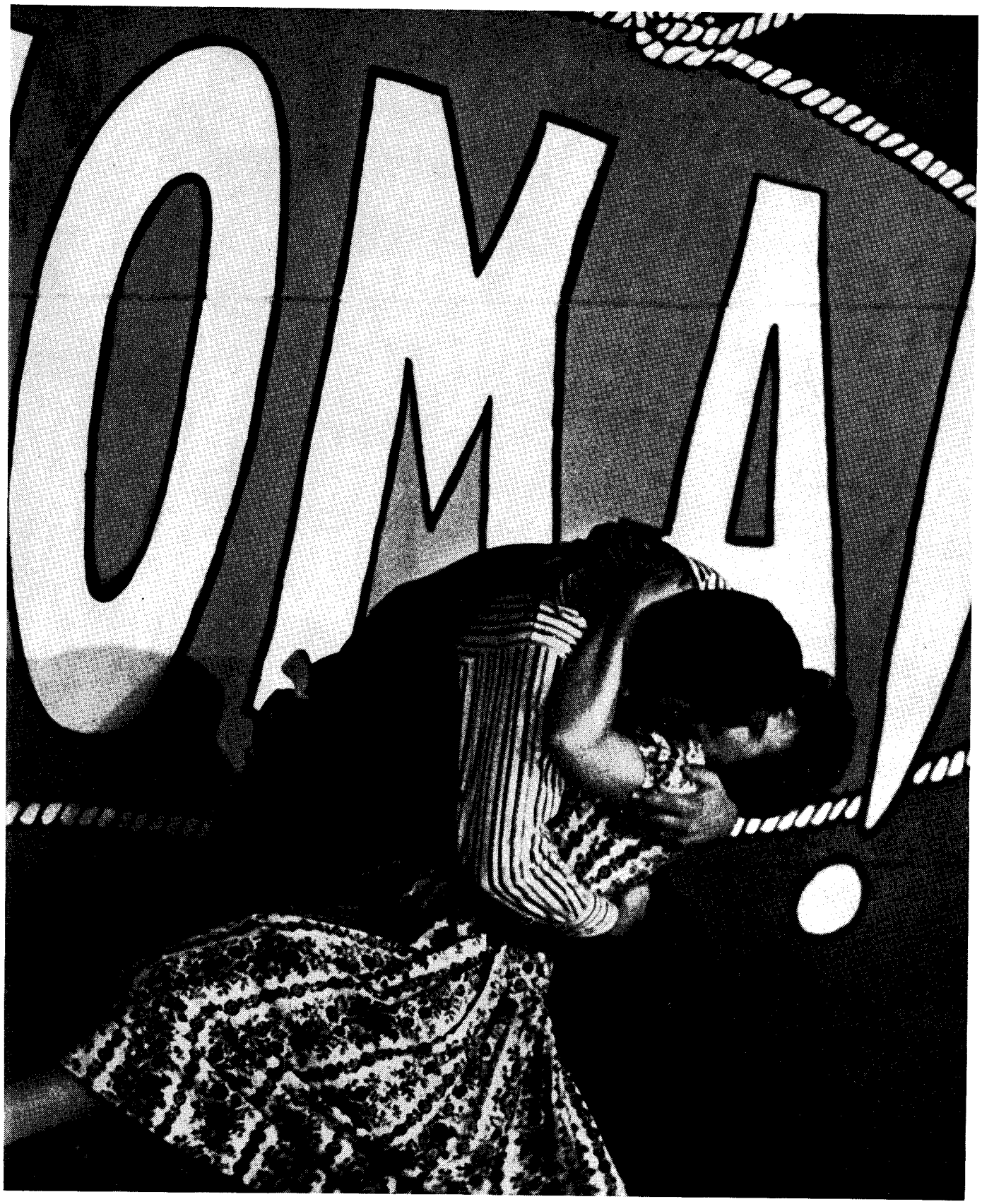
STAGESTRUCK AMERICANS

By JAMES A. MAXWELL

Thousands of part-time hams—from housewives turned showgirls to scenery-shuffling executives—are bringing new vitality to small community theaters.



"Why, that ain't nuthin' compared to a Oklahoma hello!": salesman Phil Shinness as Will Parker and housewife Geneta Kern as Ado Annie in the Richmond, Indiana, Civic Theater's performance of Oklahoma!, *played to a standing-room-only audience.*

A number of citizens of Richmond, Indiana, seemed to be under a disreputable spell when I visited the town last October.

Take for example, Ned Berheide, one of the community's leading morticians. Berheide is a dark, solemn-looking young man who usually behaves with professional decorum. Now, however, he was cavorting in a red-plaid suit, pursuing a succession of pretty girls and bilking provincials with shoddy merchandise.

Another resident, radio announcer William Woehrmann, became involved in a fatal stabbing.

Mrs. Geneta Kern, usually a respectable young Richmond housewife, was undulating like a graduate of Minsky's and cheerfully admitting an inability to resist any man that took the trouble to ask.

Instead of disapproving, friends and neighbors cheered these three, and sixty other Hoosiers, for they made up the cast of *Oklahoma!*, the Richmond Civic Theater's first production of the 1961–62 season. The crowds which filled the Indiana theater's 600 seats for five performances were obviously delighted to see the undertaker as the unscrupulous peddler; the radio announcer as Curley, the cowboy hero; the housewife as Ado Annie, the girl who couldn't say "no!"

"I've seen professionals do *Oklahoma!* three times," said a woman, "but I never had half as much fun as I did tonight watching it put on by people I know."

The audiences thoroughly enjoyed themselves, but the greatest exultation was on the other side of the footlights. Businessmen, factory workers, stenographers, professional men—everyone in the show—reflected the excitement produced by grease paint and applause. The same sort of heady experience is making theater-happy addicts of millions of men, women and children all over the nation.

While the Indiana group was romping through the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, thousands of similar organizations in cities, towns and on campuses were staging their own shows or rehearsing for them. Live theater has become America's biggest do-it-yourself project.

There is no accurate count of nonprofessional troupes in the nation, but informed estimates place the figure at well over 100,000. They produce a half-million plays and musicals annually which draw audiences of 100 million persons.

Amateur theater isn't new to this country. The senior-class play, the women's club skit, the college dramatic club's annual production and comparable enterprises have been part of the American scene for generations. What *is* new is the astonishing growth of the movement during the past twenty-five years, and especially during the last decade.

High schools and colleges have made play production part of their curriculums. Children's theaters have popped up all over the country. Community and local

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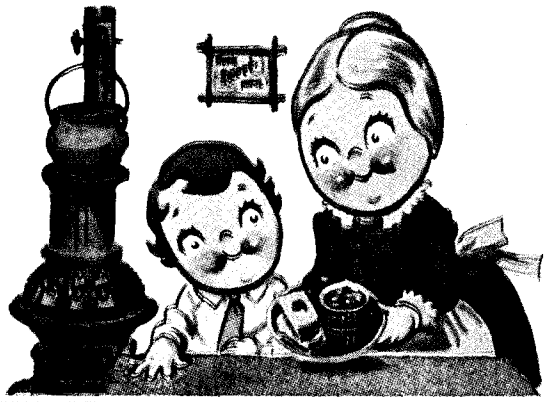

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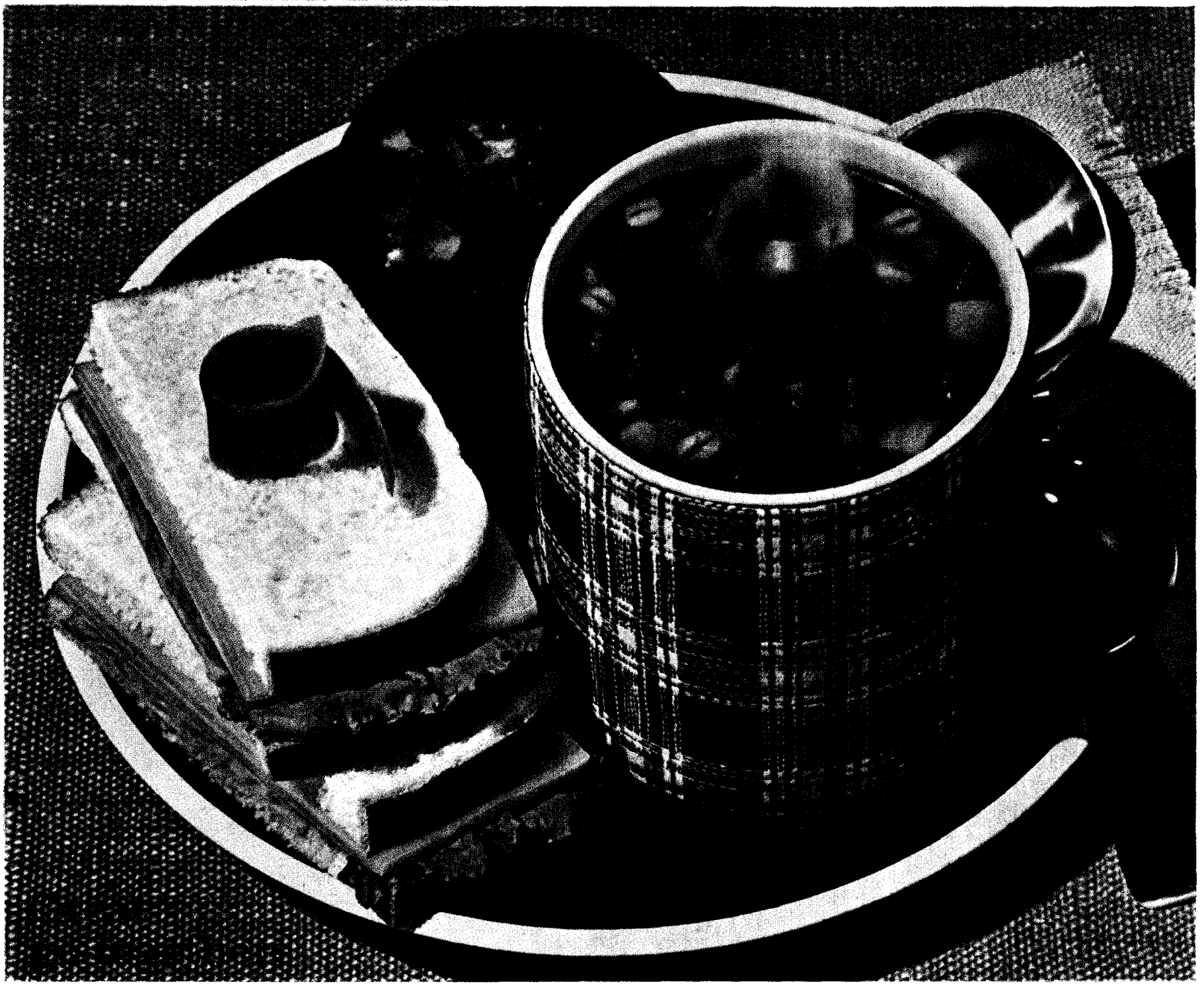
Ev'ry day
The Campbell's Soup 'n
Sandwich way



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Here's the up-to-date way to get a hot, nourishing lunch or supper in no time. You just heat Campbell's nourishing Vegetable Beef Soup while you make a sandwich or two. In 4 minutes, you're *really* eating. For Campbell's is the good Vegetable Beef Soup that's made with real pieces of fine lean beef, sun-ripe vegetables, carefully blended and gently simmered in beefy broth — gives you proteins, vitamins and minerals. Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup is one of more than 25 great soups that come to you in the cheerful Campbell can. All hot and ready to eat in 4 quick minutes.

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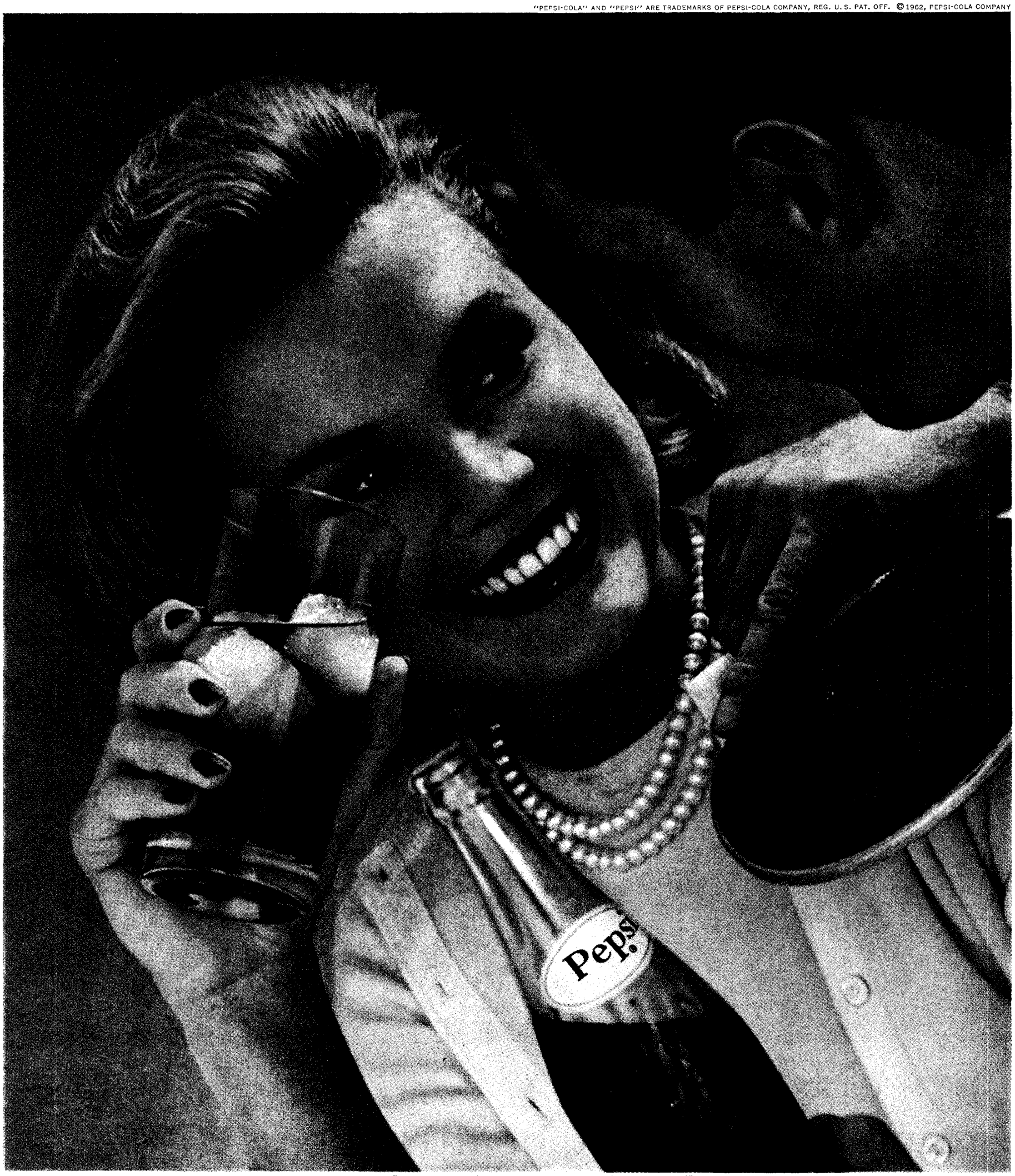

now it's Pepsi-for those who think young

You see the change—today people are putting more into their leisure, finding more ways to enjoy life. This is thinking young. And this is the life for Pepsi—light, bracing, clean-tasting Pepsi. Think young. Say "Pepsi, please!"

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STAGESTRUCK

theatrical societies have blossomed almost everywhere.

I'd been vaguely aware for some time that an increasing number of my friends and acquaintances had begun speaking with an accent not quite British and not quite native. ("Do actors talk like Englishmen or do Englishmen talk like actors?" critic George Jean Nathan once asked.) I had also noticed that many social conversations I overheard were devoted to such matters as, "Don't you think the garden scene is too slow?" and, "I saw Bergman in the role in New York and, frankly, I liked *your* interpretation better." I hadn't realized that I was witnessing a national phenomenon until I went to the silver-anniversary convention of the American Educational Theater Association in New York last August.

For a week the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel seethed with 1200 amateur-drama devotees. In scores of meetings delegates heard lectures and discussion panels on every aspect of theatrical production—from motivating actors to motivating reluctant financial backers.

In the past, people in the professional theater viewed amateurs with disdain. At the Waldorf, however, such Broadway figures as scenic designer Jo Mielziner, playwright William Inge, director Harold Clurman and actress Ethel Barrymore Colt were on hand to discuss their respective fields with the nonprofessionals.

As I left one meeting at the Waldorf, someone handed me a pamphlet titled How to Start a Theater by playwright Howard Lindsay. The booklet is directed to amateurs; Broadway's primary concern these days is simple survival.

"Not only has the professional theater priced itself out of the market for most people," a director from one university told me, "but high costs have placed it on a hit-or-close basis. There's no longer a place for the show with limited appeal. Today only the amateurs can afford the luxury of variety. They produce Broadway successes, but they also do classics, revivals, experimental plays—the entire literature of the theater, past and present."

The playwright has been the greatest beneficiary of the amateur-theater boom. For the past twenty years, for example, about 500 groups have produced Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* annually. According to reliable estimates, royalties have topped $30,000 each year. George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart's *You Can't Take It With You* has earned more than $250,000 since it was released for nonprofessionals in 1938.

Most amateur groups have departed from the simple-minded, one-set farces once the staple of the nonprofessionals. Currently they are performing everything from *Romeo and Juliet* to *Guys and Dolls*, from *Oedipus Rex* to *The King and I*. The fairly typical Richmond Indiana Civic Theater has produced over 150 shows since its founding in 1941. The selections have included the medieval morality play *Everyman*, as well as *Hamlet;* representative works of Chekhov, Ibsen, Shaw, Molnár, O'Neill and a host of contemporary comedies and musicals.

"The Civic Theater has completely changed the tastes of our town," said Mayor Roland H. Cutter, an occasional actor in its shows. "At first people were afraid of the unfamiliar, the 'highbrow.' But gradually they developed a real desire for good plays of all kinds.

"The box office tells the story," he continued. "In this town of 45,000, we have 3000 members and a long list of people waiting to get in. The subscriber pays ten dollars for a season ticket and sees seven shows. Our budget of $30,000 covers everything, including the salary of our director." Solvency, I found, is now a common condition of community theaters.

If attendance at an amateur production today is often a pleasant experience, most of the credit belongs to the well-trained, professional directors to be found in many high school, college, community and children's theaters.

Most of these directors are men and women who majored in drama in college, then decided amateur theater offered greater opportunity, flexibility and creative excitement than Broadway. Two such amateur-theater advocates are John Wray Young and his wife Margaret, who met when they were drama students at the State University of Iowa. After graduation and marriage in 1929, they formed a director-designer team. The Sioux City Little Theater was their first post. Duluth (Minn.) Playhouse was next. Then, in 1936, they joined the Shreveport (La.) Little Theater, where they have remained.

In addition to producing more than 200 plays, the Youngs have founded dramatic schools, worked actively in national theater organizations, and written three books and numerous articles which serve as guides for budding theater groups.

In Richmond, Indiana, the director is Norbert Silbiger, a veteran of the Viennese theater who came to the United States as a refugee in 1940. A short, plump, kindly man in his sixties, he uses a combination of patience, gentle bullying, strictly rationed compliments and occasional, calculated blowups to get smooth, spirited performances from his casts.

Producing a play requires an enormous amount of rigorous, time-consuming work from many people—for rewards which are intangible and fleeting. Who would be willing to devote long hours to rehearsals, building and painting sets, making costumes, rounding up properties, acting as stage crew, and selling tickets without pay? If you've had any experience with amateur theater, you know the answer: Everyone from your preadolescent nephew to your retired uncle. There are enough would-be actors in this country to populate a fair-sized nation.

The president of the Civic Theater in Richmond, Indiana, is Dr. Richard Brown. I asked Doctor Brown—an outstanding urologist—what he did about evening calls which come while he is in rehearsal. "That's all taken care of in advance," he said. "I have an arrangement with another specialist in my field. He handles any of my cases which need attention during those hours. Our director is strict about rehearsals. If you miss more than three, you're out."

Amateur actors such as Doctor Brown pay dearly to realize their dreams. Many of the companies rehearse Monday through Friday nights and Sunday afternoons for a period of four or five weeks before an opening. Studying lines at home is an additional burden. Often the play director is an all-powerful martinet whose scathing comments about the inadequacies of his cast reduce women to tears and men to helpless rage.

One evening several years ago when I went to watch the rehearsal of an amateur group in Detroit, I arrived late and found a friend of mine, a highly successful business executive, alone in the lobby, pounding his fist against a wall. I asked what was troubling him.

"If anybody else ever talked to me the way that little monster does," he said vehemently, "I'd break him in small, jagged pieces." It was obvious that he was speaking of his director.

"It's an urge that several have had," I said. "Why don't you give in to it?"

He shook his head. "Then I wouldn't be in any more plays," he said sadly. I didn't laugh. I've known too many victims of the theater bug who would consider such excommunication the ultimate punishment. My friend took a deep breath, lighted a cigarette and smiled sheepishly. "The horrible part of it is," he said, "I know that if, after one of the performances, he comes up to me and says I've done a good job, I'll be more pleased and grateful than if the president of my company were to shower me with praise and give me a promotion—don't ask me why."

The lure of amateur theater isn't restricted to acting, however. "I'm not surprised by all the people who want to perform," the director of one community theater says. "But I am astounded by the number of volunteers willing to do the nonglamorous, off-stage jobs. I guess it's because a stage play provides the excitement and the sense of creativity that is missing from most people's lives today. When the curtain goes up, you're part of the performance, no matter how slight your contribution is."

The appeal of the stage is not limited to adults. When Mrs. Lucile Ewing, director of the Memphis Children's Theater, is ready to begin work on a production, she merely makes a public announcement, then stands back to avoid being trampled by eager applicants. About 400 youngsters turn up, either to try out for the fifty to seventy-five parts in one of her plays, or to offer their services for backstage work. During the ten years the Memphis enterprise has been operating, Mrs. Ewing has written all thirty of the plays produced. She has never had a flop.

Having directed a number of productions for Cincinnati's Children's Theater (with adult actors), I am painfully aware that an audience of youngsters is most unnerving and unpredictable. They are wildly enthusiastic when pleased, but merciless when they are bored.

After the opening performance of one of my less successful efforts to entertain Cincinnati youngsters, a badly shaken actress came off-stage and glared at me. "Thanks to this little turkey of yours," she said bitterly, "I know how a Roman gladiator felt when the Colosseum crowd decided he was a bum."

With more children's theaters throughout the nation, many youngsters now develop an early interest in live theater. Their attachment often continues through high school and college years.

More than 20,000 high schools and 2500 colleges and universities now produce plays. In many instances they give academic credits for such work. Some of the best equipped theaters in the United States are located on campuses. Playwrights often have new works performed by college students before submitting their scripts to Broadway producers. Professional actors often appear as guest stars.

This increased emphasis on the theater is typified at the University of Cincinnati. When I was director of the Mummers Guild there about a dozen years ago, I was not a member of the faculty, and play production was an extracurricular activity. We staged three plays per year.

Now Cincinnati offers a drama course with three teachers and about 100 students who may major in the subject if

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"In this country there are enough would-be actors from every conceivable social and economic level to populate a fair-sized nation."

After a performance of A Majority of One, *these Indiana amateurs remove their makeup and prepare to re-enter the workaday world. When offstage, Eric Curtis (seated at center) is dean of Earlham College.*

they choose to do so. In addition to production in the large auditorium, the present director, Paul Rutledge, conducts an experimental theater-in-the-round. He also puts on an annual play for the local Children's Theater. A half-dozen new plays have been seen at Cincinnati for the first time, and actress Julie Haydon has appeared in a university production.

Amateur theater is even more prominent at California's Stanford University. The Speech and Drama Department boasts two well-equipped theaters and a faculty of thirty-two. Supplementing the work of the regular staff is the artists-in-residence program, which has brought such stars as Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Aline MacMahon and Leo G. Carroll to the campus as teachers, technical advisers and actors.

Oddly enough, few amateur actors have any ambition to become professional performers. Their dedication to the stage is nonetheless rabid. When I was directing at the University of Cincinnati, one of my actors, who was also an athlete, broke his ankle while high-jumping. When I suggested that he withdraw from the play, he looked as if I'd proposed to remove his leg without an anesthetic. Although his foot was in a cast and he was in severe pain throughout the rehearsals and performances, he limped about with a cane and gave an excellent account of himself.

On one occasion during my tenure at Cincinnati, even love fell victim to the footlights. "I was willing to work until he received his graduate degree," one actress told me. "I was even ready to change my religion. But when he asked me to get out of this play so that we'd have more time for silly dances, movies and dates, I broke our engagement."

Most people, immune to the hypnosis of amateur theater, will probably never understand the victims or their susceptibility to the charms of the theater. But a peek backstage during the last performance of *Oklahoma!* in Richmond, Indiana, would have provided anyone with some idea of what the spell is like.

In the shabby dressing room under the stage the excitement was infectious. The make-up committee was decorating faces with grease paint, rouge, eyebrow pencil. Bright-eyed performers shouted comments about earlier performances to one another, screamed with mock pain when reminded of a minor lapse on stage, discussed eagerly the casting of the forthcoming production, retold compliments from the audience about the current presentation and vowed that this last show would be the best.

During the performance actors in the wings watched those on stage with total concentration. They hugged one another when the audience enthusiastically applauded a song. They gripped the hands of the dancers encouragingly when they made their breathless exit after a number.

When the curtain came down after the final, rousing chorus of the title song, *Oklahoma!*, there was kissing, embracing, firing of prop guns, mobbing of the director, handshaking and shouting.

When I was able finally to make my way to Joanne Schube, the pretty blonde who played the heroine, I congratulated her and then asked what she would be doing with her spare time now that the show had ended.

For a moment she looked as though she had been stabbed. "I don't even want to think about it," she said. "I'll start crying if I do." I hastily withdrew. Obviously Miss Schube was not speaking figuratively. THE END

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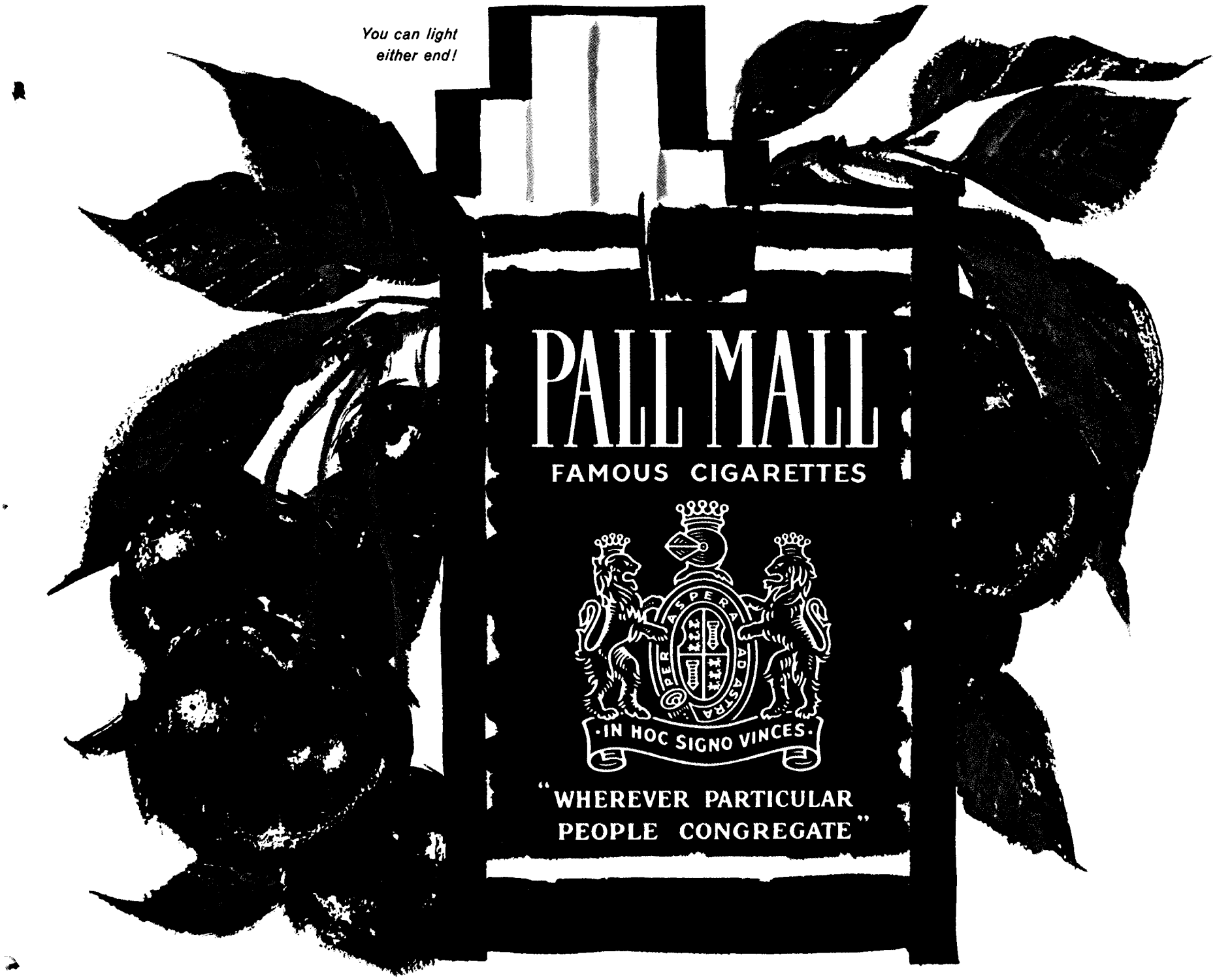

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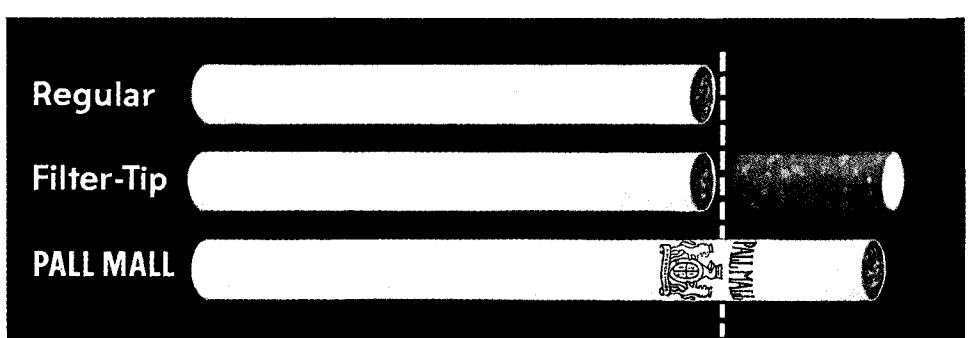

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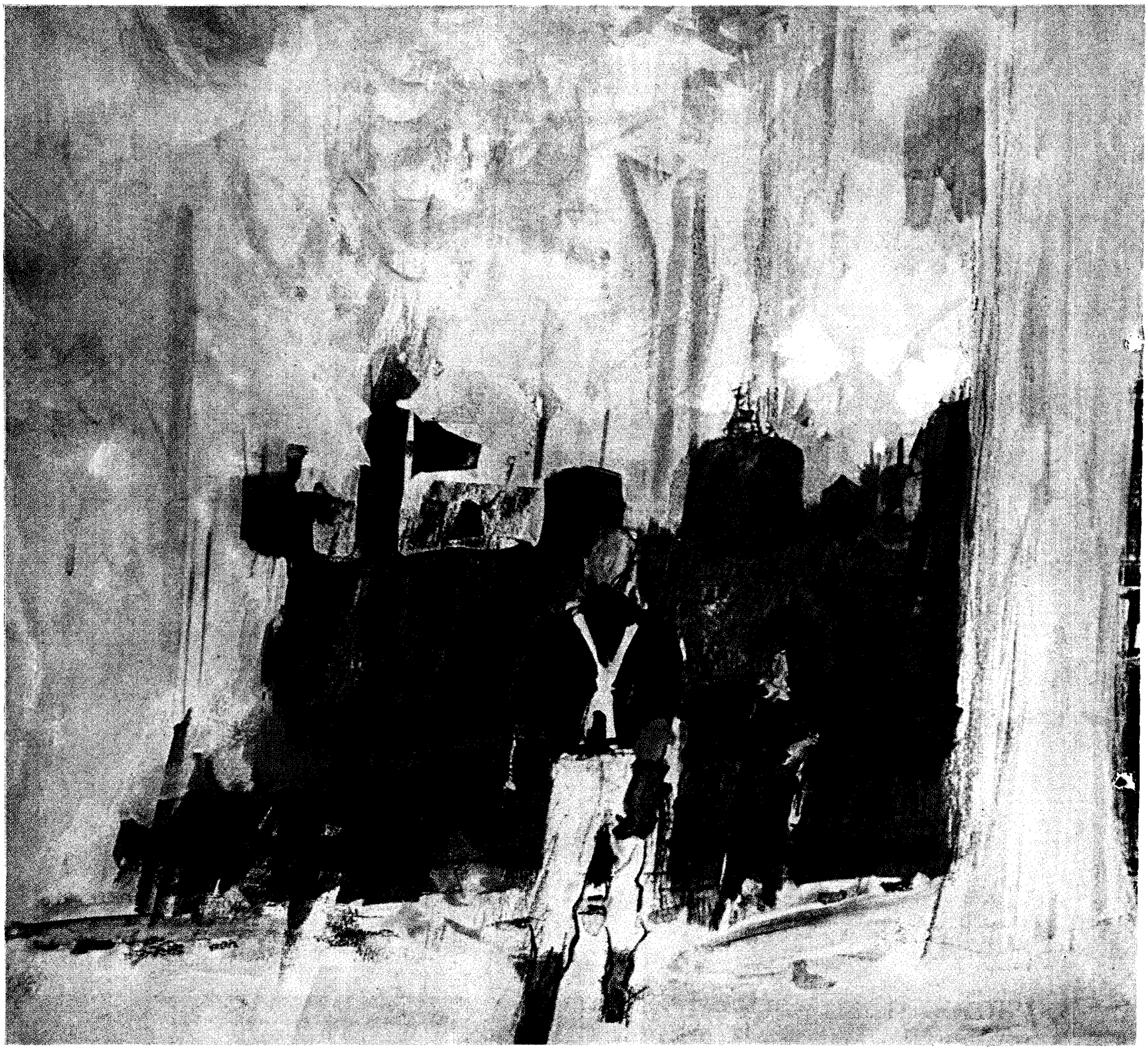
HE HAD REASON TO HATE THIS GIRL, BUT HE COULDN'T RESIST

The



BY ARTHUR MAYSE

When I have a tough one to figure, I pick up a jeep at the company tree farm and head for the old Quelth burn where I swung the loading tongs for Butcher Morgan twenty-three years ago. In there, with only grouse and deer, and a hawk in the sky for company, I quit being Ransome J. Kelly, a boss logger with a fine home on Gunnery Point and 1400 men on my payroll. The burn squeezes the importance out of me. By the time I've peglegged along the old railway grades to the Branch Three junction, I'm plain Red Kelly, strong in the back and weak in the head, an orphanage hardnose who, except for luck and marrying the boss's granddaughter, would have stayed a tame ape.

I lit out for the burn today because of a business that came up last night with my daughter Maureen. She's a sweet girl, Maury, with her mother's eyes and my red hair and a mind all her own. This kid pilot Maury has been banging around with fetched her home late from a dance at the base, and damn if those two didn't wake Helen and me to tell us they planned to marry. Just like that! Maury seventeen and her jet jockey not a heck of a lot older. Well, I was fit to pop a valve. Before I could give them a blast though, Helen laid a hand on my arm.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE DE MERS

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Wildness In Her

She said to Maury, "We'll talk about this tomorrow, darling," and smiled a good night to the Air Force boy standing there with a chip on his shoulder and the lipstick not quite wiped off his chin. Then she steered me back to our room. "Now see here," I began; "if those young fools have any notion I'll go along with this nonsense ——" But Helen only shook her head, with the smile still in her eyes. "I'd like to serve grouse Sunday night, Red," she told me enthusiastically. "Suppose you go up to Quelth Valley tomorrow and shoot me some real nice fat birds?"

This morning I found my calked shoes set out and my yellow hard hat with KELLY lettered on the front and a pair of old work pants tight in the top and stiff with resin. My dogs were crazy to come, but Labs like Grouch and Marco are too much company for a man with a problem, so I decided to leave them in their runway. Even without their help, I'd filled my limit on blue grouse before the sun was ten o'clock high. I cached the birds and my shotgun a couple of miles in from the junction and bushwhacked through an alder swamp to the last of the high spurs that used to carry the Morgan Logging Company steel west from Branch Three.

It was warm for October, real Indian-summer weather. The sun drilled between my shoulders. A nose-bag lunch from the tree-farm cookhouse sagged in the back pocket of my canvas coat. I kicked up more grouse and

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Sometimes it's a hard thing to put your finger on, but you can see quality wherever you look in a 1962 Chevrolet truck.

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ARE BUILT TO KEEP WORKING AND WORKING AND WORKING AND

Wildness

saw any number of deer. And where the swamp tongues out to the stumps, darned if I didn't meet a cougar nose-on, strolling bold as brass in broad daylight. He was a big fellow. He gave me the eye in a way that reminded me of Maury's saucy young pilot, a hell-with-you look.

I said to the cat, "I'm Red Kelly, mister, and who d'you think you are?"

He wrinkled his snoot at me and faded out among the stumps. I climbed to the blue-clay water hole that we used to tank up at when I was a kid logger working on that spur. I shed my coat and set to on my lunch with cold spring water to wash it down. What I'd told the cougar was strictly true. The burn had gone to work on me as it always does. The Ransome J. Kelly of Kelly & Morgan Timber was off at a board meeting or swatting around a golf course or laying into the champagne breakfast on a jet to Chicago. I was plain Red Kelly again.

I set myself to study on this business of my daughter and the flier she wants to marry. Instead I found myself thinking about that boy I used to be, the young second loader who had hunkered by the water hole on a September day twenty-three years ago.

The past kept drifting in on me. Finally I let the past take over and the years peel away, clear back to the time when truck logging was still a pup, and Morgan's was the toughest railway show on the coast, and I was wearing out a pair of rigging gloves a month on the Butcher's highball Side Five crew.

On that particular day in September of '39, if anyone had told me my world was fixing to turn itself upside down, I'd have laughed in his face. All I knew as I dipped water into a bag with a milk tin was that the sun felt mighty good and I liked my job and life was a big red apple, juicy for biting.

I rocked up off my heels and corked the dripping bag. Alongside me the steel began to sing. When I was halfway to the donkey engine, a company speeder came clickety-clack up the spur. It passed me, grinding against the grade, the big Casey Jones the brass used on inspection trips. In the cab sat old Butcher Morgan himself, the boss logger who got his woods name away back when the high-lead system was new and he killed four rigging men in a week. Beside him was the super, looking even more worried than usual. But the hell with those two!

What caught my eye was a girl riding the rear deck with her arms resting on the cab roof. She was tall, with jet-black hair and a skin like cream. The wind pressed her white blouse and belted tan skirt against her. She leaned into that breeze with an eagerness about her, and I guessed she felt as I did—that life was a rosy-red apple to toss in her hand and bite when she was ready.

I gave her a grin and a nod, mooching along with no shirt to my back and wire-rope tears in my pants. She paid me no heed, didn't so much as glance my way. But at the crest of the rise, just as the speeder scooted around the bend, she turned and waved to me.

While the donkey fireman brewed our noon coffee in his boiler, this girl perched herself on a stump across the tracks and set to with a sketch pad and pencil. I watched her. The whole Side Five crew did, pretty girls not being a common sight on a logging show.

"Who's that one?" I asked Kangaroo Jones, the head loader and my sidekick, supping his coffee with me on a skeleton-car bunk.

"Her with the legs?" he said. "She's the Butcher's granddaughter, mate, come from Gunnery Point to watch the tame apes at play. Miss Helen Godalmighty Morgan, and not for the likes of you."

He tossed his coffee can into the slash and swung off the car. I remember Kangaroo Jones best as he was that minute—smiling so his gold center tooth showed, a long, brown, reckless dude with his hat tipped back and his light-colored eyes squinted against the sun. He crossed the grade and mounted to where the girl sat sketching. Whatever he said to her made her shake her hair back and laugh.

Kangaroo jogged back, slapping his gloves against his leg. Over our heads the donkey whistle screeched an end to our nooning. The chokermen and rigging slinger trotted out to the haulback bight, and the chaser pulled on his gloves.

"Stone the crows, Red!" Kangaroo called to me, balanced on a skeleton-car beam with the lead tongs dangling from their loading line over his head. "You'd not guess what she's up to."

I didn't answer, but he told me anyhow, taking the eighty-pound tongs on his shoulder, picking his log from the half-dozen sticks ready on the landing. "Making a likeness of you, that's what. You humping along the grade with a water bag, ugly as life!"

"Hell with you!" I told him.

"Taken a shine to you, she has," Kangaroo ribbed me with his gold tooth flashing. "We'll put on a show for her, Red. We'll bloody well smash the camp loading record."

"You crazy?" I said to him. The record stood at 111 loads for a working day. "On this sidehilly layout we haven't a chance." Then I looked at Helen Morgan where she stood on the donkey deck and settled my belt and shook the bark dust from my gloves. "O.K.," I told Kangaroo Jones. "We'll bust her."

We had near sixty loads to go, but we were salty and young and as tough as men can be. In an hour the engineer was whistling for another string of empties. The sun grew hotter, the bark dust mixed with the sweat on our hides, but we held the pace, Kangaroo and me and the other second loader spelling off, the cars of fir and shaggy-barked red cedar clicking past the landing like beads on a string. The boys in the haulback bight had got word of what we were up to. They were high-balling, too, feeding logs to the landing as fast as the engineer could yard them in and the chaser could unhook them. Our other second loader, a heavy-set dude by the name of Blondy Arseneol, began hitting the water. Around three o'clock he turned green in the face and staggered into the slash, cursing Kangaroo Jones and me in a voice like a raven's croak. That meant no more spell-offs, but still we kept at it, building toward a new record.

Butcher Morgan watched from the clear with his black felt hat riding level on his white hair and a thin cigar between his teeth. I never once looked at the girl, but I knew she was watching too. I forced the pace, taking chances even beyond what our widowmaking job called for. Kangaroo was my sidekick, but I was out to prove to Helen Morgan and myself that I was the better man. I was drunk on something stronger than rum—I couldn't slip.

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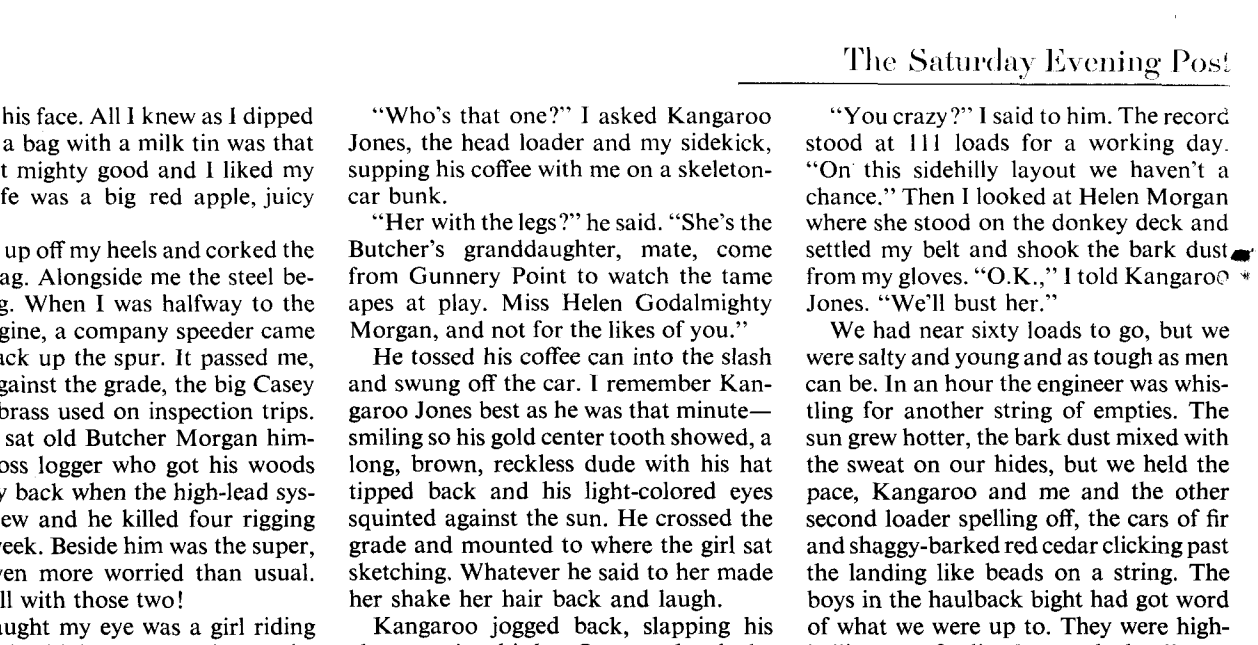

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It was Kangaroo Jones who slipped. He freed his tongs and jumped for the landing, and his blunt-worn calks skidded on the steel car bunk. He hit the landing in a flat fall, rolled and was on his knees when the turn of logs coming in from the woods crashed down.

It happened fast—faster than I could yell or the chaser signal a stop. Eric Larson, our engineer, buried his face in his arm for a second. Then he went ahead slow on the mainline drum, and inch by inch that murdering pair of forty-foot butt logs began to lift.

I set my hands under Kangaroo's shoulders and drew him clear. From the wet on my face I knew I was weeping. The donkey whistle was sounding off with the "Man hurt!" but one look told me there was nothing anyone could do for Kangaroo Jones. Neck to hip, he was crushed.

This was the dude that had found me dallying around the Loggers' Agency in Vancouver, a sixteen-year-old runaway punk, and bought me my first meal in two days and got me a spark-chasing job and made a man and a loader out of me. My partner for five years, dying here on account of Helen Morgan and me.

"*Wuruwuru, Red,*" he whispered from his smashed chest. "*I'm away.*"

By the time the first-aid man got out from camp, he had pulled the pin.

These days all you have to do to find out where your taxes go is study geography.

Dave Murray

The girl tried to speak to me, but I turned my back on her. I tramped down to the water hole and washed the blood from my hands. It wasn't truly that girl's fault, or her grandfather's either. But I hated them both, or told myself so—the Butcher because it was his logs and rigging, and Helen Morgan for being there with her silky long legs and black hair and pretty face to set men baiting the fool-killer.

The coroner's jury brought in a no-blame-attached verdict, with a rider advising men on the rigging to check the state of their calks. We buried Kangaroo Jones at Samiston. Next day, on Butcher Morgan's personal order, I was upped to be head loader on Side Five.

That same night, Blondy Arseneol stuck his head in the bunkhouse where I lay staring at the ceiling, remembering good times Kangaroo and I had had together and trying to forget Helen Morgan.

"Phone call for you," Blondy told me. He hadn't liked it, me being put over him as head loader, and twice on the job we'd traded words. "Looks like you got it made," he said. "It's that fancy dish from Gunnery Point."

On the phone she sounded younger than the nineteen or thereabouts I'd judged her to be. Her voice came to me scared and faraway.

"This is Helen Morgan, Mr. Kelly," she said. I waited, and she went on quickly, as if not too sure of herself. "I'm giving a small party on Saturday night. If you'd care to come, I'll pick you up at grandfather's beach camp."

I wanted to tell her what she could do with her small party on her grandpa's Gunnery Point layout. Instead I heard my voice telling her I'd come, and no need to pick me up.

Saturday night I hopped a speeder to the beach, where the gravel road north from Samiston ended. I called to Samiston for a taxi, and a shade after 9:30 the taximan wheeled us between the Butcher's stone gateposts. There were a lot of cars on the drive. The big house was blazing with lights. Music drifted out to us, and through the windows I could see couples dancing. The fellows looked to be mostly in uniform—officers from the R.C.A.F. station and the navy base along the point.

A flunky let me into a hall that had a stone floor with suits of armor standing on either side. I stood there thinking the dudes who'd worn that tinware must have been real runty, too small to swing the loading tongs. Then I forgot about that and about Kangaroo Jones and everything else, because Helen Morgan was facing me under the hallway arch. Her hair shone and her dress shimmered like green ice. She wore pearls in her ears and two strands of pearls around her neck.

I've never been able to recollect much about that affair. Helen kept track of me as best she could, and a little sublieutenant, a Royal Navy kid out from England, never strayed far from Helen. About midnight, when I was dancing with her, this boy cut in.

He did it real polite, with a smile and a "May I, old man?" but I itched to slug him. I took myself off to the side and scooped up a glass, not caring whose it was or what it held. There in the shadows I watched Helen and her navy officer and for the first time in all my life I saw myself plain.

In St. Vincent's Orphanage and in the woods I had always thought well of myself. But here among Helen Morgan's friends—those private-school girls and their fellows—I knew I was like a hemlock stick in a load of prime fir. Being big and tough and a crack loader cut no ice on Gunnery Point.

This that was putting the boots to me couldn't be fought. I set my glass down and eased out of the party, lonely for Kangaroo and wanting to cut loose and bust something. Blondy Arseneol would be having himself a night in the Frenchman's or the Golden Slipper. Maybe when I'd hunted out Blondy and tangled with him, I'd feel right again.

Blundering through dim rooms, hunting a side or a back door, I came to a glassed sun deck with a skylight in its roof. The full moon lighted it near as bright as day. It was a workroom, sort of, with drawings and painting gear laying around and books and magazines dropped any old where on chairs and sofa and floor. I made to edge past a table, and my own face looked up at me from white paper. It was the picture Kangaroo had needled me about—me on the spur with the water bag. I flipped it over, and another sketch lay beneath. The charcoal lines were savage, as if slashed onto the paper. Staring down, I felt pain so sudden and sharp I had to breathe shallow.

A dress rustled behind me. I said to Helen, not turning, "Nice work, lady. This one was kind of a bonus, eh? He told me you came to watch the tame apes at play. You were lucky; you caught one dying."

She didn't speak. I ached to hurt her. "What'd your baby-face limey think of this picture, Miss Morgan?" I asked her.

Helen said, "I sketched that because I had to, Red. It stayed with me day and night. I cried over it."

She reached her hand and turned me. She said, looking up at me with the moon

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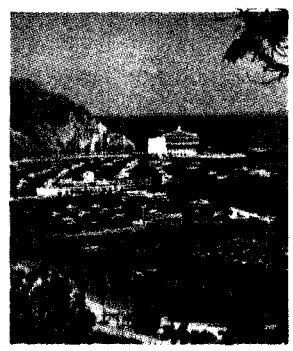

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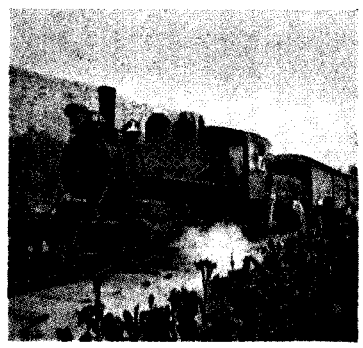

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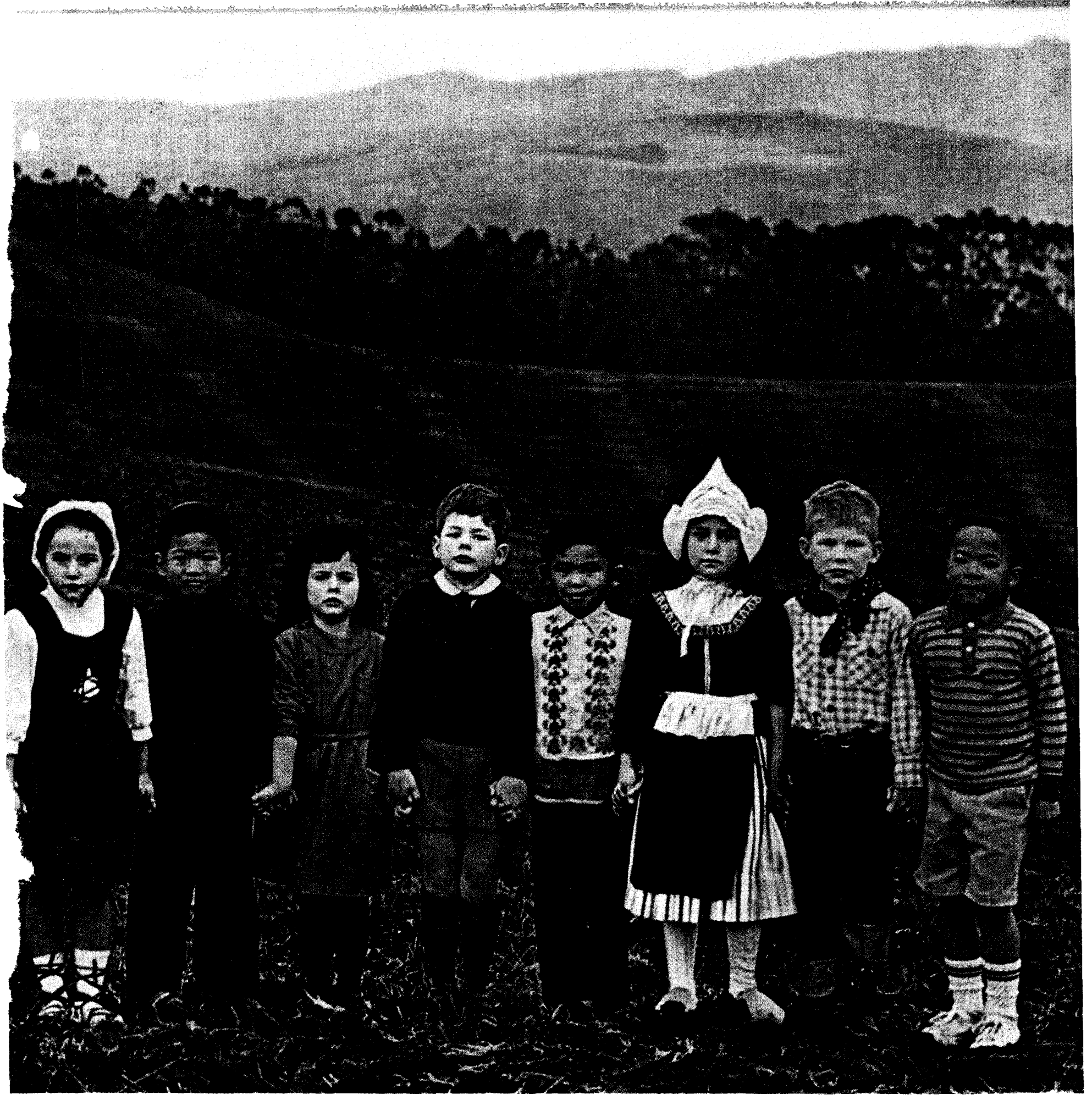

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MILES PRODUCTS

Wildness

on her face, "I asked you because there was no other way to meet you, Red."

"We didn't have to meet," I said.

A lie, and I didn't need those steady eyes of hers to tell me so. I said, "Wake up, will you? We're different, you and me. What would we have, what could we do?"

She moved forward, one step, into my arms. Her head fitted under my jaw as if it belonged there.

"We could make it work," she said in a voice so small I barely caught the words.

"Helen, how old are you?" I asked. She answered against my throat, "Eighteen. Nearly."

"All right," I told her. "I came to your party. Now you're going to mine."

I expected her to say she couldn't leave her guests, but she only said, "I'll get a wrap." I waited for her in her workroom, then we slipped out to her car.

"You drive," she said, and handed me the keys.

I got the feel of the car, winding it out to River Road. On the straightaway I bore down. We hit eighty, then eighty-five. With the needle crowding ninety, I shot a look at Helen. She was as she had been on the high spur the day Kangaroo died—eager, with a wildness in her, life an apple ready for biting.

I knew what had to be done. "Now listen," I said, talking as I never had to any girl before. "You've taken a fancy to a bundle of muscles because you're just too damn young to know better. Do yourself a favor. Let me turn this rig and take you home."

"I'm not too young," she said, stubborn and soft. "And loggers do marry, Red."

"Some do," I told her. "Maybe I will myself one day, if a sapling or sidewinder don't catch me first. Only it won't be to any Gunnery Point girl. You belong with a fellow from your own league. Someone like that nice little navy boy who was tagging you tonight."

"And who happens to be a very brave man," Helen said. "Now, let's go on to your party."

The Frenchman's back room is no place for any nice girl, least of all one from Gunnery Point. But Helen sat there across from me, cool as if she was used to having drunks trip over her feet in a bootlegger's joint, seeing the Frenchman's bouncer toss guys out and a woman slobbering in hysterics with her makeup smeared all over her puss.

I gave her a good taste of that trap, then held her fur jacket that cost half a year of a head loader's pay and took her out to the street.

"Do I make my point?" I asked her, glad of the cool breeze on my face. She only smiled at me the way a mother would at a kid cutting up and said, "Where do we go now?"

The Golden Slipper was out past the edge of Samiston. As I parked Helen's car, two construction stiffs came flying through the open doors and down the steps. They picked themselves up and got on with their battle, nobody paying them any attention. Three fights were average for a dance night. Since Blondy Arseneol hadn't showed at the Frenchman's, he'd be here. That meant one of those fights would be his and mine.

"Now," I said to Helen Morgan, "we go dancing."

My style wasn't the sort they favored on Gunnery Point, where the couples had oozed around like they were half asleep, but Helen fitted herself into it as if we'd been stepping Saturday nights for a year. I looked down at her, into her flushed face and shining eyes, and darn if she wasn't enjoying herself.

We were into a polka when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I switched my head and saw Blondy Arseneol, curly hair and flat face grinning, and shoulders a pickaroon-handle wide.

"This is too nice to keep to yourself, home guard," he said to me. "Suppose you pass it around?"

I flagged a friend of Kangaroo's and mine on the sidelines, a hook tender who worked on Northwest Timber. He eased over, and I loosed Helen's hand and gave her a little push toward him. Then Blondy and me started outside, shedding our coats on the way.

I'd like to claim I licked Blondy Arseneol, but, not to make a long business of it, he whipped me. I put him down twice, and he rose up each time happy as a raven and, after maybe ten minutes more of pounding each other, Blondy landed on me so hard I hit ten feet off on the flat of my shoulders.

When the fog cleared, I saw Blondy mounting the Golden Slipper steps with his elbows out, mighty pleased with himself. A hand reached down and helped me to my feet. Helen had my coat over her arm.

No man likes the girl he's with to see him beat, but maybe this would do what the rest of the evening hadn't. I mumbled to her through my shirt sleeve laid to my nose, "Smartened up yet, kid? Now have you got the picture?"

She took the car keys from my pocket and boosted me in. "I can make the beach camp by my lone," I told her. "I don't need your help."

"We're not going to the beach," Helen said. "We're going to talk to my grandfather."

The party was over, the pretty girls and the young officers gone. But Butcher Morgan was still up, sunk in a leather chair in his library with a glass by his hand and an unlighted cigar, one of those skinny black ones he favored, angled between his teeth. I had it fixed what to tell him. But he spoke first, a tired, white-haired old man who had made a pile out of lumber and killed more than his share of loggers doing it.

"Your mother first," he said to Helen, us standing like kids before him. "Another wild one, running away to wreck her life at seventeen. Now you. I suppose it's in the blood." He sighed, and touched off his cigar and snapped the match between his fingers. "Well," he said, "no need to run, my dear. Your funds are in trust till you come of age. What will you two have from me in the meantime?"

It was me who answered. "We two will have nothing," I said. Helen's hand was in mine. Years after, she told me that I gripped fit to crack her fingers. "But I'll have one thing." I gave him his woods name to his face, while his hard, tired eyes drilled me. "I'll have my time, Butcher. I want to pull the pin."

Butcher Morgan searched my face a minute longer, then nodded. "Have a drink with me, loader," he said, "before you go."

But I've never cared for Scotch whisky, and what needed doing wouldn't be easier for delay.

"You stick to your picturemaking," I told Helen, "and have fun and finish growing up."

"Will you come back, Red?" she asked me, anxious and low, and I said, "I will. If the widowmaker don't tag me first."

I kissed her and went out of there with the squeak still in my left shoe and my heart hurting worse than my face.

Because of a couple of two-bit lung scars from the orphanage days, the Canadian Army wouldn't have me, so I signed on a freighter and jumped ship at Sydney and enlisted in Kangaroo Jones's mob, who rate a man by the beer he can handle and how he stacks in a fight. After four mortal years the Aussies sent me home with a sergeant major's crown and laurel on my sleeve.

I hadn't written to Helen or she to me. I figured she'd be engaged by now, or maybe married, and when I got out of the taxi on Gunnery Point, I knew I was a bigger fool than when I turned up at her party. But I couldn't help myself; it was like a wind pushed me.

The Butcher looked me up and down from his chair.

"About time," he said. "I was convinced I had a spinster on my hands."

"Where is she?" I asked him. But there was no need. Helen stood in the library doorway, and we looked at each other, and I knew nothing had changed with us, or ever would.

In the books she'd have cried on my chest. Instead, Helen sprang a nose bleed and bled all over my campaign ribbons and such, and we wound up in the kitchen with me holding ice cubes to the back of her neck. She'd done a right nice job of growing. I guess I'd grown some too. I took a job pushing camp for her granddad and handled it well, and that fall I married my black-haired girl.

So here I sit, in the leather armchair that used to be the Butcher's—Ransome J. Kelly on the outside and plain Red Kelly inside, strong in the back and still not too bright in the head. About this tough one Maury and her pilot tossed at us, I might as well have saved my worry. Having got me and my roarings off the claim, Helen talked it over with those kids, and they've decided to put off marrying till he makes flight lieutenant.

Still, I did have a good sashay around Quelth burn, and it isn't every day a man gets to see a cougar. THE END

NEXT WEEK

The Man Who Lived On Water

a story by *Leonard Wibberley*

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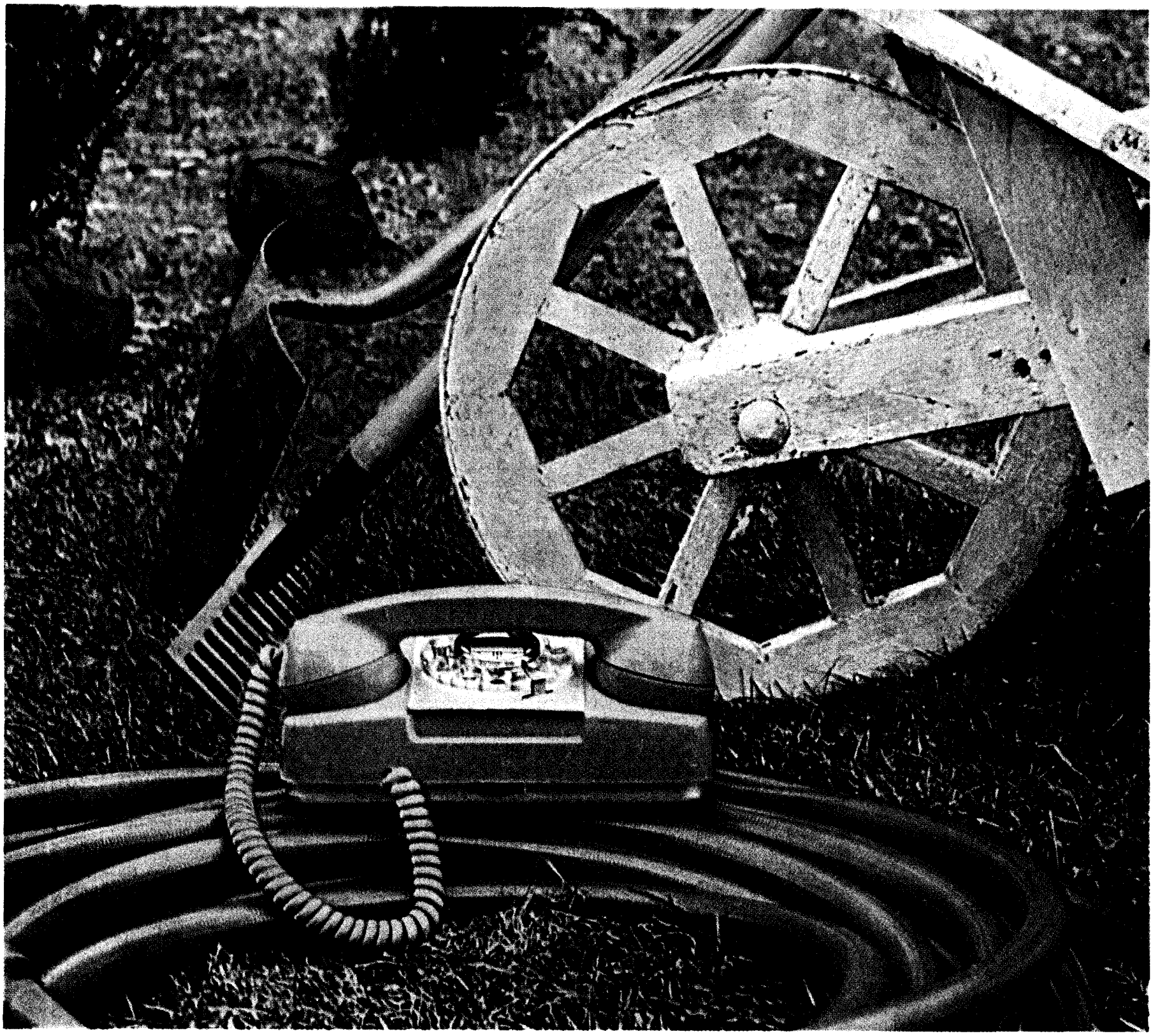

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WE WASTE A MILLION KIDS A YEAR

THE JOB SITUATION

By MARY CONWAY KOHLER and ANDRÉ FONTAINE

Here is what we are doing—and failing to do—to help our youngsters master trades.

CONCLUSION

Ever since the Middle Ages, apprenticeship has been the way young men learn a trade, and in Europe today it still is. But not in America. Apprenticeship here is dying fast. It is being strangled by shortsightedness on the part of unions and disinterest on the part of industry, by nepotism and by racial prejudice.

And this is another basic reason why so many of our high-school graduates and the thousands of kids who drop out of school at an even earlier age can't get jobs today. We are now wasting a million youngsters a year because we neither keep them in school nor find work for them to do, and the number of these frustrated, often angry kids grows each year. It is a problem which has been creeping up on us over a long period, until finally it has become critical.

There are many causes: the sharp and continuing decline in the need for many kinds of unskilled labor; our archaic vocational and trade schools, which we dealt with last week in the second article of this series; laws that often hinder rather than help; the inability of parents to prepare their children for work; the fact that both the unions and industry have been dragging their feet; and, above all, our conspicuous failure to attack the situation on a national scale.

The breakdown of our apprentice system is fundamental to the crisis we now face. In Europe a boy can start his apprenticeship at fourteen, but over here the average age of our apprentices is about twenty-five. Since youths usually are graduated from high school at eighteen, this means they have to spend years floundering around before they can start to learn their trade.

In 1950 there were 231,000 apprentices in programs registered with the Department of Labor; in 1960 there were only 166,000, a drop of nearly one third—and this at a time when employers all over the land were complaining that they couldn't find enough skilled men. Furthermore, the Labor Department predicts that 5,000,000 new skilled craftsmen must be trained by 1970, with the greatest need among repair and maintenance mechanics and construction-machinery operators—apprenticeable trades.

The construction industry, for example, will need 954,000 new carpenters by 1970 to replace those who have died, retired or gone into other work, and to supply men for new jobs in this field. If the present rate of apprenticeship continues, only 55,380 men—6 percent of the need—will be trained. We'll need 283,000 painters and paperhangers; apprenticeship will supply 8560, or 3 percent. We'll need 236,000 operating engineers; apprenticeships will give us only about 1000.

Why is apprenticeship dying? Apprenticeships are handled by labor-management committees at national, state and local levels. Both labor and management, for different reasons, have crippled the programs.

Management has done it because the kind of complete training an apprentice gets is expensive; the smaller firms feel they can't afford it. Instead they hire men who are trained for a specific, limited job—or pirate highly skilled men away from competitors.

The number of apprentices is negotiated by employer and union as part of their collective-bargaining agreement. Unions and government charge that employers have been resisting any expansion of the program. A. J. Hayes, president of the International Association of Machinists, says his union and the United Auto Workers tried to write new apprenticeship programs in the aircraft industry during the 1958 negotiations but failed to get a single new apprenticeship clause. The U. S. Bureau of Apprenticeship and Training agrees. One official pointed out that carpentry-union contracts usually call for one apprentice to every five journeymen, but in Massachusetts there is actually only one to 102 journeymen; in Illinois, one to forty-two. The average for the nation is about one to twenty-four.

Labor has hurt apprenticeships through a shortsighted defensiveness: "If we hold down the numbers of men in our craft, there won't be so much competition for our jobs."

When we talked to young men who should make up our reservoir of skilled technicians during the next quarter century and asked why they don't become apprentices, they usually snorted in derision. "You gotta have a father in the union," they said or, "You gotta know somebody," or, "How do you do it? I never heard of any openings."

To a large extent they're quite right. Apprenticeship openings are closely held and usually go to a relative of a member of the union or to a man already working in the shop. Another brake on the development of apprenticeships has been racial prejudice, mostly against Negroes and especially in the construction trades. Recently the National Urban League made a study of 100,000 apprentices and found that less than one in 100 was a Negro.

A good example of the limitation of apprenticeships is illustrated by the situation in the printing trades. At a convention in Dallas last August, members of the International Typographical Union were told that for every eight members who died or left the trade in 1960 only three new men completed apprentice training. Unless the rate was increased, the committee on apprentices warned, "men with insufficient . . . training will have to be taken into our ranks," and this would be "detrimental to wage scales."

There is one final restriction on apprenticeships that has been getting tighter as the demand for more highly skilled workers increases. Today nearly all apprentices must have a high-school diploma. While it is obvious that the more education everyone has, the better it is for the country, this restriction does keep out of the skilled trades thousands of young men who would make excellent journeymen—and whom the trades badly need.

As usual there are no perfect solutions, but some people have found some answers. In Rockland County, unions have been drawn into the whole vocational-training program. One result has been that some of them give credit toward apprentice training for the years the boys have spent learning their trade in school. A few other unions and school systems have done the same, but not many.

Canada has taken a much more flexible approach to apprentice training. The authorities there believe that a youth who isn't a scholar may be able to do certain kinds of manual jobs very well, that schooling ought to be flexible enough to care for all levels of youngsters, and that properly planned preemployment training can shorten the learning period considerably.

Thus they have established preapprentice courses of four to six months for some trades, courses which accept boys over sixteen regardless of how far they've gone in school. These classes serve a double purpose: to acquaint the student with the trade and to arouse his desire to become a part of it.

Further, admission to journeyman status in a trade is made not after a youth has spent a certain number of years as an apprentice, but rather when he has achieved a certain proficiency—as proved by an examination. How he got that proficiency—on the job, in a trade school or in apprentice training—is immaterial. If he can do the job well, he becomes a journeyman.

In Cleveland, Ohio, and in several other cities a preapprentice training program for bricklayers has been in operation for some time. The local apprenticeship council recruits likely candidates from the high schools and gives them an intensive one-to-two-month course. They are taught in small groups by skilled craftsmen who are supplied by the union. If a youth completes the course successfully, he is taken into regular apprentice training and given credit for the two months he's already spent. This program, according to the U.S. Bureau of Apprenticeship and Training, has helped recruit young people into the trade and has softened employers' opposition to taking on "green kids" and paying them while they learn on the job.

In Europe, labor and management, as well as the government and churches, support residence apprentice schools for boys who have no parents or who need male supervision. The boys live in the residence halls where their after-work hours are overseen by trained youth workers. They go out from the residence halls as apprentices under the guidance of skilled craftsmen, or they go to school, or both. Their expenses are paid by their families when possible, by their own

Photographs by Wayne Miller

Denver's Griffith Opportunity School: Student barber John Propp is enrolled in a course that has gained jobs for all its graduates. The school offers free instruction to students whose ages range from 16 to 80.

Debbie Olsen, an academic student at another Denver high school, learns to operate business machines at Griffith.

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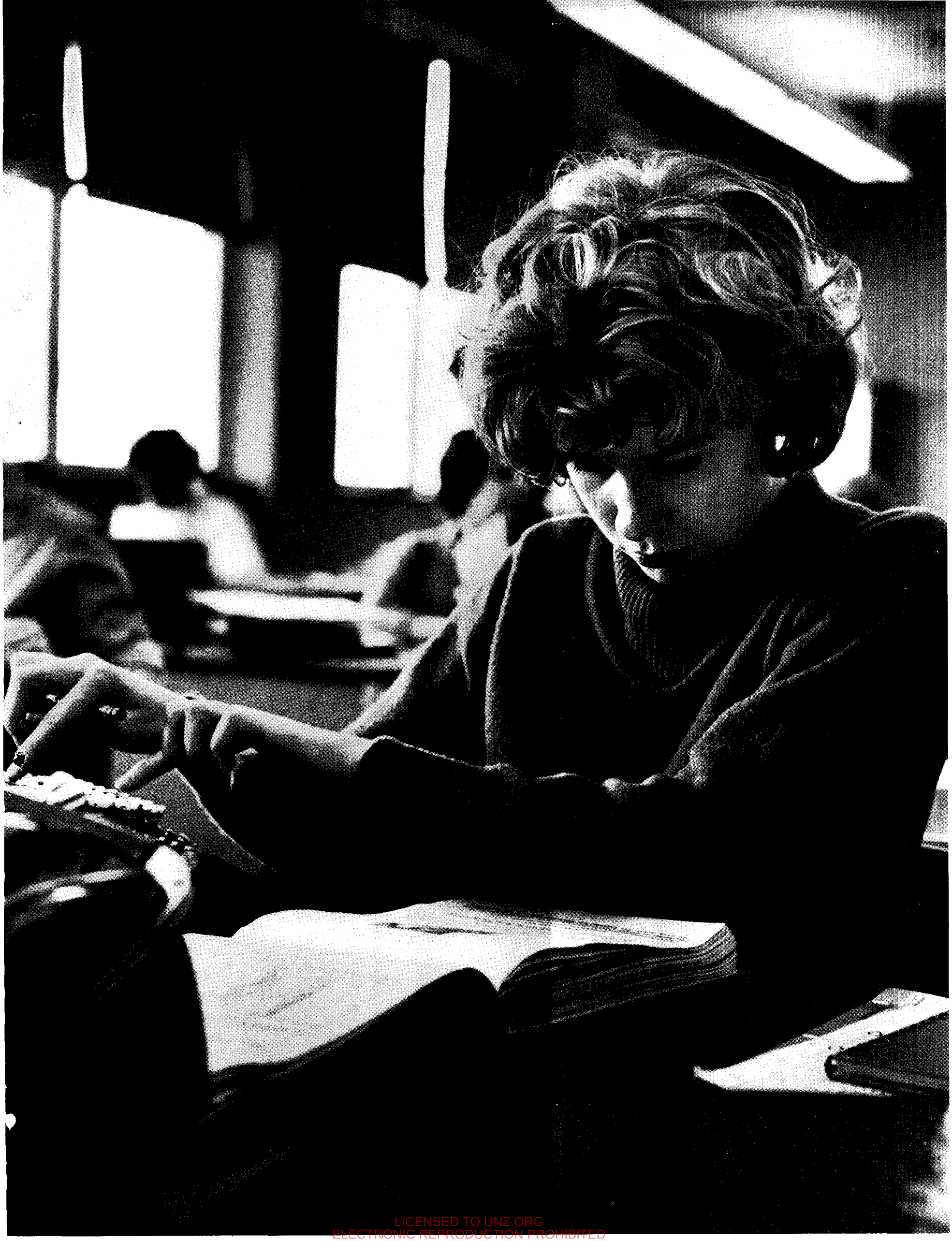

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"They are virtually unemployable at their present level of education and training."

earnings or the union or trade association that sponsors the school.

If apprenticeship is to continue as one of the paths from school to work, some or all of these measures probably are needed to correct inconsistencies, contradictions and abuses that exist today.

Another way in which we have failed to face up to the problem of the wasted million lies in our unrealistic system of laws. There are two kinds of laws that affect children: the education laws—the Federal Smith-Hughes and George-Barden acts and the National Defense Education Act—and child-labor laws. In sum, they present no rational, overall plan for the nation's youngsters. They are a patchwork and are out of date.

Vocational education is governed by state and Federal laws; the first are so diverse they cannot be considered here. The Federal laws, the Smith-Hughes Act and George-Barden Act and the National Defense Education Act, are all panic legislation.

The Smith-Hughes Act was passed during World War I, when the country was freshly concerned with the need for skilled workmen; the George-Barden version was enacted just after World War II in the same atmosphere. Both provide Federal funds to reimburse states for vocational education, but today with the economy changing nearly as fast as a motion-picture film, they are full of holes.

For example, the reimbursement formula demands half academic, half shop schooling and applies only to training in agriculture, home economics, trade and industry, merchandising, practical nursing and fishing.

There is no Federal reimbursement for the largest single vocational-education program in the country—high-school commercial courses. The Federal acts make no mention at all of many other occupations now employing millions. With one minor exception, the acts don't reimburse for the training of youths who are out of school unless they are already in the trade in question; thus, if a boy working as a stock clerk wants to learn to be an electrician, he can't unless the school is willing to do without Federal reimbursement and foot the entire bill.

The National Defense Education Act was passed in 1958 when the country was in a panic over Russia's supremacy in space. Its underlying objective was to discover gifted students and push them on to achievements that would help us catch up with the Soviets. Its major emphasis was on mathematics and science, with modern languages a third. Like much of our legislation, it reflected the notions then current in the land.

At that time many educators were entranced with the idea of tests to uncover the gifted—intelligence tests, aptitude tests, achievement tests and so on. But today educators know that these tests don't work with some kinds of youngsters; that is, the tests overlook some gifted students that they were meant to discover.

Furthermore, while math and science are important, any legislation dealing with education should be flexible enough to allow room for things we may learn in the future. And it ought to be broad enough to educate all kinds of children up to their capacity, whatever it is.

Both Federal and state governments have laws which regulate the age at which youngsters may start work, the hours per day and per week and the type of work they may do. There is wide variation in the laws from state to state, but most state laws require kids to go to school until they're sixteen. Before that age—usually starting at twelve or fourteen—most states allow them to work after school hours and during vacations, with certain limitations. If they work at all, they must have work permits. All states but two have some limitations on employment in "hazardous" occupations unless youngsters are sixteen (in about half the states) or eighteen.

However, today the overwhelming majority of all industry is involved in interstate commerce, which means that the Federal Fair Labor Standards Act usually supersedes state laws and governs the way children may work. Under this law children under eighteen may not work in hazardous jobs (fifteen types of jobs have been so ruled); youngsters under sixteen may not work at all during school hours; but outside of school hours, kids between fourteen and sixteen may work in certain nonmanufacturing and nonmining occupations; they're limited to eight hours a day or forty hours a week during vacation, and when school is in session they're restricted to three hours a day and eighteen hours a week.

No one, of course, wants to go backward in child-labor legislation. No one wants a reduction in the age children can leave school when there are no jobs for millions of young people. But there is great need to take a careful look at the laws governing work youngsters can do while still in school or during vacations.

Everyone recognizes the value of work experience in teaching a child good attitudes toward a job, his responsibility toward his country, and in building his confidence in his ability to get along in the world. The child-labor law should not prevent a boy from learning these things. But Federal or state laws do just this in five areas: in interpreting what is hazardous; in defining what constitutes a factory; in restricting the time of day when a youngster may work; in limiting the kinds of work that can be done in school work-experience programs; and in making procedures for getting work permits much too cumbersome.

Federal rulings list the "hazardous" occupations in which youngsters are not permitted to work, but most state laws are not so clear-cut. Thus some states have called running an elevator hazardous, while others have not. Some say operating all power-driven machinery is dangerous—and power-driven machinery includes electric typewriters, power lawn mowers and vacuum cleaners.

The provisions prohibiting youngsters from working in factories have received equally odd interpretations. In some states kids have been kept from delivering messages or doing clerical work in an office connected with a factory. They have been prohibited from working in a retail tailor shop because it had a pressing machine, which made it "a factory."

One of the oddest cases afflicted a New York settlement house last summer. The house had a group of fifteen- and sixteen-year-old boys who had outgrown all its recreational facilities and badly needed something to do to use up their energies. At the same time an impecunious nursery school nearby needed some blocks and other simple play equipment. The settlement-house director decided to accomplish both ends at once by having the boys build the equipment. He learned, however, that if he did, the workroom would become "a factory" and the kids under sixteen couldn't work there. To satisfy the state Department of Labor he had to put a wire-mesh partition down the middle of the room to separate the fifteen-year-olds from the sixteen-year-olds who were building the blocks.

The Federal law says youngsters under sixteen may not work after seven P.M. At the time the law was written this was understandable. But lately retail stores, gas stations and restaurants often stay open until nine P.M. one or more nights a week to accommodate families who shop after work. So a boy is often denied part-time employment in these places.

Even school work-experience programs, which try to teach youngsters the value of work by having them hold real jobs, are plagued by all these restrictions. Most such programs are given in high school, where students are under eighteen and thus can't work in "hazardous" occupations. (Only sixteen states exclude school programs from the restriction.) Many youngsters are under sixteen and thus can't work in what many states describe as factories. Many of these programs call for four hours' work at a time, but under the Federal law a youngster under sixteen can't work more than three hours, and these hours can't be during school. This rule is obviously wrong. When work is being performed under the supervision of a recognized school system it ought to be exempted from labor-law restrictions.

Finally, in every state a youngster under a certain age, usually eighteen, has to get a work permit before he can take a job. In most the procedure is so complicated that it often frightens off the employers. Work permits doubtless are necessary to prevent abuses, but the process could and should be simplified.

And so, once more, it appears there are no simple problems. The factors described in these articles explain why youngsters can't get jobs today and why as a result they have joined our wasted million.

What to do about it?

In the first place, it is quite clear that there is no single, easy-to-apply solution. The problem will have to be attacked in many ways, on many fronts. Although the Federal Government can help, this is essentially a job that must be done at the community level. It will involve many people: community leaders, school administrations, city officials, business and industrial firms and organized labor, as well as the churches, parents and the kids themselves and, at state and national levels, the lawmakers.

One of the causes of the problem—perhaps the most basic of all—is one that we can do nothing about. This is the

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REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

"We must have a complete system of counseling and guidance for our youngsters."

pyramiding need for greater and greater skills in our labor force and the diminishing need, in ratio to population, for unskilled workers. Our economy is becoming more sophisticated every year; automation is here and is growing apace. To many it may seem a threat, but, given a highly trained work force, it can be our greatest blessing.

The other causes of the wasted million kids we can and must do something about.

In the first place, one of the key facts in this complicated puzzle is that most of our wasted kids are virtually unemployable at their present level of education and training. Many of them have failed in school and have no skill to substitute for the academic learning that didn't get through to them.

Our system of vocational education must be overhauled and modernized, and our state and Federal laws must be updated and coordinated in such a way that they will help rather than hinder. At all levels schools must find ways to reach all children and educate them up to their capacity.

The youngsters who are having major trouble in school must be spotted earlier and given special treatment. A few school systems, such as those in Chicago and Milwaukee, have gone a long way in doing just this. The exceptional teachers who can handle this sort of work need the support of other specialists—psychologists, nurses, social workers—to deal with the myriad problems such children and their families have.

We must also have a system of complete counseling and guidance for boys and girls of all ages—even after high school if they need it. Admittedly all this will take a lot of money, but the price will be less than each community now pays to support its share of the wasted million.

Another thing our cities and communities could do—indeed, we think they will have to do it—is to establish something that does not now exist: all-age, all-level, day-and-night free skill centers to which anyone, youth or adult, in school or out, could go to learn any kind of skill. A billing clerk for an import house could pick up a knowledge of Spanish in a year of evenings; a janitor could learn welding in three months. These centers could be established in existing schools in large cities. In smaller places, area skill centers to serve several communities could be established.

Next, industry and labor must put their backs to the task. Some have already recognized their responsibility. One of the best examples is the Bell Telephone System working with the Communications Workers of America. To replace the normal loss among its 730,000 employees, Bell hires many high-school graduates and some dropouts, both boys and girls. With the union's help, it runs an extensive recruiting program for telephone operators, and it trains on the job the girls it hires. It also hires many boys right out of high school and trains them to be phone installers or central-office equipment workers.

In Utah the booming missile industry took the lead in getting more young workers for semiskilled jobs. Sperry Rand, Marquardt, Thiokol, Hercules Powder, Litton, Eastern Iron and Metal and other firms encouraged the high schools to establish prevocational courses in which the boys learn the basics of metalwork, electronics, drafting, welding and machine-shop practice. In their senior year, they are also taught science and mathematics in courses built around the work they do in the shops. Many youngsters who otherwise might have dropped out of school stay on to finish and get jobs after graduation. "If the kids didn't have this," said one teacher, "they would go out of here to be janitors." Or, more probably, to loaf and become frustrated and bitter.

In Chicago an entirely different sort of firm is trying another hopeful experiment. Spurred by Superintendent of Schools Ben Willis, the large department store of Carson, Pirie, Scott and Company agreed to take groups of youngsters—fifty-eight this first year—who had already quit high school, who would normally be almost unemployable, and give them jobs, provided they would go back to school part time. Selection was made by the school guidance people. Each job is held by two young people who alternate in the store and at school. They are taught the fundamentals of almost every phase of retailing and—very important—each child is befriended and guided by one of the store's junior executives.

Dozens of examples similar to these three could be mentioned. Such efforts should be multiplied by the thousands.

Organized labor could help, not only in reviving the apprentice system and making it effective and nondiscriminatory, but also by co-operating in the establishment of preapprenticeship courses and in the training of youth to take its place in our complex industrial system. One enlightened union official has stated that the unions will die unless they embrace the problems of young people. One thing they might do is to have their best retired craftsmen take over groups of boys and teach both their skill and their devotion to the job. This has been done in a few places and has given the boys new incentives to work and achieve. Another thing they could do is to set up youth auxiliaries to work in after-school centers, similar to Russia's Pioneer Houses, where kids could learn about different trades and have fun doing it.

Much could be done in community programs to find jobs for kids. One of the oldest and best of these plans is in San Francisco. It was started in 1943 and is a joint effort by the Youth Association, business groups, the schools and the California Department of Employment. Aided by these groups, the youngsters exhausted a dozen ingenious schemes to find jobs for themselves and other youths, but found so few they had to go to the city for an appropriation of $15,000. The money is used to pay youngsters for summer work in parks and playgrounds—repairing the equipment, taking care of children, cleaning, and so on. Included is a program of organized recreation; hence its name—Workreation.

The public-service feature of this program is included in the Youth Employment Opportunities Bill, now before Congress, which constitutes the Administration's attack on the problem of the wasted million. The bill does not provide for a broad, nationwide attack on the problem; rather, it is a pilot program designed to try various approaches and see how they work. It is in three parts.

The first part provides for on-the-job training of 25,000 youngsters a year between sixteen and twenty-one by both public and private employers, but it is hoped that private employers would do most of the job. The purpose is to "develop work orientation, skills in demand and such supplementary classroom study as will be appropriate." The Federal Government may pay up to twenty dollars a week training allowance to needy boys.

The second part calls for training of another 25,000 youngsters a year in state and local public-service programs or nonprofit private agencies—for example, as junior aides in schools and hospitals. This training must not displace regular workers, must make a contribution to public well-being and must increase the youngster's employability. The Government may pay up to 50 percent of the trainee's salary, but not more than twenty dollars a week.

The third part would establish a Youth Conservation Corps, similar to the Civilian Conservation Corps of the '30's, in which 12,000 boys over seventeen each year would spend at least six months in camps where they would work to conserve the nation's natural resources and expand its recreational facilities. They would be paid a basic seventy dollars a month and subsistence. Although the bill doesn't provide for it, it is to be hoped that the boys in the Conservation Corps would also be taught some modern, needed skills that would help them get jobs when they return to their homes in the cities.

Thus 62,000 youngsters would be trained in these programs, and of course this is only a drop in the ocean of need. But these pilot projects may point the way, and it is encouraging to note that the emphasis would be on training in real work situations and on vocational counseling of the trainees. The bill calls for no huge made-work projects, which are costly and are only a temporary palliative. In the end it is doubtful that the Federal Government ever can do more than lead the way by example. Each community has its own peculiar problems that must be solved at the local level. It will not be easy. But the genius of America is that it always tackles the toughest problems and, when it wants to, licks them. To lick this one everyone will have to give a little.

The schools will have to change some cherished patterns and learn the maturity of flexibility. Unions will have to be less defensive and more ready to accept youths into their ranks. Industry will have to help youngsters learn, then help them earn. And all of us, as parents, must meet the obligation of making a place in our working life for our teen-agers, so that all, not just the favored, will feel they truly belong. THE END

New York high-school counselor Dr. Rita Morgan. But guidance, say the authors, often comes too late to help.

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KILLER IN DISGUISE

continued from page 37

"And if you'll promise to try to eat," the doctor added, "we'll bring back your very own dishes. All right?"

"I promise, Doctor Dennis." The brown eyes searched his face, but it was blurred. "Do you really promise too?"

"We'll take good care of her. Now close your eyes."

Bette was still absorbed in the charts, but she raised her head as the doctor approached. He frowned and muttered something almost unintelligible, and Bette's eyebrows arched.

Bette looked astonished. "Dennis—are you swearing?"

He spoke grimly. "Yes. I swear by Apollo, and Aesculapius, and Health, and All-Heal, and all the gods and goddesses ——" He drove his clenched right fist against his open left hand. "Here, under one roof, we have a million dollars' worth of equipment and some of the best medical brains in the country. But unfamiliar little bugs can still stop us cold."

"Grab some sacktime," Bette said quietly. "You need it."

"Situations like this were never solved in a sack."

"Lots of black coffee," Bette suggested.

"Makes sense. I'll get a carton."

He left Isolation and walked through the Recovery Room, where oxygen hissed and plasma gurgled. He reached the elevator, and just as he pushed the button he heard the voice of Myrt, veteran night switchboard operator, speaking in the subdued tones that she reserved for the darkest hours.

"Doctor Sullivan. Emergency Room, please. Doctor D. A. Sullivan."

He walked to a desk and picked up a telephone receiver. "Doctor Alberts is on emergency call, Myrt," he said testily.

"And how!" Myrt snapped. "He's having his first—I mean Mrs. Alberts is in Delivery. Doctor Alberts is in shock."

"I'll be right down," Doctor Sullivan said wearily.

His heart sank as he entered the Emergency Room. The scene was all too familiar. The room contained five persons: a middle-aged man and a woman, obviously patients; a nurse, an intern and a state highway patrolman.

"Hey, doc," the policeman said unsmilingly, "you're racking up more than your quota of DWI's this week."

Lieutenant Bond, heavy-set, efficient, understandably tough, was a nemesis of DWI's—or, those "driving while intoxicated." His son had been injured by a drunken driver.

Doctor Sullivan walked over to the stretchers. He leaned over and sniffed. Then he glanced briefly at the evaluation charts which the nurse was filling out. "These people are sick, not intoxicated, lieutenant," he said.

Lieutenant Bond's jaw firmed as his eyes narrowed. "Look, doc," he said evenly, "I got a lot of respect for you. But I trailed this guy over the expressway. His car was weaving like a ship without a rudder. I'm booking him for DWI."

"And I'm admitting them to Isolation for Virus X," the doctor said firmly.

The lieutenant's jaw dropped. "I've heard some scuttlebutt. What is it, doc? What's Virus X?"

"If we knew," Doctor Sullivan said unhappily, "we could empty ninety-four cots and beds."

"Ninety, doctor," the intern said soberly. "Four more terminals since midnight."

Lieutenant Bond tucked his pencil behind his right ear. "Sorry, doc," he said.

"How's Jimmy Junior?" Doctor Sullivan asked quickly.

The lieutenant beamed. "Good as new. He even made the track team. You did a great job on his leg, doc. Great!"

"Good," the doctor said, smiling. "Before you leave, scrub."

Briefly Doctor Sullivan examined the patients, then scribbled something on a pad. He sighed. "The same pattern," he said to the intern. "A quarter grain of morphine sulphate—subcutaneously. One one-hundredth of a grain of atropine sulphate. Blood work will have to wait. The laboratory is simply snowed under."

Again he headed for the kitchen and the coffee urn, but this time his curiosity was aroused by a shaft of light leaking under the laboratory door. As he entered the lab he could fairly feel the gloom. Doctor Fincannon was there, his head buried in a textbook. Doctor Whittaker was busily riffling through a stack of charts and case histories. Doctor Skinner, administrative aide, was drawing marks on a large map of North Florida. Their eyes were bloodshot and all of them needed a shave.

Dr. Kook Hwai Lee, ever urbane, always tranquil, raised his head from a microscope. He bowed slightly.

"Good morning, Doctor Sullivan, sir," Doctor Lee said. "We have work all night. We close many false avenues, but still not find proper street."

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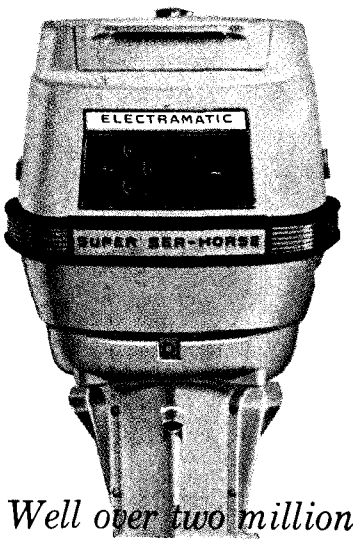

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"Sit down, Dennis," Doctor Fincannon said, warmly but wearily. "We have re-evaluated nearly fifty cases of Virus X. Helpful, but still not conclusive."

Doctor Lee spoke cheerfully. "We now know better what Virus X isn't. But we still don't know what it is."

Doctor Skinner grunted. "Don't ever talk to any newspapermen, Doctor Lee," he warned. "I can just see the headlines: 'They know what it isn't, but they don't know what it is.'"

"What Doctor Lee means," Doctor Fincannon said patiently, "is that we have eliminated many theories. For example, encephalitis was suggested. That has been ruled out. So have chronic nephritis, epidemic hepatitis, typhoid, tularemia, malaria, poliomyelitis—dozens more, Dennis."

Doctor Skinner pointed to the map. "Obviously it is sporadic. Ten cases from the vicinity of Mandarin. All neighbors. Then fourteen from the Saint Nicholas area. Two weeks later, twenty-one cases from Beach Boulevard—all of them near the inland waterway. And so it goes."

Doctor Sullivan arose. Slowly he walked toward a long bench on which was an imposing array of microscopes. "Just exactly what have you seen in your lenses, Doctor Lee?" He leaned over a microscope and adjusted it.

"Many pictures, doctor. This disease is—what you call it?—simulator. Of this I am certain. It destroys the red corpuscles, and anemia develops. Pathogenesis is generally similar. It usually begins with gastrointestinal symptoms. Anemia follows. There is nervousness, insomnia, neuritis. The kidneys become irritated and then we have convulsions and paralysis."

"Are you filtering the stains properly?"

Doctor Lee's face was a frozen mask. "Doctor Sullivan, sir, I am three days behind with my routine blood work. Doctor Skinner suggested that Miss Cartright might relieve me. She is most careful worker, sir." Miss Cartright was a student medical technologist.

Doctor Sullivan still had one eye glued to a microscope. Slowly he said, "In this particular smear I find bluish-black granules in the red cells and—and in the clear spaces on the slide between the cells. Now, these granules could be stain precipitate. On the other hand ——"

Doctor Sullivan raised his head. "I would suggest, doctor," he said soberly, "that you assign Miss Cartright to routine blood work. Has she—has Miss Cartright been filtering the stains and using a phosphate buffer to bring out maximum color?"

Doctor Lee's face was still immobile. "Doctor Sullivan, sir, I repeat. Miss Cartright is a very fine technologist."

"You still haven't answered my question, doctor," said Doctor Sullivan. "I fully realize you are understaffed and overworked. But in my opinion, Doctor Lee, you should devote all of your time to the investigation of this so-called Virus X and let others handle routine blood work as best they can."

Doctor Skinner, irascible by nature and now tired beyond endurance, sank into a chair. "This calls for a conference of city, county and state health officers," he said surlily. "We have an epidemic on our hands. We might just as well admit it. We can't continue sweeping it under the rug—or into the morgue. Let's face it. We need help."

"Now hold on!" Doctor Sullivan said grimly. "I go along with the idea of consultations with public-health authorities. But to call a general conference at this time—no!"

Doctor Fincannon asked, "Are you thinking of the publicity, doctor?"

"I am thinking of many things," Doctor Sullivan said. "You remember what happened last year when an epidemic of Asian flu made headlines? Every other hypochondriac in the county came rushing in here. Right now we've got a houseful of very sick people."

Doctor Fincannon spoke gently. "We are all tired, frustrated and irritable. It is understandable. I think we should try to get some sleep. We'll meet again—about noontime—in my office."

The meeting adjourned, but none of them slept. Doctor Sullivan finally reached the coffee urn and carried a carton to Bette in Isolation.

"Hello, my great big Saint Bernard," Bette said, gratefully accepting the coffee.

"How is Linda?" he asked.

"She's a very sick girl, Dennis," Bette said soberly. With feigned brightness she added, "Linda and I had quite a chat. Just who, doctor, is this Lucy that you are going to take care of?"

The doctor glanced at his wrist watch. "I'll explain later. How soon can you check out of Moan Motel?"

"Soon," Bette said. "The morning shift comes on at six."

"Meet me in the waiting room—next to Emergency. We're going for a ride in the country."

"H'm," Bette said. "Is Lucy tagging along?"

"Lucy will be waiting, I hope."

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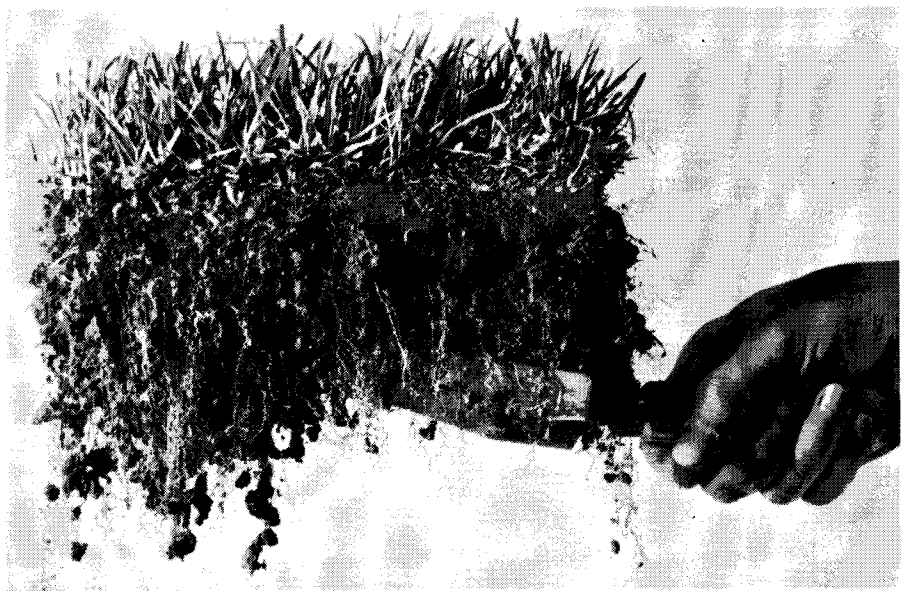

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DISGUISE

"She'd better not be a blonde. I'm fairly adept with a needle."

The doctor scrubbed, shaved, changed clothes and gulped two cups of black coffee. He felt rejuvenated. Rounding a corner, en route to Emergency, he collided with Lieutenant Bond.

"They put you on the owl squad?" the lieutenant asked.

"Prowl squad," said Doctor Sullivan. "How about you? Don't you ever quit?"

Lieutenant Bond shrugged. "I just brought you another customer. Guy who runs the all-night service station on Beach Boulevard near the waterway. He was just pumping gas when he folded up."

The doctor felt his spirits sagging.

"Doc," Lieutenant Bond said, "you look beat. I'm off duty now. Anything I can do? Drive you somewhere?"

Briefly he told the lieutenant about Linda, the chicken farm near Mandarin, Linda's "very own" dishes and Lucy.

"Deal me in," Lieutenant Bond said, grinning. "I've got tomorrow off. There's a little old fishing camp near Mandarin. I want to see old man Hodges and reserve a boat and some live bait."

"I can't tell you how grateful I am, Jim," the doctor said.

The lieutenant smiled. "Let's just chalk it up as a small down payment on what you did for Jimmy Junior. Gratefulness can work two ways, doc."

Bette joined them, and all three sat in the front seat of the patrol car as it sped away from the bustling city and into a land of live oaks, magnolias, redbuds and sparkling blue water. The police radio crackled, and they heard a crisp voice: "Car Two-sixteen. Check abandoned automobile in drainage ditch on Beach Boulevard, east of Lovegrove. Come in, Two-sixteen."

At least thirty seconds passed before they heard the laconic acknowledgment: "Two-sixteen. Sergeant Boyer. Check."

The original voice, sharp as aged cheddar, came back: "That check must've bounced off the moon. Take the lead out, sergeant."

"Double check, lieutenant," Sergeant Boyer said imperturbably.

Lieutenant Bond was laughing. "Situation normal," he said. "The dispatcher and Sergeant Boyer are yakkers first class, short wave."

His laughter was infectious. Bette started chuckling, but she happened to glance at Doctor Sullivan's face. It was a frozen mask. "Dennis," she urged, "come out of Isolation."

He shook his head as though he had been suddenly awakened. "Just thinking," he said. "How do the beatniks say it? I've got a crazy, way-out hunch. So far out it's still in orbit."

"I know," Bette said. "Your apogees and perigees are showing."

They drove into a small service station. Ed Hodges, wearing grease-stained coveralls, greeted them. His sprightliness belied his age. "Kind of figured you'd be fixin' to visit us soon, Jim," he said to Lieutenant Bond. "Bass is bitin' an' the bream's beddin'. Can I fill her up?"

The lieutenant glanced at his gasoline gauge. "Might as well. And reserve me a boat for tomorrow, Ed."

Mr. Hodges filled the gasoline tank and said, "How about a gift for your wife, Jim? Some real bargain dishes. With every five gallons of gas you get a dinner plate, salad plate and a cup and saucer. Real pretty. Gold trimmed. Only thirty-five cents extra."

"Sure," Lieutenant Bond said. "Give me a set. Ed, where's the Prescott farm?"

"Two miles south. Take the sand road to the left. I heard they was sick. How are they doin', Jim?"

"They—they're resting comfortably," Doctor Sullivan said uncomfortably.

Mr. Hodges went into his service station. He returned with some change and the dishes. "See you tomorrow, Jim," he said.

As they drove away, the lieutenant handed the dishes to Bette. "You keep 'em, Mrs. Sullivan," he said, grinning. "When my wife gets teed off with me, she throws dishes."

"Thank you, Jim," Bette said graciously. "Very much." She examined the dishes. "They really are pretty. Look, Dennis. Gold edges and—and Oriental designs. They look like exotic fishes and sea foliage."

Doctor Sullivan held up a dinner plate. On the back of the plate was some odd lettering. Japanese or Chinese, he thought, but he wasn't sure. "H'm," he said.

Bette sighed. "Oh dear, the doctor is still in orbit."

At the Prescott farm a young man wearing khaki trousers but stripped to the waist was busily feeding the caged poultry. A brown-and-white hound with mournful eyes and a happy tail was trailing him, gobbling up clumps of chicken feed.

"Howdy," said Lieutenant Bond. "You employed here, son?"

The young man approached the patrol car, wiping his hands on his trousers. "I'm Les Mickler. I'm he'pin' out while the Prescotts is away. I'm a neighbor."

The lieutenant pointed to the dog. "Is that Lucy?"

Les Mickler looked surprised. "Sure enough. Best 'coon dawg in the county. But, man—what a appetite! She eats more like a hawg 'n a dawg."

"We came to pick up Linda's dishes," the lieutenant said.

Les motioned toward a cottage. "Door's open. Mr. Prescott left the key with me. How are Mr. and Mrs. Prescott and Linda?"

"Resting comfortably," Lieutenant Bond said, glancing at Doctor Sullivan. Dubiously he added, "I guess."

"Linda will rest even more comfortably," said Doctor Sullivan, "if I can report back that Lucy is getting plenty of milk to drink."

Les Mickler grinned widely. "Why sure," he said. "Sure enough. You jest tell Linda that Lucy's gettin' milk every mornin' an' night. Matter o' fact, soon as I finish feedin' these chickens, I'm goin' to give her a panful."

The lieutenant led the way to the cottage. Bette and Doctor Sullivan followed him into the kitchen. The breakfast table was set for three. The dishes sparkled. They had gold rims. It was simple to select Linda's. They were smaller, daintier.

"More of Ed Hodges's bargain plates," the lieutenant said.

Doctor Sullivan was staring at the dishes. When he finally spoke, his voice

Middle age is when a man begins to believe that the girls are not as interested in men as they used to be.

Rex Mobley

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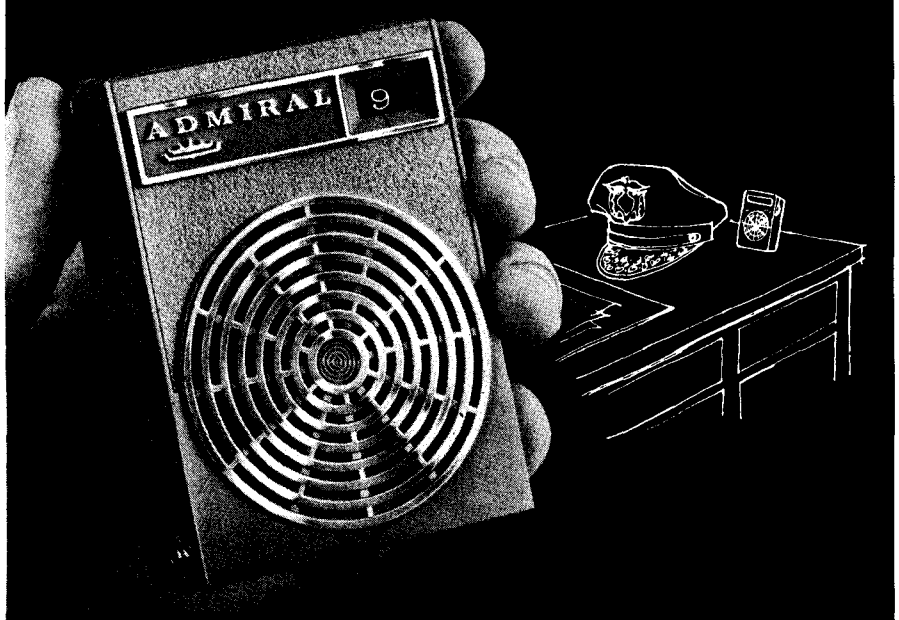

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"O.K., doc," Lieutenant Bond said. "But everybody's got a boss. I got a boss too. He'll want to know why."

"Tell him," Doctor Sullivan said, "those dishes are poisonous."

They were assembled in Doctor Fincannon's office—at least a dozen doctors, interns, nurses and technologists. Two newsmen were taking notes. Doctor Sullivan held up some X rays against a bright light.

"Here you can actually see it," Doctor Sullivan said. "A lead line at the gum lines. Now here I have X rays of long bones, and you can observe the increased density at the metaphysical margins. Newly absorbed lead is first distributed as lead diphosphate to soft tissues—especially the brain, lungs, liver, spleen and marrow. Then nature transfers it to the bones, where it is stored as the virtually insoluble colloidal lead phosphate.

"Plumbism—or lead poisoning—was once very common in England when people drank cider from vessels made of lead. We had an epidemic in America in 1934 and 1935—boom years in the automobile industry. More than four thousand workers who were using lead-tin alloy to fill in welding depressions were stricken."

A newsman raised a hand. "What about the dishes, doctor?"

Doctor Sullivan held up some jagged pieces of Ed Hodges's bargain dishes. "Made in Japan," he said. "Fired in intermittent kilns of the beehive type. They contain large quantities of lead carbonate and lead oxides. Don't misunderstand me, gentlemen. It wasn't intentional. The manufacturers just overlooked the toxicity factor."

"How much lead do they contain?" the second newsman asked.

"The soluble lead content, according to laboratory reports, exceeds twelve per cent," said Doctor Sullivan. "Potteryware containing more than twelve per cent of soluble lead has a rate of positive plumbism—or lead poisoning—of ten and one half per cent among men and four point seven per cent among women. They were purchased by a California dealer. Locally they have been distributed to eleven independent service stations. All these people, of course, have been alerted, and the dishes are being destroyed. A national warning is being prepared for the wire services by the State Board of Health."

The meeting adjourned. Bette and Doctor Sullivan headed toward Isolation. Doctor Lee came after them.

"But the dishes, Doctor Sullivan, sir," he said, "just how ——"

Bette smiled. "He was in orbit, Doctor Lee. Somebody mentioned lead, and he saw a flying saucer with lead in it."

Doctor Sullivan stopped dead in his tracks. "Oh, my gosh!" he said. "Linda's dishes. We promised—and now they're broken to bits."

"I bought her some more," Bette said quietly. "Down at the gift shop. Gold-rimmed and with pretty fishes. But made in West Virginia, U.S.A."

The doctor looked at her fondly. He kissed her thoroughly. Doctor Lee was watching, smiling politely.

"You don't mind, I hope, doctor," said Doctor Sullivan.

"Very old custom," said Kook Hwai Lee. "Very fine custom indeed. And Mrs. Sullivan is—how you say it?—quite some dish." THE END

sounded hoarse. "I wonder if there's a phone in here. I've got to call the hospital—immediately."

"That's easy," Lieutenant Bond said. "The hospital's got a short-wave radio. I know the frequency. Use it often."

Doctor Sullivan carefully collected the smaller dishes, and they hurried back to the patrol car.

Lieutenant Bond twisted some dials and turned some knobs. Static built up, then faded. "I've made contact, doc," he said. "Who do you want?"

"Doctor Fincannon," the doctor said. "Or Doctor Lee or Doctor Whittaker. Any one of them will do."

Lieutenant Bond relayed the message. Les Mickler and the hound stood beside the patrol car, watching and listening curiously. Thirty seconds passed. Then a familiar, gruff voice: "This is Doctor Whittaker. Who wants me?"

"Al?" Doctor Sullivan sounded enormously relieved. "I won't go into details now. But I think we've got Virus X treed. Alert the lab. Instruct Doctor Lee to get some fresh blood specimens. I want basophilic aggregation tests, stippled cell determinations, hemoglobin measurements and total red-cell counts. I want X rays of gum lines—in a hurry. Do you follow me?"

Doctor Whittaker still spoke gruffly, but he was unable to conceal his enthusiasm. "It's just possible, Dennis," he said, "that we're ahead of you. But you called it—Miss Cartright, because of the pressure schedule, was not filtering the stains. As we both know, it is a customary, but not necessarily mandatory, procedure."

Doctor Sullivan heaved a deep sigh. "Then—then, Al," he said excitedly, "those bluish-black granules I saw in the red cells and on the slide between the cells were not entirely stain precipitate. They could have been ——"

"Lead, Dennis; lead," said Doctor Whittaker. "Our Virus X is lead poisoning."

"Whew!" Doctor Sullivan mopped his neck with a handkerchief. "Now that we know what we're dealing with we know what to do, Al."

"Intravenous or intramuscular use of edathamil calcium disodium," Doctor Whittaker said promptly. "Three- to four-day courses of treatment, with four-day rest periods, are indicated. But our problem is not solved by any means."

"I'm listening," Doctor Sullivan said.

"We know how to treat plumbism—lead poisoning," said Doctor Whittaker. "But where is it originating, Dennis? We don't have any large lead-using industries in this area. No lead mines. I very much doubt that adults would eat flaking lead paint. So where does that leave us? Without a source."

"You want to bet, Al?"

"I wager only on sure things. And in this day and age nothing is certain, but anything can happen."

Doctor Sullivan chuckled. "See you shortly, Al."

To Lieutenant Bond he said, "Hospital—pronto, Jim. On our way, stop at Kimberly's Analytical Laboratory. I want to drop off some dishes. And, Jim, could your department contact old Ed Hodges?"

"Sure. Either by phone or direct contact. Whichever you want."

"Phone will be all right," the doctor said. "Tell him to stop selling those dishes. Find out where he bought them. Then issue a general stop-sale order."

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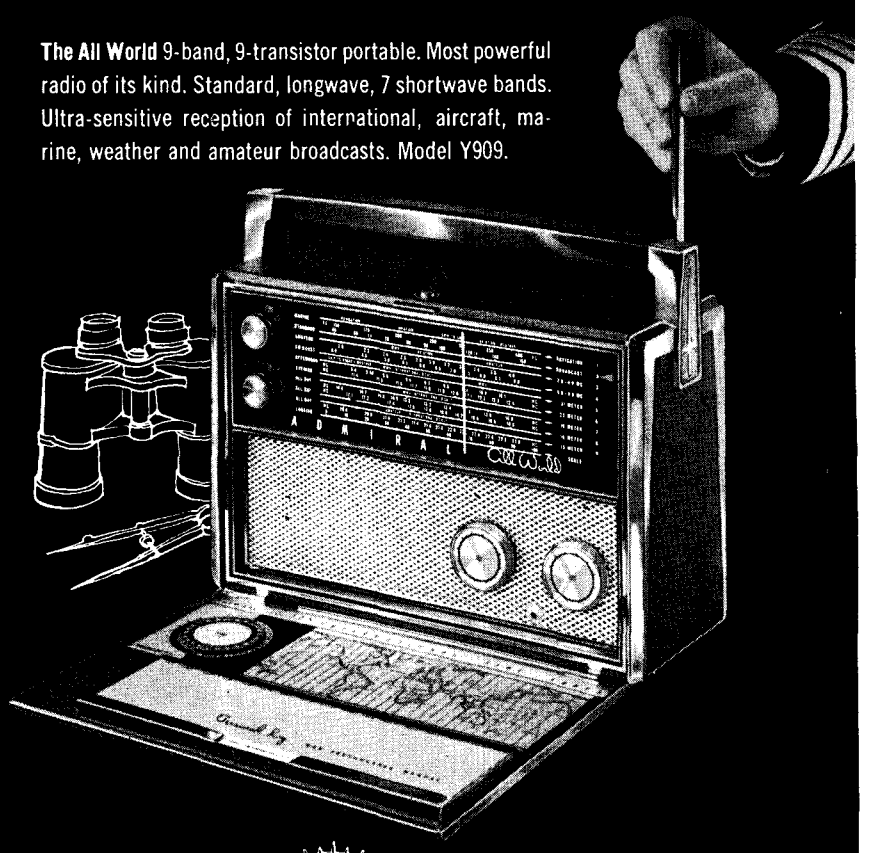

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RING OF HATE AROUND

An Arab in Jordan, exiled from Palestine. "The refugee problem is more than the question of what to do about a million helpless human beings who must be fed, sheltered, clothed and kept alive. It is the symptom of a deeper sickness—the seemingly insoluble Arab-Jewish question."

Photographs by John Bryson

This is the fourth in a series of reports from the Middle East by a Post *editor-photographer team.*

In a refugee village near the old city of Sidon on the south coast of Lebanon Arab children play before a new schoolhouse on whose whitewashed walls is scrawled this angry challenge:

PALESTINE IS OUR HOME.
TO RETURN HOME IS OUR GOAL.
TO STRUGGLE IS OUR WAY.
SACRIFICE IS OUR DUTY.
FAITH IS OUR SWORD.
DEATH DOES NOT FRIGHTEN US.
PALESTINE! OURS, OURS, OURS.

Most of the children who chant this hymn, with its overtones of hope and hate, never saw the Palestine to which they are determined to return. They were born in the tents of the refugee town, or in the flat-roofed mud huts which replaced the first tent city. Yet if a stranger asks one of them where is his home, he does not point to a house; he gives the name of the village in Palestine from which his parents fled when bloody war between the Arabs and Israelis swept the Holy Land in 1948.

In all the countries where the Palestinian Arabs have found refuge, photographer John Bryson and I found this same spirit of longing and defiance. The world has long since grown weary of the refugees and their plight, to which there seems to be no solution, but the refugees have not become reconciled to their fate. They have, instead, nursed their rankling sense of injustice, have fanned the flames of their hatred for Israel and all who support her, and have instilled in their children born in exile the burning conviction that someday, with Allah's help, they will drive the Israelis into the sea.

This glorious vision of revenge and restoration possesses the minds not only of 1,200,000 refugees but of 40,000,000 Arabs in Syria, Jordan, Egypt, Saudi Arabia and Iraq, whose leaders in every public utterance repeat with Cato-like monotony the grim axiom that Israel must be destroyed. Beneath this surface bravado, however, lurks an awareness of reality. Israel is there, 2,000,000 strong. She will remain there because the Western nations, who nursed her through her infant years for political as well as compassionate reasons, will not let her be destroyed. The Arab nations know this to be true, and the anger and frustration born of this knowledge color their attitudes toward the West.

To the Arab, "the friend of my enemy is my enemy." No matter what helping hand is held out in friendliness to him, if it has also helped Israel, it must be struck down. The Arab view is put bluntly in a release by the government of Gaza, where 264,000 refugees crowd into a strip of land thirty miles long by five miles wide:

> We hate Zionism and the Zionists. We do not like any nation that supports them. The American people have our love. . . . But governments that fall under the influence of world Zionism . . . evoke our abhorrence and hate.

The problem of the refugees, therefore, is more than the question of what to do about a million helpless human beings who must be fed, sheltered, clothed and kept alive. It is the symptom of a deeper sickness—the seemingly insoluble Arab-Jewish question—which poisons the mind of every Mideasterner and in time must threaten the peace of the world.

A brief review of recent history indicates to what degree Arab-Israel antagonism can set in train a series of events which extend far beyond the Middle East and bring the world perilously near the brink of global war. In 1955 Egypt and Israel were striking at each other in small but bloody raids across the Gaza Strip—with Egypt getting the worst of it.

Mr. Nasser obviously needed arms, which he could have obtained from us, if we could have had his promise that they would not be used against Israel, our protégé. This promise Mr. Nasser could not give; the most rabid of the Israel haters, he turned to Czechoslovakia for arms. His move irritated the late Mr. Dulles, who announced that we would not help Egypt build the huge Aswan Dam, which would turn a million acres of desert into arable land. Angered, Mr. Nasser seized the Suez Canal and blocked it. Loss of the canal infuriated the British and the French, who mounted an air and sea attack upon Egypt while an Israel task force struck swiftly toward the canal. The United States found itself in the embarrassing position of having to demand that its two oldest allies cease their attack on Egypt, and that Israel pull her troops back from Sinai. At the same time, the Russians were threatening London and Paris with bombs—a threat which, if carried out, would have involved the world in nuclear war.

Since this flare-up in 1956 an uneasy peace, broken by minor clashes, has prevailed along Israel's jagged frontier. Along the boundaries of the Gaza Strip and the shallow ditch that marks the line between Egypt's Sinai and Israel's Negev, armed soldiers of the United Nations Emergency Force stand a lonely watch. Occasionally a wandering Arab eludes their patrols. A few days later UN headquarters at Jerusalem receives word from Israel that a body will be delivered to the Beit Hanun check point on the border of the Gaza Strip. A UN ambulance receives the coffin, and another report goes into the files of the UN.

Along the nearly 400 miles of border which Israel shares with Jordan, Syria and Lebanon, an unarmed UN force—the United Nations Truce Supervision Organization—carries out jeep patrols under a white flag that proclaims the UN's neutrality. UNTSO's function, through its Mixed Armistice Commissions which serve each country, is to provide a safety valve. The UN's representative is an arbiter who can rule on the small infractions which exacerbate raw feelings—the case of the Bedouin who drives his sheep into Israeli grass, for example, or the Israeli farmer who runs his plow across the fuzzily defined border onto Arab land. Nothing concrete is accomplished. Invariably the side accused denies all guilt and refuses to discuss the charge. The arbiter makes his decision in a vacuum, and another report goes to burial in the UN files.

"UNTSO," said one of its members, "is absolutely ineffective—and absolutely indispensable. It cannot punish. It can only provide a listening ear to the plaintiff. Even this little helps. It keeps a minor border incident from flaming into war."

The 5300 Danes, Norwegians, Indians, Brazilians, Canadians and Yugoslavs who make up the UN Emergency Force have a larger responsibility. They are authorized to use force to stop border crossings, or to put down any armed conflict between Arabs and Israelis. Armed only with rifles and light machine guns and spread thinly along the 150 miles of border from the sea at Gaza to the Gulf of Aqaba, where the boundaries of Israel, Sinai, Jordan and Saudi Arabia meet, they would be ineffective if either side should launch an all-out assault. Their impact is moral rather than military.

How long these UN forces can keep the peace between Arab and Israelite no one can foretell. The pressures are building up instead of lessening. A few months ago Dr. John H. Davis, director of UNRWA, the UN's huge refugee Relief and Works Agency said, "The refugee problem is still growing in size and complexity. It overshadows every major decision and action in the Middle East. It hangs as a cloud over the peace of the world."

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BY HAROLD H. MARTIN

ISRAEL

A MILLION EMBITTERED REFUGEE ARABS ENCIRCLE ISRAEL. THEY HAVE SWORN TO REGAIN THE LAND THEY LOST 14 YEARS AGO.

Jordan: Refugees receive food allotments at the Aqaba Jaber camp, operated by the UN's Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA).

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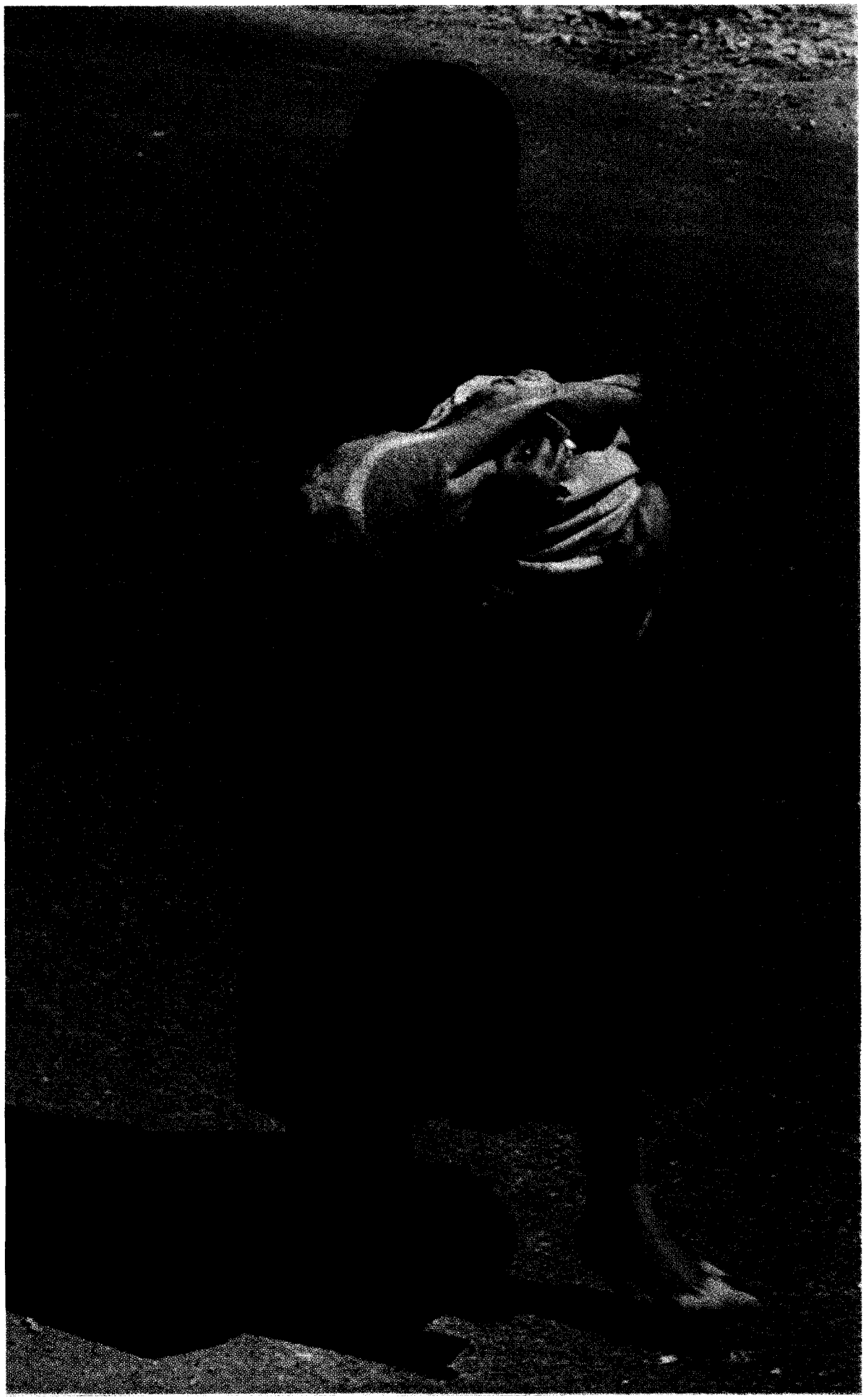
"THESE EMOTIONS ALLOW FOR NO NEGOTIATION AND NO COMPROMISE."



Jerusalem: A woman and her child in the no man's land where Arab families divided by the Israeli-Jordanian frontier are permitted brief reunions.

When UNRWA was created in 1950 to house, clothe and feed the Palestinians who had taken refuge in neighboring Arab states, their number was estimated at 652,000. Today, they number about 1,200,000. More than 433,000 of them live in UNRWA villages and are entirely dependent upon the charity of the UN. More than 870,000 draw the UN's meager food ration of 1500 calories a day in summer, 1600 in winter. They encircle Israel's borders with a noose of hate—623,000 of them in Jordan, 264,000 in the Gaza Strip, 138,000 in Lebanon, 128,000 in Syria and 10,000 in Iraq. Others are scattered elsewhere throughout the Middle East.

The number now carried on UNRWA's rolls is admittedly inflated. In the first days of UNRWA an Arab, riding a donkey, would show up with his wife and children, to place his family on the ration rolls. He would appear later in different dress, under another name, leading a camel and accompanied by another wife and a borrowed set of children. Many of these duplicate cards are still in use. Deaths are concealed from the authorities, for the rules require that the ration cards of those who die must be turned in. To combat this chicanery, UNRWA has stopped issuing ration cards for newborn babies. This forces the refugees to redistribute the cards of the dead to the newborn.

"It seems harsh, but it was necessary," an UNRWA official explained. "Our budget for 1962 totals about $39,000,000. That provides about eight cents a day to feed an individual refugee, and in the past we could not meet the increase so long as the dead were still on the rolls. Now, a father dies, a daughter has a baby. The death is not reported, but the families see to it that the baby gets the dead man's ration."

Since 1948, UN and other agencies have spent more than $382,000,000 on relief and rehabilitation of the refugees. Of this sum, the United States contributed 70 percent. Arab countries gave less than 2 percent; the Soviet Union gave nothing.

In its effort to keep the refugees alive and healthy, UNRWA has achieved remarkable success. Refugees, for all their meager ration, are healthier than the rank and file of Arabs. Absolutely no progress has been made, however, in solving the basic problem of their repatriation or resettlement.

In 1948 a UN resolution urged that "the refugees wishing to return to their homes and live in peace with their neighbors should be permitted to do so at the earliest practicable date, and compensation should be paid for the property of those choosing not to return. . . ." The UN also resolved that its Conciliation Commission in the Mideast should seek "repatriation, resettlement and the economic and social rehabilitation of the refugees." In 1952 it set aside $250,000,000 for this purpose, but the money was never used. The Arab nations would not permit resettlement outside of Palestine, nor would the refugees themselves accept it.

This year UN resolutions for the fourteenth time will "note with deep regret" that repatriation or compensation of the refugees has not been effected, nor has there been resettlement on any appreciable scale.

The reason for this tragic failure lies in the deep emotions which stir the hearts of Arabs and Israelis alike and allow for no negotiation and no compromise.

In barest outline, the Israeli attitude is this: The land of Palestine has been the one true home of the Jews of the world since the time of Abraham. Their return there is in fulfillment of the promise made to them in Holy Scripture—"And they shall come that were lost in the land of Assyria, and they that were dispersed in the land of Egypt." They have come to carry out, through their unremitting labors, the prophecy of Isaiah that "Israel shall blossom and bud and fill the face of the world with fruit," and to defend by

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"THE REFUGEES ARE HEALTHIER THAN THE RANK AND FILE OF ARABS."

combat, if need be, the security that was promised them by God, who pledged that "My people shall dwell in peaceable habitations and in sure dwellings and in quiet resting places."

The republic of Israel, in the Jewish view, is the oldest sovereign state in the world. It did not lose its franchise when the Roman Emperor Titus destroyed Jerusalem seventy years after the birth of Christ and scattered the Jewish people to the ends of the earth, nor has its claim been abrogated by the usurping governments which have come there since. Half a century ago they began to buy back their birthright by peaceful purchase. They were carrying out this program, aided by the compassionate nations of the world, when in 1948 the British protectors of Palestine withdrew, and the armies of five neighboring Arab countries suddenly attacked the infant state. Faced with annihilation, Jewish men and women who remembered the horrors of Belsen and Buchenwald defeated the Arabs and seized by right of conquest the land which now is Israel.

The 652,000 Arabs who abandoned their homes and properties were not driven out by Israeli armies. They left on the orders of Arab leaders, who promised them they could come back—once the Arab armies had triumphed—to divide among themselves the property of their Jewish neighbors. The 148,000 Arabs who chose to stay—they now number 240,000—have lived peacefully in Israel since, sharing in the new opportunities of the burgeoning land.

Those who fled, the Israelis argue, have nursed their hatred for fourteen years. It is obviously impossible, therefore, for a nation of fewer than 2,000,000 Jews, still struggling for survival, to welcome a million sworn enemies into its territory. Thus full repatriation is out of the question. Compensation, on the other hand, can be considered. But before any Arab claims can be agreed on, the rights of 700,000 oriental Jews, who fled to Israel from Iraq, Yemen and Algiers, leaving their properties behind, must be taken into account.

This, in simplest terms, is the Israeli point of view. The Arab attitude can be expressed as briefly: Before 1948 Palestine had been the home of the Arabs for 1300 years, ever since 4000 nomadic horsemen came out of the Arabian deserts to conquer Jerusalem in the name of Allah. Aided by the Western powers, who for their own political ends wished to plant a Western outpost in the heart of the Arab world, the Jews were simply invaders who seized the Arab homeland by force of arms. The refugees who left their homes did not leave willingly. They were driven out by Jewish terrorists. There is only one answer to this great injustice, say the Arabs. The displaced Arabs must be returned to their old homes; their property must be restored to them; and they must be compensated for the despair they have suffered during their years of exile.

If the U.S., Great Britain and the UN, who established Israel in the heart of the Arab world, cannot force Israel to carry out her moral obligation to repatriate the exiles—the Arabs argue—then they, in Allah's own good time, will restore the Palestinians to their homes by driving Israel into the sea.

Until the time for battle comes, however, they will content themselves with lesser measures. They will keep Israel sealed off from her neighbors, forbid her shipping to transit the canal, and deny international companies the right to trade with Arab nations if they also trade with Israel. Above all, they will strive to limit further immigration to Israel by the political harassment of countries such as the United States, whose Jewish population contributes the gifts and loans which make further immigration possible. If immigration continues, the Arabs insist, Israel must break out of her present boundaries to seize more Arab lands.

Beirut, Lebanon: In this Roman Catholic hospital, subsidized by UNRWA, children receive medical treatment often not available in refugee camps.

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"433,000 REFUGEES NOW DEPEND UPON THE CHARITY OF THE UN."

This, in essence, is the Arab attitude. The Israelis deny that they want more land. All that lies beyond their present borders are more rocky hills and dry deserts—and more Arabs—they point out, and they have plenty of each already. Once her scientists learn how to harness the sun and the atom for power, and to make fresh water cheaply from sea water, Israel will have no need for more land, for the vast Negev Desert alone could feed all the Jews who choose to come.

The Israelis consider the Arab threats of annihilation to be mainly bombast, but they train citizen armies as if they might have to fight tomorrow. At the age when an American boy is getting his first air rifle, the Israeli boy—and girl—is learning to use a Tommy gun. Israel, whose airfields lie ten minutes from Egypt's bombers, also must match her enemies in the air and on the sea. Whenever Egypt buys a new MIG-19 from Russia, Israel, in self-defense, must counter with a Super-Mystère from France. When Egypt buys submarines from the U.S.S.R., Israel must buy submarines from Great Britain.

Thus the possibility of an explosion grows more imminent. Russia, in fact, could set it off any day she chose by releasing her 2,000,000 Jews for migration to Israel. Such an act, the Arabs claim, would make inevitable an Israeli strike for *Lebensraum*.

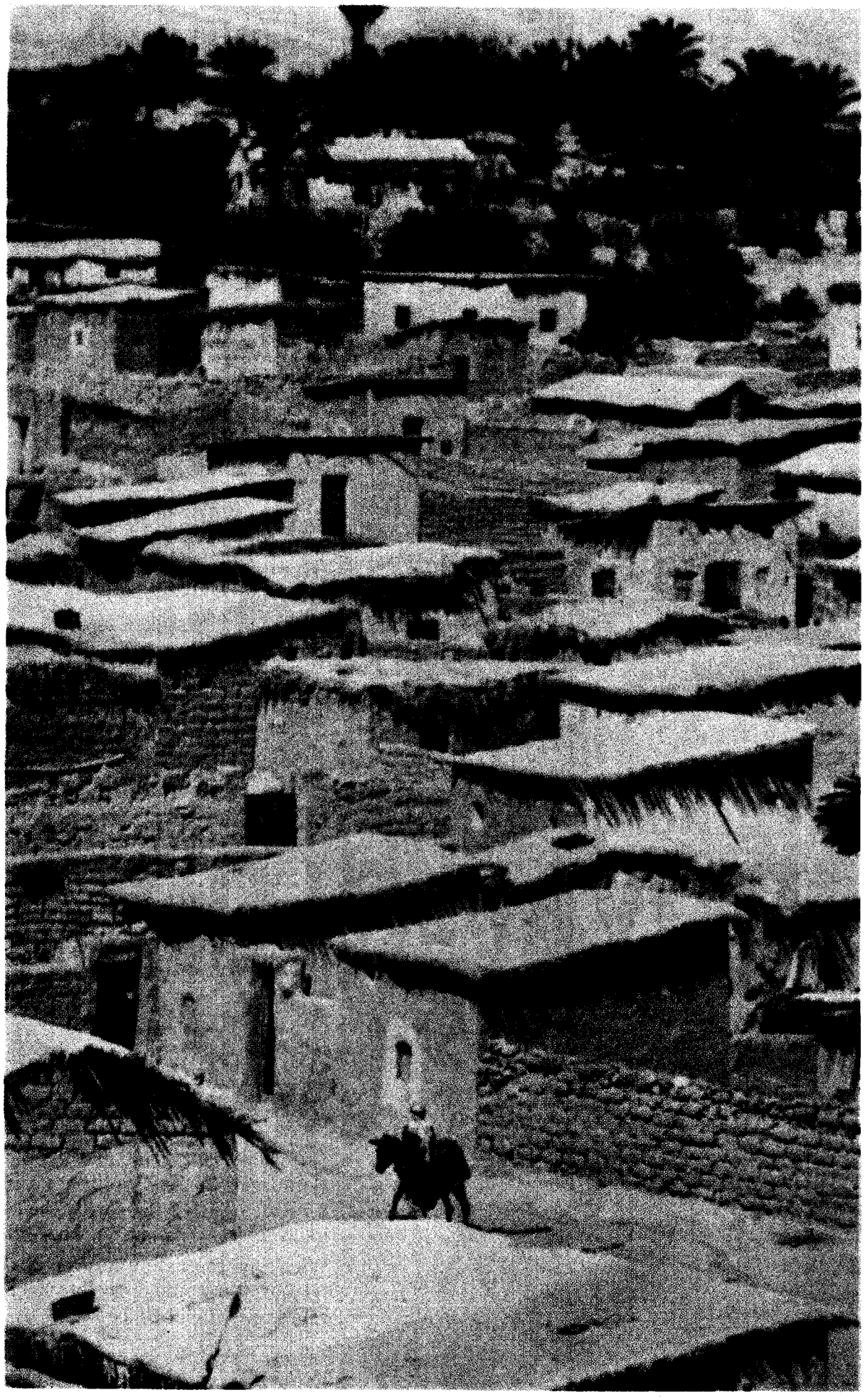
The obvious question is: What can the U.S. do to ease the tension, to find a path toward some understanding by which the antagonists can learn to live in harmony? The answer is: Not much, except to do all in our power to keep the peace. We can continue to support and strengthen UNEF, which guards the Gaza border and the international boundary. We can support and strengthen UNTSO in its efforts to settle squabbles by arbitration. We can continue our support of UNRWA, not only in its task of keeping the refugees alive but in its newer mission of providing vocational training for thousands of young refugees, so that they may find a livelihood in the developing Arab countries which need skilled workers.

We can calm Jewish and Arab fears alike by assuring both that the outside world will not permit either to attack the other, and that present boundaries can be changed only by peaceful negotiations. We can diminish Arab distrust of the West by conceding their most cherished point: that a great injustice has been done to those Arabs who were forced to leave their homes; that when the time comes to make reparation for this wrong, we will insist that Israel deal as generously with her Arab neighbors as the world has dealt with her.

Certain hopeful proposals already have been made by our Government. Israel, it has been suggested, might take back a token 10 percent of the more than 1,200,000 refugees. Latin-American countries might be asked to accept as many as they could absorb. The Arab nations would be asked to resettle and rehabilitate the rest over a five-year period, aided by a $500,000,000 fund to be provided by the UN.

Israel, at least, has displayed a willingness to negotiate—on her own terms. Some Arab leaders have indicated privately that they might accept the original UN partition plan which they rejected furiously in 1948—a compromise which, if accepted, would cost Israel about one fourth of her present land.

No progress toward a final solution is yet evident, nor is any likely soon. "There are some wounds that only time can heal, and some problems only time can solve," an American diplomat said. "The Arab-Israeli issue is one of them. It would be fatal if we should try to force the issue now. All we can do is try to keep them from fighting. If we can keep the pot from boiling over for another twenty years or so, maybe by that time some answer can be found." THE END



Ein Sultan, only a desert tenting ground when the Arab exodus from Palestine began, is now a sun-parched clay village of 18,000 refugees.

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FALLOUT ISLAND

continued from page 31

"No," Bransom said. "It was never much to look at, and there will be little of it left by now. It was south, on the old peak; anyhow, high enough to see something. I haven't any sentimental attachment to it."

"Then ——" Gilfillan began and stopped. He looked a bit embarrassed.

"Then why did I come back—at great expense?" Bransom asked. "That was going to be your question, wasn't it? I'll tell you; I should have told you when I asked you to come along for company. It amused me to be mysterious, and I carried it too far. I was in the diamond business before I was called back into the service and sent out here. There was a man named Wolfe in Maiden Lane in New York who owed me about eighty thousand dollars' worth of stones. He got into trouble, and the cops were after him. But he'd always been honest with me; he heard that I'd been sent out here, and he wouldn't send the stones to anybody else, so he sent them to me."

WHY DO THEY CALL MY HUSBAND CRAZY?
by
MARY PIERSALL
Wife of Baseball's
JIM PIERSALL
in the next *Post*

He gave Gilfillan an oddly calculating look, for the story wasn't true. He had stolen the diamonds in Antwerp during the Nazi invasion, got them back to the States, been called into the Army and sent to the island as a coast watcher. He had hid the stones, deciding to leave them until he was sure all inquiry about them had ended. When the island had become radioactive, he had felt doubly sure of their safety; and now, having found out that the insurance companies had given them up, he was back to get them again.

Gilfillan noticed the look but thought little about it; he was rather fetched by the romantic tale. "Here?" he asked. "He sent them here? Good Lord, was he crazy?"

"Could be," Bransom said. "But he'd always been on the level before, and maybe everybody gets a little crazy the first time his foot slips and the heat's on."

Gilfillan stared. "And you got them?"

"Yes," Bransom said. "Wolfe managed to get them into the hands of an Air Force guy I knew, and he got them here eventually."

Gilfillan stopped. "I'll be damned," he said. "And they're still here?"

"They're still here. I couldn't keep them around camp. There were two other men here, fairly honest types, but you can see —— I hid them on the edge of a swamp halfway between here and the peak."

"And didn't have time to get them back," Gilfillan said.

"That's right."

"Well, I'll be damned all over again," Gilfillan said. "Did you ever tell this Wolfe this weird tale?"

"No," Bransom said. "Somebody talked too much, later, or something happened. They put him away, and he's still there," he said and started to walk.

They didn't speak further until they were back at the schooner, where Erickson gave them a hand over the rail.

"I am glad you come back so soon," he said. "You have been here, now we can go, yah?"

"Already?" Bransom asked. "You don't like it here?"

"No," Erickson said. "I do not like t'is fallout, t'is stuff I cannot see. I t'ink of t'ose Japanese fishermen in t'eir boat. I tell t'e boys, not catch fish here. No, I do not like it." He made a wide gesture toward the island, behind which the sun was setting now. "I do not know what is t'ere. It does not feel good to me any more."

"I want to go ashore for a couple of hours in the morning," Bransom said. "After that we can leave. Is that all right with you?"

Erickson shrugged. "You hire t'e schooner. I stay t'at long, t'en we go." He looked toward the island again, where the palms and the old peak looked flat and stiff against the evening sky as though they were hammered out of black iron. "What we have done to ourselves," he said and shook his head.

The Fijian sailor Tommy stuck his head out of the companionway hatch. "Chow," he said and ducked down again.

"You don't have to go, John," Bransom said as they started across the deck. "It's not your party. Why don't you wait on board here and be comfortable?"

"I'll go," Gilfillan said. "I've never been on one of these islands before, and you may need some help to find the stones."

Immediately after breakfast they went ashore in the dinghy again, Bransom carrying the radiation meter and Gilfillan a double-barreled shotgun they'd borrowed from Erickson. They walked south on the beach for a mile or so. The palms at the back of the beach began to give way to brush and pandanus and mangrove as the island grew lower and swampy, and a quarter of a mile ahead they could see the beach narrow; the sea came closer in, almost touching the jungle, and where it did this a stream apparently came out to meet it, and the beach was choked with vegetation.

"We'd better cut in here," Bransom said. "We couldn't get through that stuff up ahead, and there's a low ridge that runs along behind the beach and roughly parallel to it."

He changed course and consequently didn't see what Gilfillan, who was still looking down the beach, saw: a strange kangaroolike creature several feet high break out of the beach thicket and with several hops disappear into the jungle.

"Alan!" Gilfillan exclaimed. "Alan! What the devil was that?"

Bransom stopped. "What was what? What did you see?"

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FALLOUT "It looked like a kangaroo. It hopped like one."

"We're a long way from kangaroos here," Bransom said. "A bird, maybe."

"No," Gilfillan said. "It was too far away to see well, and it vanished too fast, but it wasn't a bird."

"So. What color was it?"

"It looked gray against the thicket," Gilfillan said. "I couldn't be sure. It —— Damn it, it was a queer-looking thing."

Bransom obviously wanted to get on, but controlled his impatience. "Well," he said reasonably, "if it was too far away to see well, how can you be sure? Maybe it was a rat, then."

"A rat two or three feet high?" Gilfillan asked. "It seemed that big to me."

"Keep a watch when we get into the brush," Bransom said, starting to walk again. "Maybe you'll see it again."

They entered the jungle. After the open beach it very quickly became gloomy and dense and difficult to get through. Pandanus sent down its snaky bunches of roots in all directions from a foot or two in the air, and the trunks twisted about; it was wet underfoot and, despite the thick carpet of fallen pandanus leaves, the mangroves had managed to grow and writhed about above their stiltlike roots. They were soon wet to the knees and sweating, for there was no breeze; they couldn't hear the surf any longer, and the silence soon became as oppressive as the heat. Gilfillan had never been in such a place before, and he didn't like it. He felt half suffocated.

Bransom seemed to know where he was going, and Gilfillan, who had lost his sense of direction completely, followed him. In places the stagnant water was above their knees now, and the bottom was slimy muck; as they slipped and cursed and splashed about, Gilfillan began to worry about what would happen if they both stepped into a hole where the water was above their heads. He was about to move up and tap Bransom on the shoulder and ask him about this when Bransom came upon the low ridge he had mentioned and scrambled onto it and stopped. The ridge was a foot or so above the water and two or three feet wide. Brush grew upon it, and it was criss-crossed by creepers and the trunks of leaning trees; they couldn't see very far ahead and would have to work their way along it through the cluttering growth, but at least the footing seemed solid. They stood together for a moment to get their breaths, muddy, sweating and scratched.

"Sorry I let you in for this," Bransom said. "I forgot it was this bad. Not too far to go now."

"What?" Gilfillan asked. He had heard the words, and in one part of his mind they made sense to him, but his attention was divided; he thought that he had also heard, somewhere ahead, in the steamy riot of greenery that was closing them in and holding off the air and the sky, a grunting, bubbling sigh, a stirring of water, an indefinable sound that was frightening and inimical.

"Not too far to ——" Bransom began again and saw Gilfillan's expression. "What's the trouble?"

"A noise," Gilfillan said.

Bransom stared at him, and they both stood listening for several minutes, but the silence was profound and unbroken.

"It's certainly a place to give you the willies," Bransom said. "I don't think it was anything. You must still be thinking of that thing you saw on the beach. Let's go and get it over with."

They started their slow progress again, squirming around and through the vegetation, but now Gilfillan's mind was oppressed by a feeling of apprehension. He was sure that he had heard the noise and was on the alert to catch it again. The shotgun had been a nuisance, heavy and clumsy and always getting tangled in the brush, but now it was very important to him; he took pains to keep its muzzle forward and ready for instant use.

This readiness was probably what saved them, for they hadn't gone more than seventy-five yards when there was a great flurry of water, and from behind an eight-foot mangrove a little to the right of the ridge a huge reptilian head reared up into the air like something in an evil nightmare. The head hung above them, longer than a man, narrow and flat; its long, half-open jaws were lined with great gleaming teeth; the cold and lidless eyes fixed on them. As Gilfillan stared shocked and unbelieving at it, thinking that it couldn't be there, that it came from the dark beginning of the world before man could have survived, the terrible head slid back for the strike, and Gilfillan stopped thinking. He thrust the muzzle of the shotgun over Bransom's shoulder and pulled both triggers.

The recoil of the loosely held gun knocked him off the ridge and, as he fell, the heavens seemed to open and inundate him with sound. The shotgun's blast was followed immediately by a tremendous roaring and thrashing, the world seemed to be heaving under him, and foul water filled his nose and mouth. He struggled, half stunned in the slime; he was being thumped and pulled and yanked about and dimly realized that Bransom was shouting at him.

"Come on! Come on!" Bransom was shouting, dragging him up the side of the ridge. "There's another one coming!"

He staggered to his feet, and then Bransom was desperately shoving him along the ridge.

Exhausted, battered and in rage, they had been near collapse when they finally fell down on the sand near the old ruined wharf. After a long time Bransom sat up. His face was haggard, his eyes had sunk back into his skull, and his body was laced with lines of dried blood to which the sand adhered. He stared at the prostrate Gilfillan.

"You saved us both," he said. "You all right?"

"Ah," Gilfillan said, "I'll manage." The cold horror that had been with him ever since the monstrous beast had appeared above him was leaving him now beneath the calm and open sky.

"What was it?" Bransom asked. "Good Lord, even in my worst nightmares —— What was it?"

"Some sort of marine lizard, I think," Gilfillan said. "A seagoing dinosaur. A branch of the dinosaur family went back to the sea. A Tylosaurus, maybe. They were twenty-five or thirty feet long. They probably crawl out where the beach is narrow and go in there to rest, or breed, or something." A hoarse and unexpected chuckle suddenly came out of him. "You'll have to bring your information up to date. You seemed pretty positive that nature never went back to the past."

"It couldn't go back a million years or more so fast," Bransom said.

"Couldn't it?" Gilfillan asked.

"It doesn't make any sense."

"No," Gilfillan said. "But then nobody knows what a certain level of radiation, held over a long period, a dozen years or more, would do. Those lizards you mentioned bred every year, maybe oftener, and there were a lot of breedings. Anyhow, there the things were. Don't ask me to explain it."

There was a long silence between them and then, as though talking to himself, Bransom said, "I've got to go back. I've got to."

Gilfillan sat up painfully and stared at him. "Go back?" he demanded, as though he hadn't heard correctly. "Go back in there? You can't do it. You don't know how many more of those things there are, or whether there are others even worse. Smaller, more maneuverable, more deadly. Remember the thing I saw on the beach. You might get bogged, lost, caught by darkness ——" He shuddered. "You'd never get out," he said. "You can't count on killing those things with firearms. They've got several hearts, more than one brain. We were lucky. Lucky as hell. I doubt I did more than blind it."

"I've got to do it," Bransom said, as though he hadn't heard any of this. "I can hire an airplane and bomb it, or rent a gunboat in South America somewhere and stand off the island and work it over. Or bring some men with flame throwers here."

"Nonsense," Gilfillan said. "You'd have to saturate at least nine square miles, and you'd probably blow your package of diamonds to the devil. Even the flame throwers would need a small army and cost you more than you could afford. Besides that, the island's probably under a mandate. Even if you could get permission, which I doubt, there would be people, officials, scientists, the press."

This last objection brought Bransom to his feet. "No!" he almost shouted. "No! I can't do that, I can't have ——" He stared at Gilfillan, and his voice died away. It was a reaction that caught Gilfillan by surprise; he would often speculate about it in the future and finally come near the truth. "It isn't any use," Bransom said after a moment. "I've spent so much money now that I couldn't afford it."

"I'm sorry, Alan," Gilfillan said. He didn't know what else to say.

Bransom stood there with his shoulders slumped, looking even more haggard now than he had when he first sat up. "Gone," he said. "All gone. Ah, the hell with it. The hell with it for good and all."

He turned and started to walk toward the dilapidated wharf, dragging his feet through the sand. After watching him for a moment Gilfillan got to his feet and started after him, somewhat confused and feeling that he'd been kicked and beaten by a gang of thugs. The reaction to the business in the swamp, the entire day, had taken hold of him, and he felt cold and a little nauseated. It would be a dreary trip home, he thought, and he hoped there would be a tide so they could get away from the lagoon before night.

THE END

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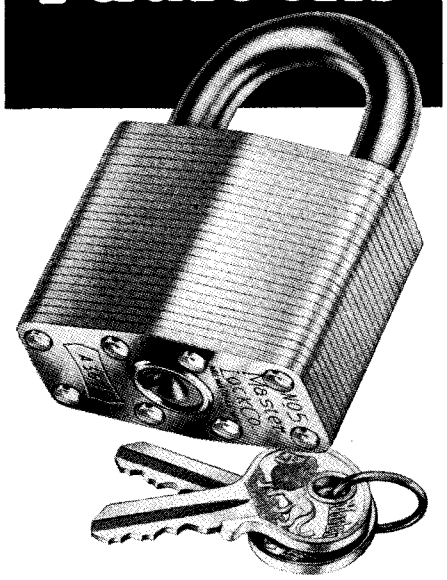

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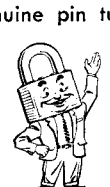

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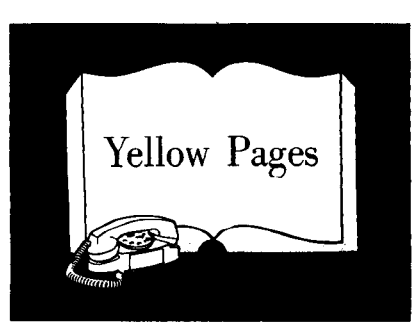

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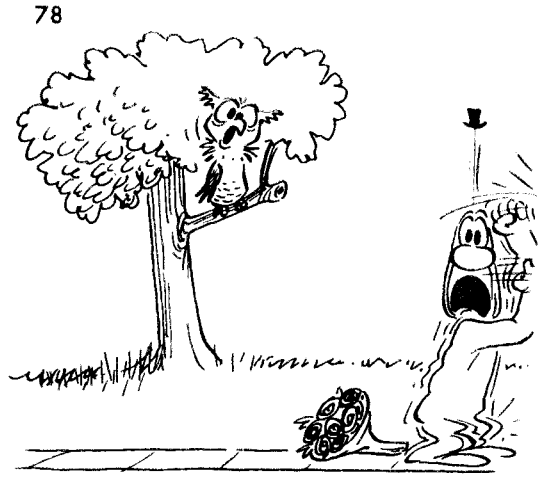

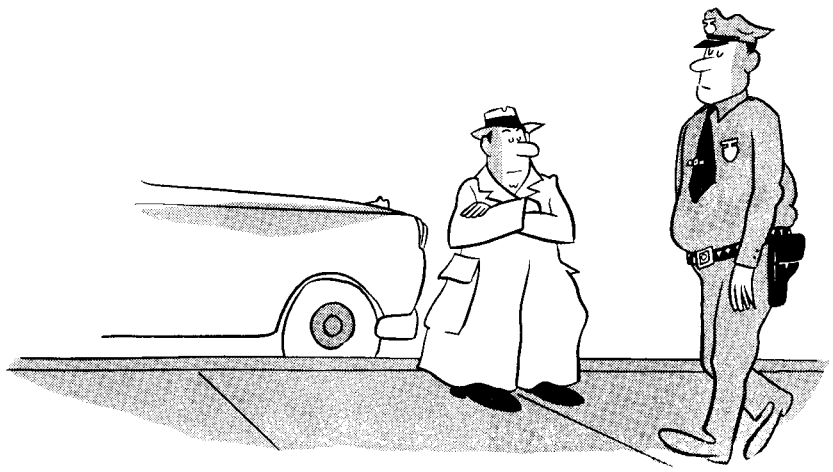

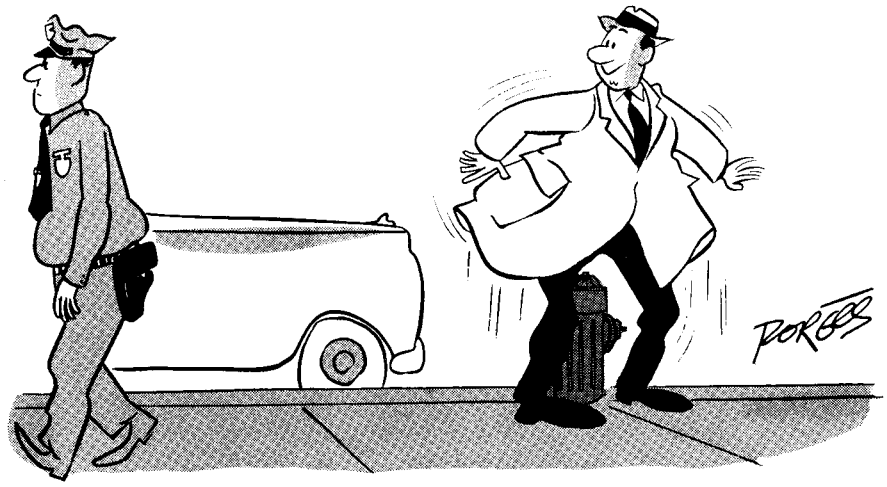

"He's at a very awkward stage. His father cut off his allowance."

"Get right over to Mrs. Thompson's. She's got two cars in a one-car garage."

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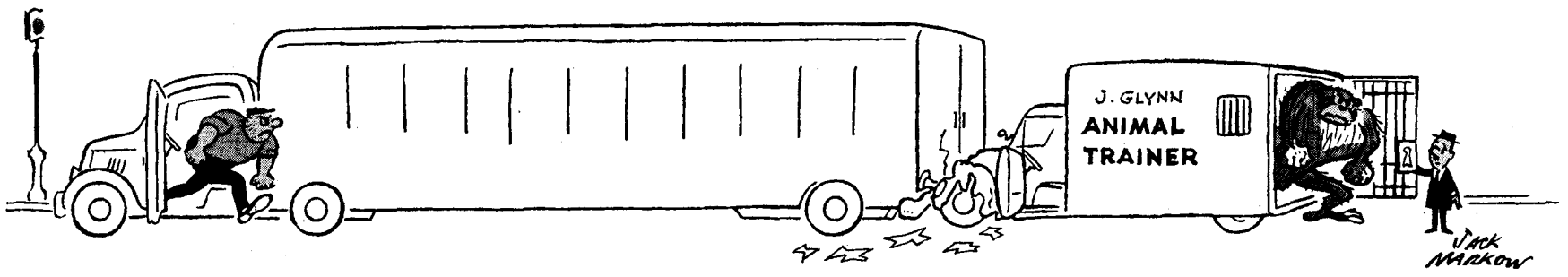


NEWS ITEMS THAT GRIP(E) READERS

(. . . *as read by $90-a-week office worker*)

Upon hearing today of Deputy Commerce Consultant and Adviser John C. Trumble's resignation from his $75,000-a-year Government post, Chief Consultant Hubert F. Puskin commented today, "We who have worked with Trumble this past year can only know fully what great sacrifice he has made for his country in giving up his $250,000-a-year post in private industry. It proves again that if we are to hold capable men like Trumble in our Government, we must make drastic changes in our salary structures and begin to pay realistically."

(. . . *as read by harried small-business man*)

Talking with reporters from his ocean-view suite at the Palm Paradise Cabana in Hawaii, where he is currently on an official month's familiarization trip to our newest state, Representative Homer C. Selders, chairman of the Committee for Investigation of Small Business Malpractice, revealed today, "These cheap hoodlums who are out to cheat the public are in for a rude awakening when I get back!"

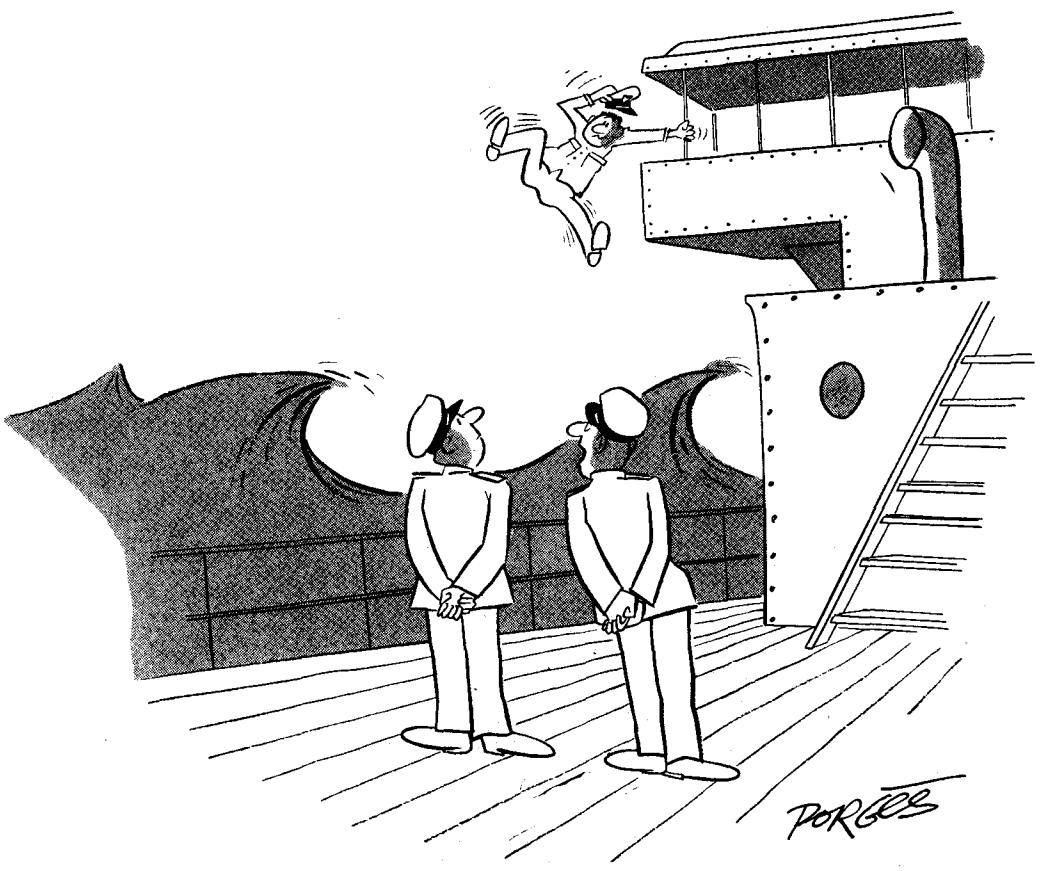
(. . . *as read by harried housewife with five kids*)

Beauteous Lorene Sorenson, happily married now for over two years to popular star Bob Dalton, attributes her unusual success in matrimony to her willingness to meet marriage's problems halfway. Lorene, who experienced three previous unfortunate and unhappy marriages before finding lasting happiness with Bob, gives this advice to newlyweds, "Marriage is give as well as take, and if only more wives would realize this there would not be so many broken homes in our country!"

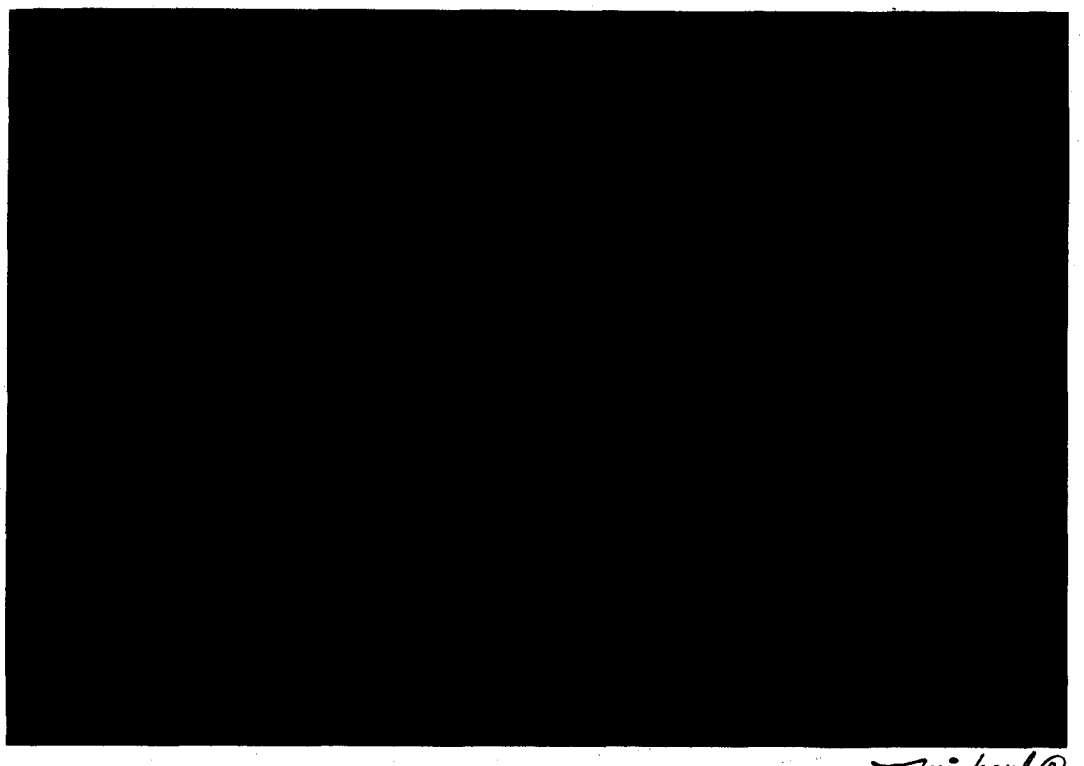
(. . . *as read by peasant*)

King Badouin de Chambrier, modern ruler of the province of Cabaret Isle, demonstrated again today his gracious democratism in putting aside pressing business to give first priority to his beloved subjects. Already half an hour late on his way from the palace to his yacht, the *White Eagle*, the handsome young king kept crew and lovely wife, Louise de Chambrier, waiting for a planned ten-day Mediterranean cruise while he accepted a bouquet of yellow roses from a white-haired little old lady!

ARTHUR R. LOCKER



"Young Crawfoot hasn't got his sea legs yet."



"Hello, Coast Guard? This is Johnson at the lighthouse." —Richard ©

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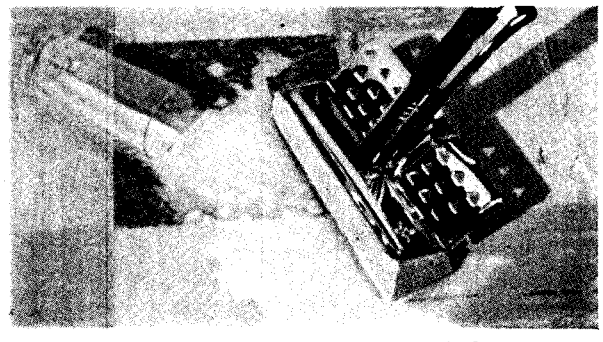

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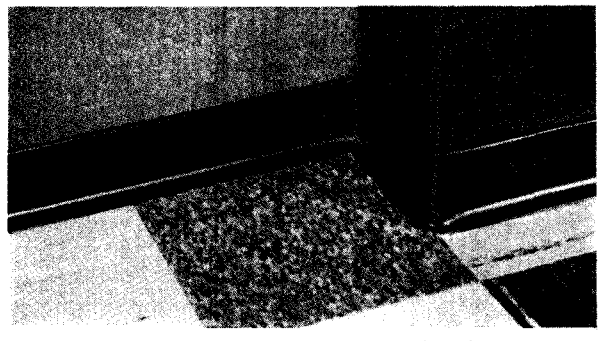

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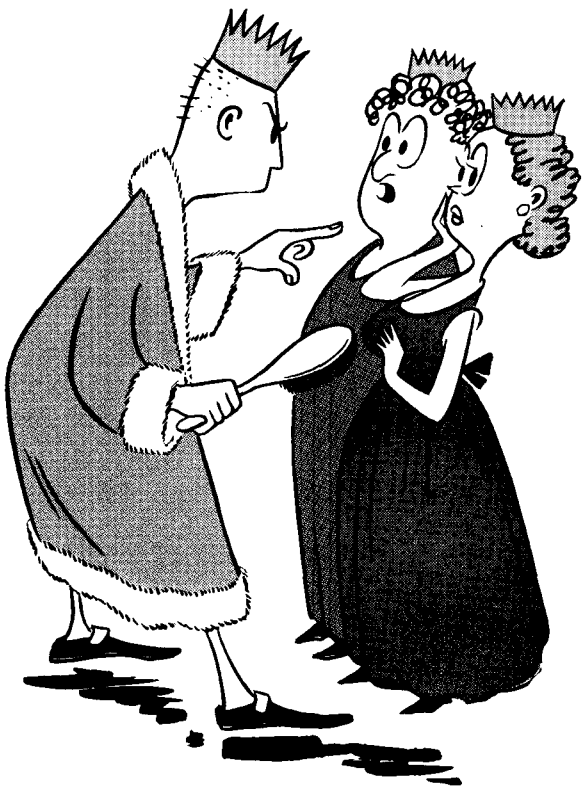
DEN FATHER

In modern homes a den is the place
Where a man can be alone
With a radio, a TV set,
A sewing machine, a bassinet,
An ironing board, some drying sweaters,
A stack of bills and unanswered letters.
And three kids using the phone!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



"Well, for one thing, she always refers to me as her opponent."

Tales Mein Grossfader Told

DAS KING MIT EIN, ZWEI QUEENS

Ein King ben upwedden mit ein oldisch Queen und also ein youngisch Queen.

Das King ben sleepen, und der Queens ben sitten mit comben der royalisch noggen. Ach! Der oldischer ben outplucken das blackisch hair, und der youngischer ben outplucken das whitisch hair. Mitout doubten, der noggen ist becomen baldisch, unlessen der plucken ben stoppen.

Mit upwoken, das King ben feelen der noggen und rushen to der Doktor. "Mein hair ist outcomen!" das King ben complainen.

"Meinself ist advisen ein hardisch hairbrushen," der Doktor ben tellen das King.

Ist das hardisch hairbrushen ben worken? Himmel, ja! Der Queens ben stoppen das sitten mit comben; und especialisch das sitten!

DAVE MORRAH

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Can you name *these Famous Americans* who have enjoyed Old Crow?

A world-famous American author. He often wrote of his own adventures and was, at various times, a seaman, miner and war correspondent.

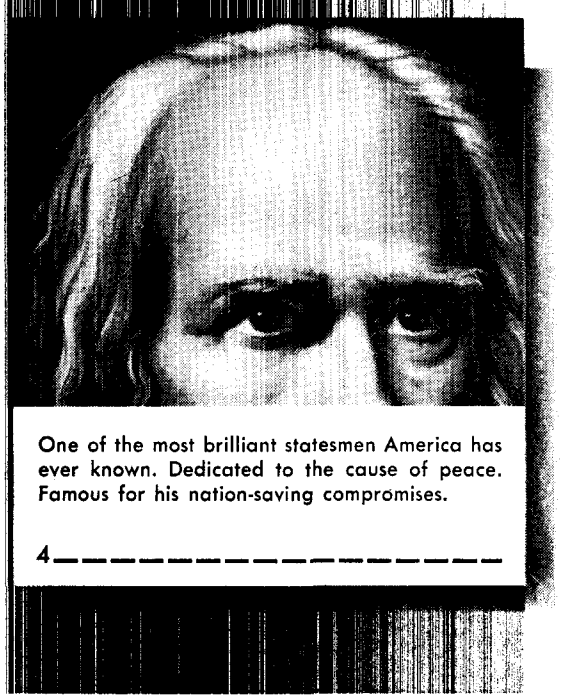
1_____

The greatest orator America has ever known. A great statesman, a brilliant senator—his picture still hangs in New England town halls.

2_____

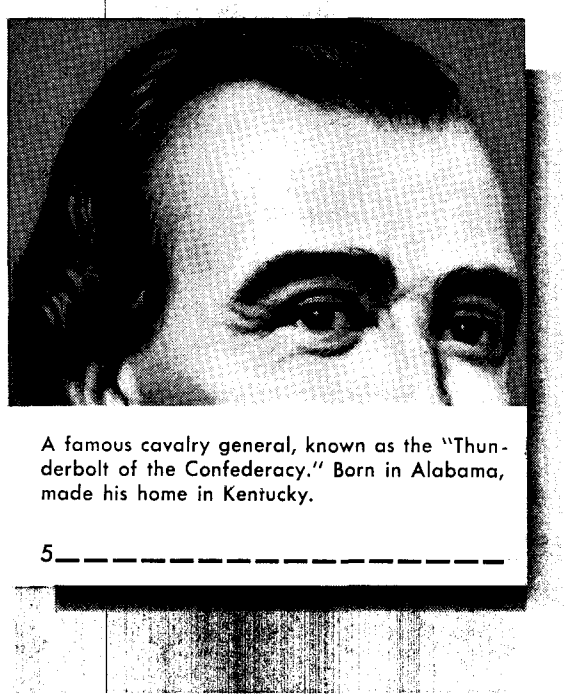
A President of the United States. The "plain people" loved him. Known as the "Hero of New Orleans." Lived in Tennessee.

3_____



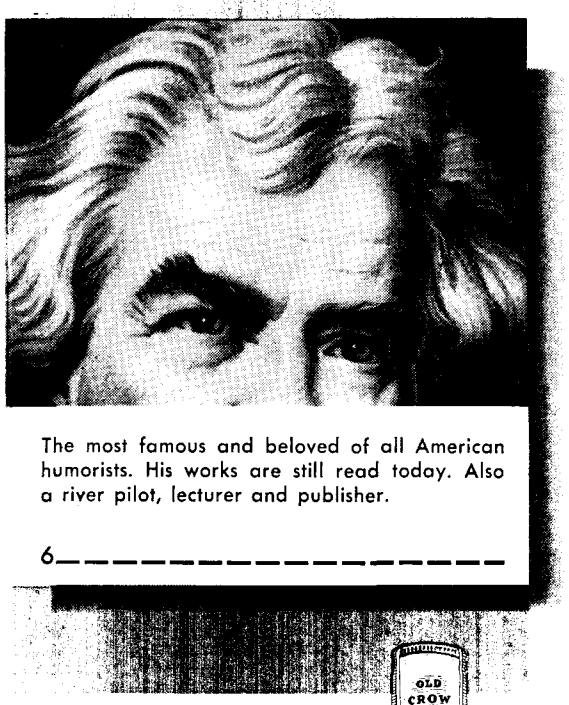
One of the most brilliant statesmen America has ever known. Dedicated to the cause of peace. Famous for his nation-saving compromises.

4_____



A famous cavalry general, known as the "Thunderbolt of the Confederacy." Born in Alabama, made his home in Kentucky.

5_____



The most famous and beloved of all American humorists. His works are still read today. Also a river pilot, lecturer and publisher.

6_____

1. Jack London 2. Daniel Webster 3. Andrew Jackson 4. Henry Clay 5. John Hunt Morgan 6. Mark Twain

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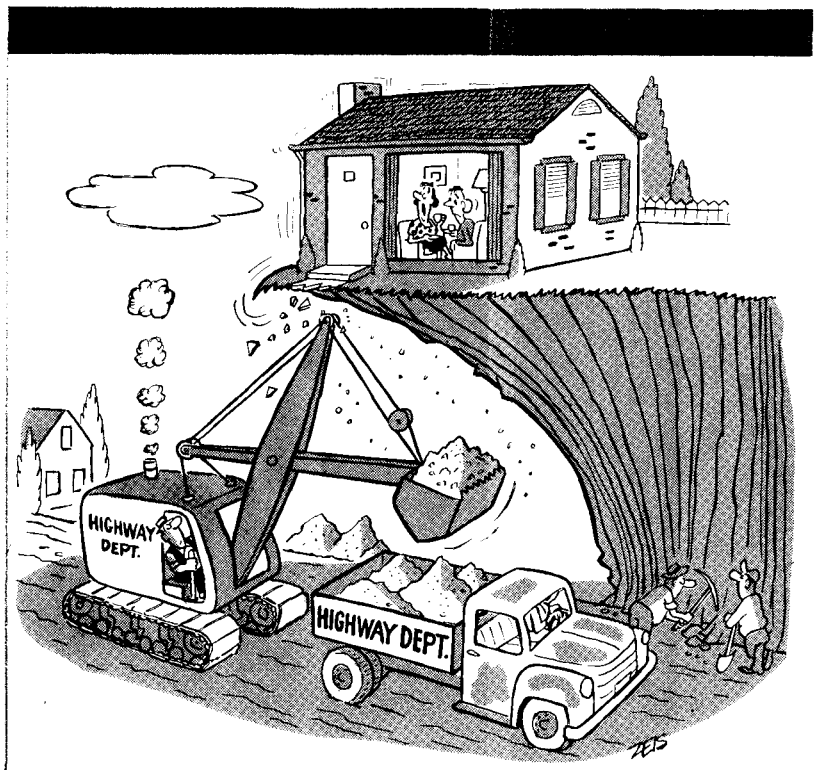
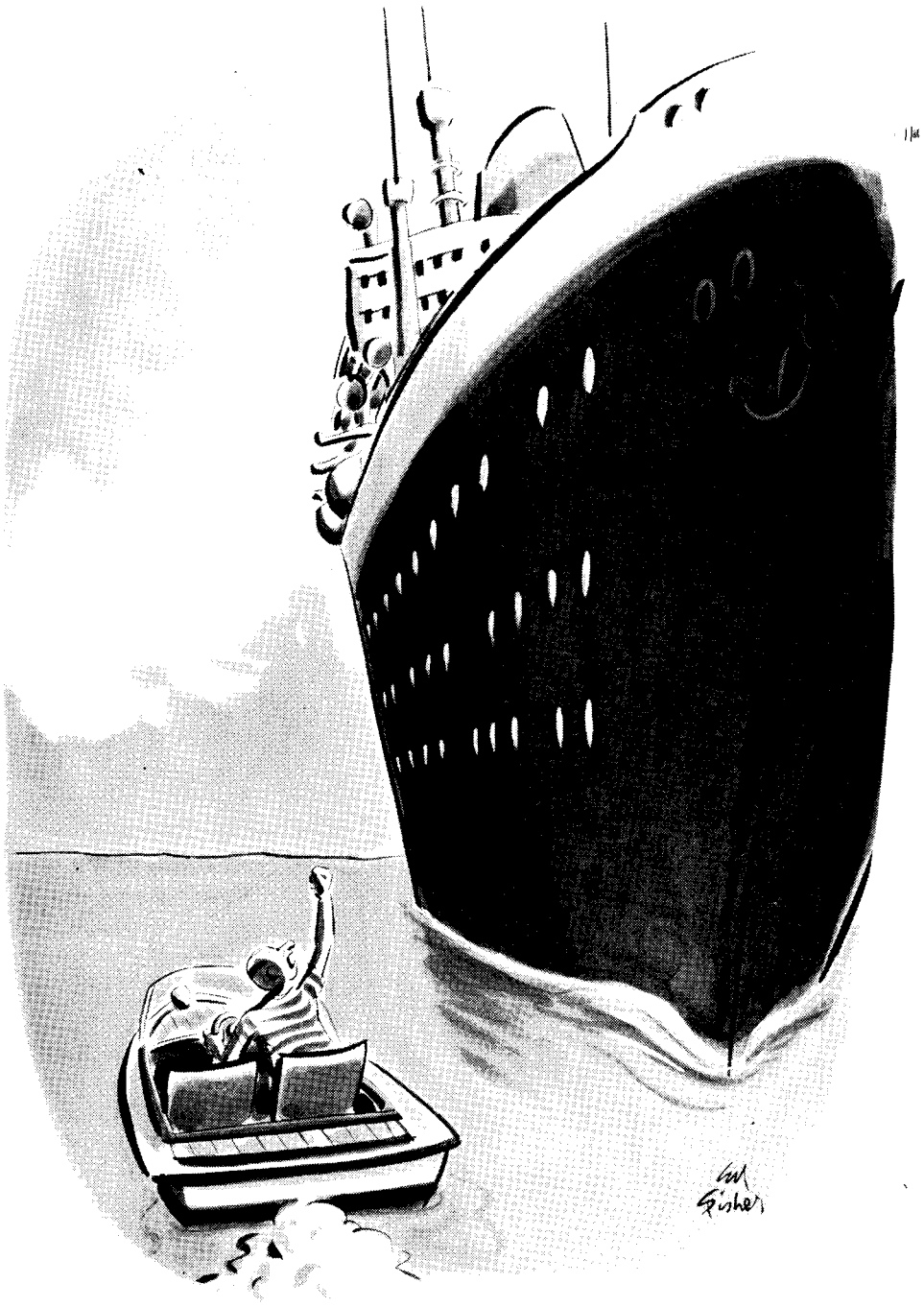
"Care to see me in a bikini?"

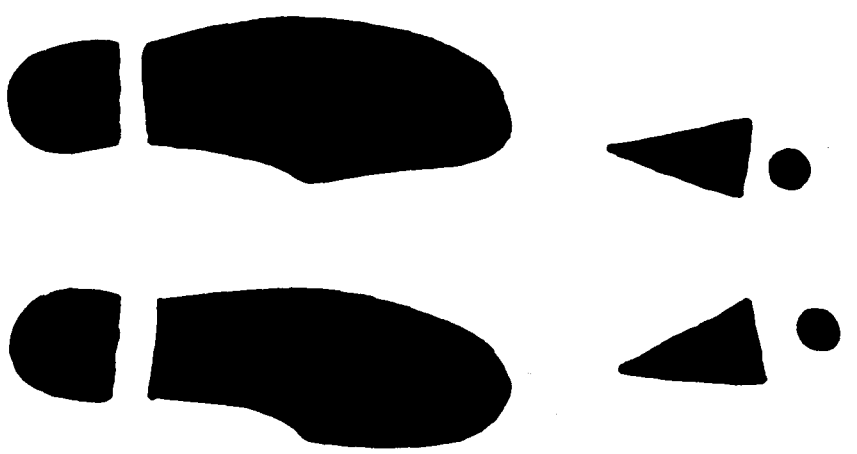


"Last year it was termites."



"Pass on the left, you jerk!"

"Who do we know that reads the *Times* and owns a stupid dog?"



"Perhaps you're right, Helen. That could be the reason I can't dance."

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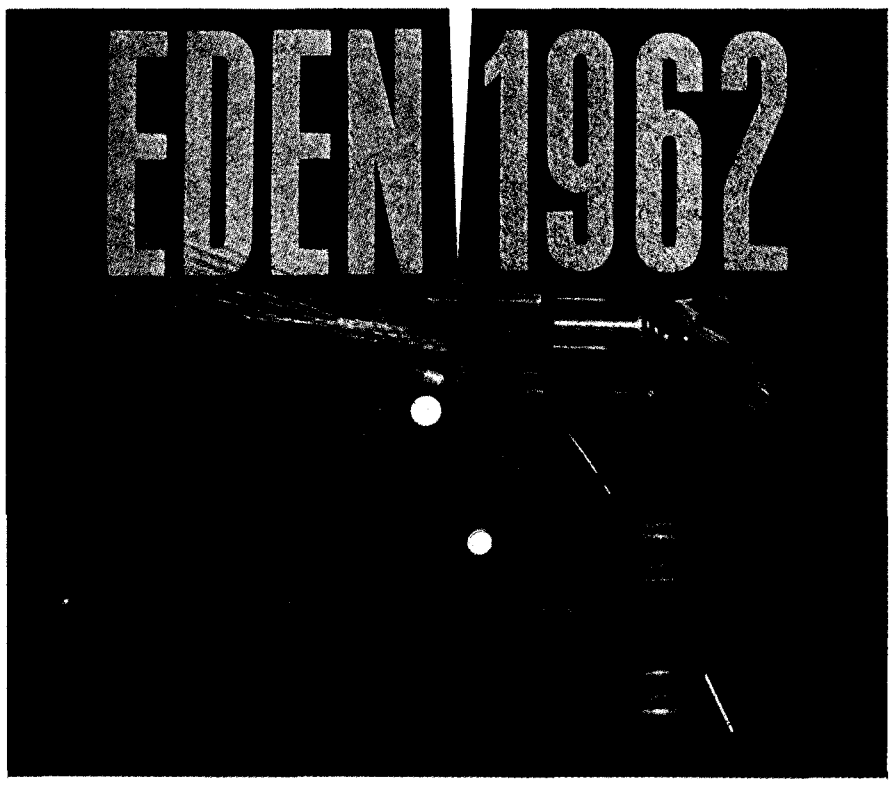
NOW A DEAD GIRL THREATENED TO REVEAL THE VALLEY'S SECRET



PART TWO BY DICK PEARCE

"Halliday, I'm prepared to get you free of the remainder of your jail term if you'll spend that time on a case for me." California Attorney General John McCardell offered young lawyer Lee Halliday his freedom after he served only one month of a ninety-day sentence for contempt of court—Lee's most recent penalty for chronic hotheadedness. "The district attorney of Mara Valley is on the take," McCardell explained, "and some weird conspiracy has taken over that whole valley."

Halliday agreed to work for the state to uncover the plot which closed Mara Valley to outsiders. In the valley Lee encountered hostility from nearly everyone, and especially from Hugh Trock, a member of Mara's first family.

But from shapely Anita Stillman, daughter of a family Lee had antagonized in defending a criminal case, Lee received a warm welcome. Anita asked Lee to a party at the Stillman home, where Hugh Trock baited him into a fight as Lee left the house.

The following morning Halliday received a phone call from Mara's district attorney. "I want you to come down to the sheriff's office," he said, "and give your version of events leading up to Anita Stillman's suicide."

Halliday kept his attention on the sheriff. He said, "Fill me in first. How did Anita Stillman die?"

"Carbon monoxide," said Schmidt.

"Automobile?"

"Yeah."

"Where?"

"In the Stillman lane."

"Who found the body?"

"Her parents."

"When?"

"A little after eight this morning."

"How long had she been dead?"

"Not sure yet. Probably six to eight hours."

"The usual pattern?"

Schmidt nodded. "Garden hose from exhaust to car window."

"Leave a note?"

"No note."

"Search the house for one?"

"Her parents did. No note."

"That's odd."

Schmidt said in a carefully neutral tone, "What's odd about it?"

"Just that most women suicides do. Leave a note, I mean. Who saw her last?"

"Hughie Trock, so far as we know now."

"At what time?"

"A little before midnight." Schmidt hesitated, made up his mind about something and added, "Hughie didn't have his car at the party. She drove him home."

"Back to Mara?"

"Nope. Hughie spent the night at Tom Able's place. The next place up the valley from the Stillmans'."

"Tom Able Trock? Hugh's father?"

"Uh-huh."

"Then," said Halliday, "if she had been dead six to eight hours, she must have returned home and killed herself very shortly after leaving Hugh Trock."

"Mr. Halliday." It was Lois Dupree, her voice low and cold. "You have been given your fill-in. We will all save time now if you'll let us ask the questions."

Halliday smiled. "I suppose," he said, "that when the district attorney sent you in here, the last thing he said was, 'Don't let that shyster grab the ball, or he'll run away with the interrogation.'"

Her cheeks were a furious pink, her voice hot. "You can talk like that! After what you've done to the Stillman family! You're a disgrace to the law!"

"And what have I done to the Stillman family?"

"You know what I'm ——" She caught herself and was silent, detesting him with her eyes, The honesty of her emotion was apparent; it was beginning to upset him.

"What you're referring to? No, I don't know. . . . Do you, sheriff?"

Schmidt had speculative eyes on Halliday. He said nothing.

Halliday went on, "You know your obligation as a lawyer, Miss Dupree. If you had an accusation to make, you should have given me a formal warning of possible incrimination when I first entered this room."

She snapped, "I didn't imply a criminal accusation, and you know it!"

"Then you were implying some other kind? One that might cause me to sue you for defamation of character perhaps? And if I did, I'd have this transcript to support me, wouldn't I? Is that why you stopped talking?"

"Oh!" she said, then was still, rigidly controlling herself. He had frightened her into silence.

Halliday laid a hard stare on Schmidt. "You're investigating a suicide, aren't you? Nothing more?"

"That's right."

"And you know the law puts the responsibility for the investigation on you, not the district attorney?"

"Sure. Sure."

"Then maybe you had better tell me why the D.A. has an assistant sitting in on an inquiry where no prosecution can be expected."

Schmidt's voice remained perfectly calm. "The D.A. and I work together. We're being thorough on this one, because some pretty important people are involved. But this is my show, fellow, if that's what's bothering you."

"Then," said Halliday, "I'll answer questions. All questions. But I'll also ask questions as we go along and expect answers. We do it that way, sheriff, or we don't do it at all."

Schmidt said, "Fair enough."

Halliday sat down. He said, "I think, sheriff, I had asked you if the time element did not indicate that Anita killed herself very shortly after leaving Hugh Trock."

"Could have been that way. Could have been, though, that she did it as much as two hours later." Schmidt added, "Leastwise, she took enough time to go home, get that garden hose, then drive back up the lane. The car's pointed toward the highway."

"It's still there?"

"Yeah."

"Was she wearing white shorts?"

"She was. With a light coat thrown over her."

"Did you personally search the car for a note?"

"Yeah. Why do you keep coming back to a note?"

"Her family thought there should be one," reminded Halliday. "They searched the house for one. Can you be sure they didn't find one and keep still about it?"

"No. Stillman said there wasn't any. I took his word."

"They might have good reason to suppress it. If it contained a motive for suicide they didn't want known."

"Such as?"

"A love aff——" Halliday caught himself. "A broken heart. A lost love. All right, sheriff. Your turn."

"O.K." The stolid watchfulness of Schmidt's countenance was, Halliday decided, a habitual expression. Schmidt said, "Mind tellin' me what business brought you to the valley?"

"Not at all. I was born here. When I decided to find and buy a restful place in the country, naturally I thought of this valley."

"You found out a week ago we don't allow weekend places in the valley. But you came back anyhow. Maybe you had some other reason?"

"Word gets around," murmured Halliday. "No other reason except to make my fortune raising Christmas trees. But you know about that too."

Schmidt nodded, his expression telling nothing. He said, "I understand you once defended some fellow for beating up and robbing Anita Stillman's mother."

"I did."

"The way I hear it"—the sheriff was choosing his words with care—"you got very sore at Mrs. Stillman when you cross-examined her, and I guess she must've got pretty sore at you too?"

"Correct." Halliday knew perfectly well what Schmidt was leading up to. "The trial record shows, sheriff, that I was reprimanded by the court for browbeating the witness."

"I'm also told," went on Schmidt, "that you accused her of forcing her maid to falsely identify your client in court as one of the two robbers?"

"That is correct too."

"Then after your client was convicted, you got the maid away from the Stillman house and tried to make her change her story. She wouldn't do it. Afterward Mrs. Stillman tried to get you arrested on a charge that you had threatened the maid. Ever since then there've been general hard feelings all around?"

"Substantially correct. Except that there were no hard feelings between Anita and me."

The sheriff veered off. "You knew Miss Stillman was being treated by a psychiatrist?"

"I didn't. I'm not surprised."

Lois Dupree came in quickly. "Then you did know she was a disturbed personality?"

Halliday sent her a quick glance that warned her he would give her no quarter. "I knew she was unhappy and unstable, Miss Dupree. But a disturbed personality? That's a psychiatric term. I've just told you I didn't know she was in a psychiatrist's care."

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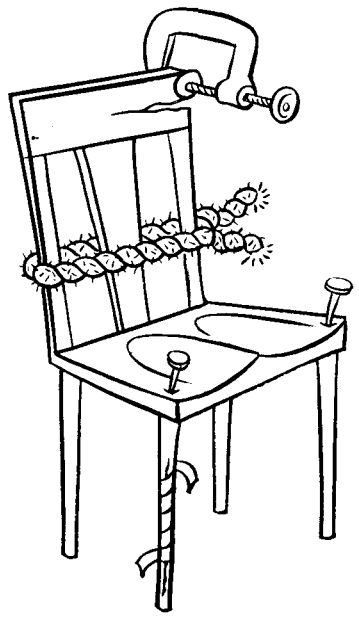

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She retorted lamely, "I used the term as a lawyer, Mr. Halliday."

"Then I'll say," replied Halliday, "that I knew she was disturbed by something. But that something wasn't I."

Sheriff Schmidt said, "The way I hear it, you invited yourself to last night's party, knowing a girl like Miss Stillman wouldn't turn you down."

"You heard wrong. Or rather you were told wrong. You were lied to again when Hugh Trock said I started the fight."

"Could be," said Schmidt mildly. "How'd you know Trock said you started the fight?"

"Your district attorney accused me of starting it. Who told him if not Trock?"

Schmidt blinked noncommittally. He went on, "I heard too that you insulted Miss Stillman during the party. I heard that Hughie went for a walk to cool off and keep himself from hitting you. That he walked down the lane and was coming back to the house when you called him over to your car. That you laid into him with your fists, not sayin' a word first. Is that the way it happened?"

"It is not."

"But let's assume, for the sake of argument," persisted Schmidt, "that it did happen that way. Let's suppose some other things too: that you hated the Stillmans so much you'd do anything to get even; that you knew the girl was so close to goin' off the deep end a little push was all she needed; that this business about buyin' a weekend place was just an excuse to follow her up here; that all the trouble you made at the party was your way of givin' her that little push. Then, to a reasonable mind, it would seem the thing that finally happened to her in that car in the lane last night was the thing you planned to happen, wouldn't it? And that you as a criminal lawyer would know we couldn't in a million years prove you had a criminal intent?"

Halliday said, "I told you I'd answer every question, sheriff. I'll answer this one too. But with some hypothetical questions of my own." He turned to Lois Dupree. "Miss Dupree, looking at it as a woman"—he accented the word sardonically—"which do you regard as a more likely cause of suicide by one of your sex: disappointment over the failure of an impromptu party—or a lost love?"

She flushed. But she was learning; she almost had control of her voice as she replied, "You've stacked the question and grossly oversimplified it."

"Granted. But it's hypothetical. Wouldn't you say the lost love?"

She hesitated, finally nodding.

"All right. Now let's assume a different set of facts. Let's assume a disturbed girl decides on a sunny March day to give a barbecue party. Let's assume she invites the man she has been going with for some months—shall we call him Brock? And that she invites an older married couple too, either for company or appearance's sake. Let's assume she invites another single man, a lawyer, but oddly enough does not invite another single girl. Let's assume she has very fine legs and, though the weather suddenly turns cold, she insists on wearing shorts that show off those legs. Let's assume that repeatedly, in the course of the evening, she makes passes at the lawyer in the presence of Brock—and that these passes are so obvious, Miss Dupree, that it's plain she is pursuing some purpose important to her. Let's assume that a quarrel and later a fight develop between the lawyer and Brock. You can even assume if you wish that the lawyer started both, for that doesn't greatly matter. Let's assume the party doesn't break up till almost two hours after the lawyer leaves. Let's assume that the girl drives Brock home, then immediately returns and takes her own life.

"Now then. Having all these assumed facts in mind, would not a reasonable person conclude that Brock had recently told the girl he was breaking off with her, that she invited the single man to get Brock back by making him jealous, that she failed, and therefore that she killed herself for a lost love?"

Schmidt said, "Are you saying, Halliday, that's the way it happened?"

"I'm saying it's a more plausible supposition than yours."

Lois shook her head as though to break a spell. "Wait a minute. It does matter. Who started the fight, I mean. If Hughie had started it, she would have taken that as a sign he was jealous and still loved her."

"Not," said Halliday, "if he had another motive for the fight and she knew it."

a new story by William **Faulkner** will appear in next week's *POST*

"Such as?"

"I don't know—yet. If you want flaws in my hypothesis, Miss Dupree, I'll give you a much bigger one: the absence of a suicide note."

She nodded at once, but Schmidt showed puzzlement. "I don't get that."

"All right. Let me try to make it clear. Don't many suicides have a compulsion to explain or defend their act by leaving a note?"

"A lot do, yeah."

"And those who usually don't. What kind of people are they?"

"I never thought much about it. Mostly, I guess, old people that are sick and in pain, or no money, and they're tired of the struggle, or they feel useless and unwanted. They figure no explainin' is necessary."

"Miss Stillman's suicide doesn't belong in that category, agreed? Now let's take the others, the suicides who are more likely to leave notes. Let's narrow it down still more, to those who take their lives over a lost love, as in broken marriages or romances that go on the rocks. What percentage leave notes?"

Schmidt delayed his answer for a long half minute. "Like I said, I never gave it much thought."

"Take a guess. Would you say seventy percent—eighty? Nine out of ten?"

"All right!" Schmidt seemed strangely disturbed. "Maybe nine out of ten."

"That's nine chances out of ten that something's wrong with my hypothesis—unless, of course, Anita's family suppressed a note. Or you suppressed it, sheriff. Or somebody else did—the same somebody who told you two to heave some mud at me and see if any of it would stick." Halliday stood up. "If that's all the questions, I want to go talk to your district attorney."

He went out and down the corridor, searching for the building directory. The directory said the district attorney's office and the superior court shared the third floor. Halliday took the steps two at a time, found the door he sought and barged straight through. District Attorney Paul Pinkley was just cradling his telephone.

"You might have had the courtesy to knock, Halliday," said Pinkley.

"I might have," agreed Halliday. "I didn't." He saw a face long and thin and mottled, the cheeks sunken, the eyes dark and piercing. It was a face shaped either by constant pain or its owner's chronic distemper. Could be fifty, could be sixty; with this kind it was not easy to tell. Halliday looked meaningfully at the telephone as he went on, "You hung up too quickly. Miss Dupree couldn't possibly have told you my version of last night in so short a time."

"She said you had a different version." Pinkley studied Halliday contemptuously, adding, "I expected no less."

"And I," said Halliday, "expect my version to be made public at the same time as any other version or versions you may have."

"You're asking me to do it?"

"I'm reminding you to give out the facts and let them speak for themselves."

"I said I would do that, didn't I? I also indicated I would wait for your story. I tried to do that too."

"Meaning what?"

Pinkley showed a humorless smile. "It seems that both Miss Stillman and you are newsworthy in San Francisco, though no doubt in different ways. The papers there said they had to make deadlines. I gave them the facts I had. You should have moved faster, Halliday."

"And the way your set of facts adds up, I'm the pigeon. Right?"

"You're drawing conclusions, not I."

Halliday swung out of the courthouse and toward the inn, again with fast, driving strides. He had a purpose and not much time. He also had a fresh passion to nurse, and he shuddered a little at himself, wishing it weren't so; the cause of innocent Carl Makin was passion enough for one man. But he could not help himself. He knew he was going to break Paul Pinkley utterly, or be broken by him.

He strode into the inn's lobby, claimed his key and was heading toward the stairs and his second floor room when a girl rose from a chair and called to him. He recognized Sue Stillman at once.

"I've got to talk to you, Mr. Halliday."

"Certainly. Come along to my room. I've got to make a telephone call. You won't like it, but perhaps you should hear it anyway."

She followed along and sat silently while he put in a call for Fred O'Shea, in the press room of San Francisco's Hall of Justice.

Halliday said to Sue, "The D.A. accuses me of deliberately causing your sister's suicide. I'm calling a newspaper-

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man to deny it. You know it isn't so, or you wouldn't be here. Will you get on this phone and back me up?"

She stared at him, her eyes wide and alarmed. "Please! No!"

A familiar voice came on the line. "Fred? This is Lee Halliday, calling from Mara. Have you heard what's happening up here?"

"Have I! Everybody here has heard, and the city desk has been on my tail to find you. Boy, you stepped into one!"

"Thanks for not saying I pulled one. Listen! Tell your city editor I'm demanding a full-dress inquest to prove that the D.A.'s account of this thing is a lie from beginning to end. Tell him I said somebody's trying to frame me to run me out of this valley, but I'm not running."

"Why would anybody want to run you out?" A chuckle came over the line. "Aside from the fact that you're a menace to justice, I mean."

"I don't know yet. That's why I'm not running. I've got to stay and satisfy my curiosity." He made his voice light. "Maybe somebody up here badly needs a lawyer who fights dirty, and the D.A. is trying to run me out before that somebody can reach me. Maybe I'll even open a branch law office here."

"Can I quote you on that? Leaving out, of course, the fighting dirty?"

"I hope you do."

"O.K. Where can we reach you if we want you?"

"At the Mara Valley Inn. And Fred. Pass it on to the others in the press room, will you? I'm serious about saying something smells up here. I hope all the papers play it big."

He hung up and walked to Sue Stillman, standing over her. "What can I do for you?" he asked coldly.

"Is that really true?" she said. "About what the district attorney did, I mean?"

"It is. And he couldn't have put together that story without the help of your parents. You know that, don't you?"

She met his gaze, but did not answer. She seemed to be silently pleading.

"You know it isn't true," he went on. "Why wouldn't you help me?"

She shook her head. "I—I couldn't. Not now."

He softened a little. "If it's loyalty to your parents, and no other reason, I can understand that. If there's another reason, you'd better tell me."

"Please!" she said. "Must there be an inquest?"

"The law requires a search for the causes of unattended deaths."

"But can't it just be a perfunctory thing? I mean, they just declare it a suicide, and that's all?"

"Yes." Halliday fought a brief struggle with himself, and candor won. "That's what will happen unless I can find a way to force a public hearing."

"Must you do that?"

"Your parents helped put me in a position where I've got to, to protect myself. Now you come along and ask me not to. Funny, isn't it? Or is it?"

She searched his face, presently saying in a quiet, remembering way, "Anita liked you. She stood up to mother. She said you believed Carl Makin was innocent—just as hard as mother believed he was guilty. Finally daddy said the subject of the robbery and your name were never to be mentioned again. But it didn't do much good."

His voice had a harshness he did not intend. "What do you want?"

"I want you to know Anita as she really was. She did crazy and unconventional things, but they were really only the things all of us want to do at times. And she was completely innocent about them. She was a wonderful sister and a wonderful person, Mr. Halliday."

He said, "I can believe that."

Sue searched his face again, quickly this time, before going on. "I don't think she really loved Hughie Trock. But she was fascinated by him. He has been around—married and divorced. And they both liked offbeat sports, like auto racing and scuba diving. She thought she loved him. And so she didn't—didn't hold back anything of herself he wanted."

"I know."

"You do?" She was dismayed. "I thought you might guess it, or think it, and maybe others would too, but—— How did you know?"

"Hugh claimed a lover's priority over me last night, then denied he meant what he said. It was deliberate. But I don't know why."

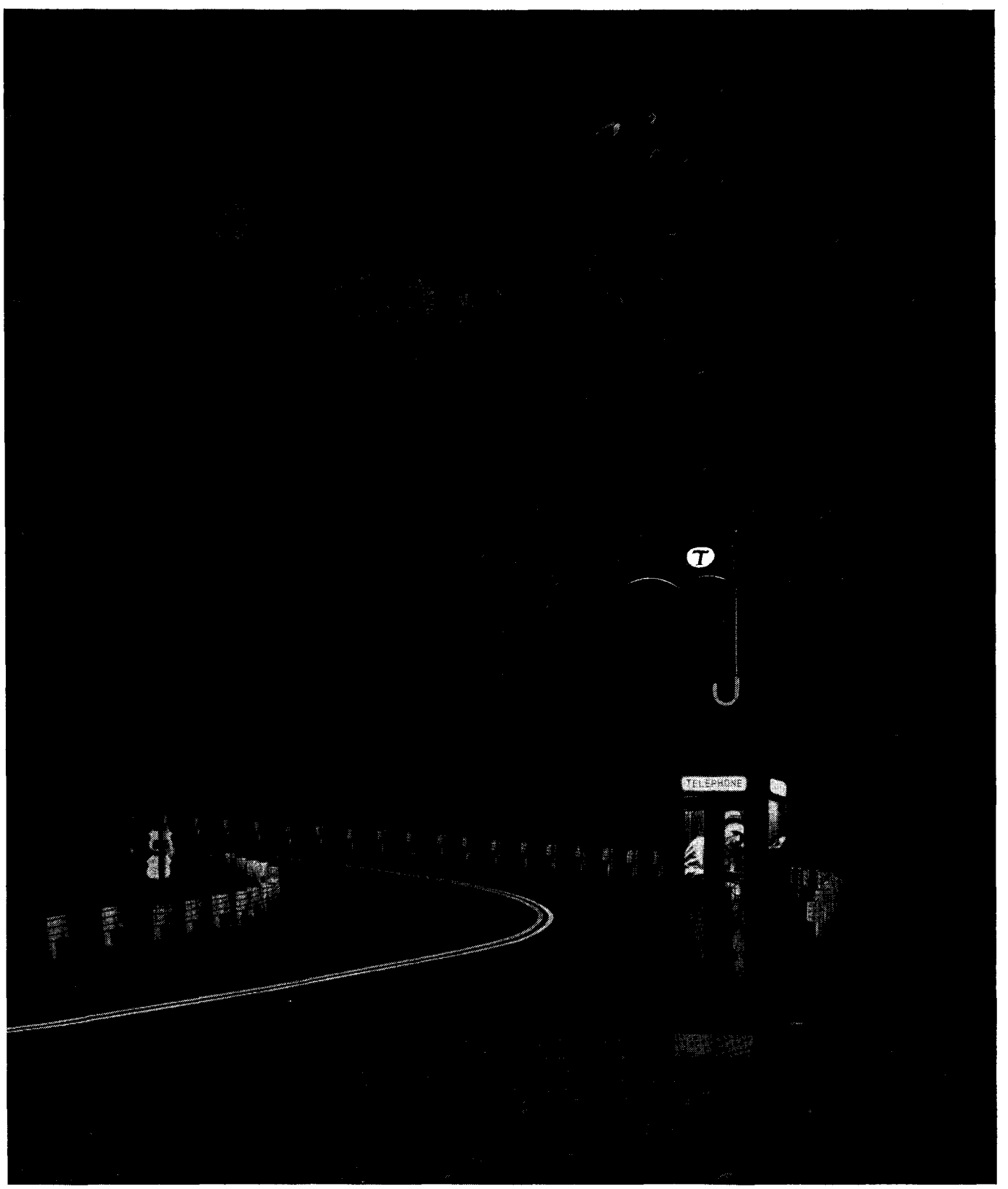
Sue said softly, "Damn Hughie! Oh, damn him! Now if there's a big inquest, it'll come out and be in all the papers. Please, Mr. Halliday! Anita doesn't deserve that."

A sudden conviction came to him. "Anita left a note about this. And you found it."

She shook her head, surprised. "No. We all looked. Everywhere. There wasn't any note. That's why we thought at first ——" She did not finish the sentence.

"Thought what?"

She hesitated. "Nothing, really. But there wasn't any note."



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EDEN

"Did Anita tell you that Trock was breaking off with her?"

"That's not true!" she flared.

"Why isn't it?"

"Anita was the kind who had to tell everything to someone. I was her someone. She said very little about Hughie the last two or three weeks. But I'm sure she would have told me that, if it were so."

"I represent no threat," he said. "Your problem with me disappears when your parents give the lie to the district attorney's story."

"Please," she said. "Don't you see I can't ask my mother to do that? Not after the way she has hated you for five years."

"Then I can't promise you not to push for a full coroner's hearing. I've got to keep my hands free to protect myself against Pinkley. But remember this: I liked Anita. I, too, think she was an innocent in whatever she did."

To his surprise, that seemed assurance enough. She held out both her hands in a spontaneous gesture, and he put his right hand in them. "You're very generous," she said. He watched her walk down the hall, then closed the door and came back.

The phone rang. "Mr. Halliday?" said the operator. "One moment. Mr. Blaisdell calling from San Francisco."

Halliday knew no Blaisdell. He was not surprised when Attorney General McCardell's voice came booming on the line. "Halliday, how in the devil did you get yourself in this mess?"

Halliday caught the disgust in the other man's voice, and it put an edge on his own. "By working at it," he said. "And by staying out of Hoskins's dark theater."

"Careful, man. You know you can't trust a telephone. How much of this is true?"

"You tell me first." Halliday's tone turned explosively polite. "How much of it do you think is true?"

"Keep your shirt on. You know confoundedly well you should have told me about that old quarrel with the Stillmans before you took this job."

"My shirt's off. All the way off." A rage worked through Halliday, and would not be controlled. "You blow your top and telephone me through a hotel switchboard when you know it's a stupid thing to do. And then you tell me to keep my shirt on. To hell with you! I'm not working for you any more. I'm working for Lee Halliday!"

He slammed down the telephone and stalked from the room, bound he knew not where. He left the inn, got his car and drove out of Mara, northward into the sweet serenity of the orchards.

Though he watched his speed, all too soon he reached the turnoff into the Stillman lane and saw in it, some 200 yards from the highway, a cluster of three vehicles. One car, a middle-aged sedan, was parked on the south side of the lane facing the highway; he knew at once it was the car in which Anita had died. Parked beyond it, also off the road, was a newer sedan with a revolving red light on top. In the middle of the lane, and blocking it, was an ancient, open farm truck. Sheriff Joe Schmidt stood beside it.

Halliday parked in front of the death car and walked across to Schmidt, who nodded. Behind the wheel of the truck sat a white-haired man in tan work pants, an old tan sweater and a well-worn mackinaw. Halliday recognized that beautiful old face instantly; this was the man who had watched Halliday talk to Hugh Trock in Trock Tower.

The sheriff said deferentially, "Mr. Trock, this is Lee Halliday."

"Tom Able Trock," said Halliday. It was statement rather than question.

Tom Able Trock offered his hand, smiling, and Halliday took it. His voice was deep and pleasant. "The young lawyer," he said, "who found a gap in our defenses."

"Did I?" said Halliday, puzzled.

"Christmas trees," the other explained. "You caught Hughie off stride there. We've always known the master ordinance wouldn't stand against a weekender who would promise to grow trees as a crop."

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"Too bad," said Halliday in mock disappointment. "I imagined I had thought up something new."

Trock's smile shared the pretended regret. "You were certain to show up one day. That's one reason I bought the crests and high slopes on both sides of the valley. You'll find nothing for sale, I'm afraid, unless you want to throw away money growing Christmas trees on prime orchard and vineyard land."

Halliday said, amazed, "You own all of the high ridges?"

Again the smile. "There I go exaggerating. But the little I don't own is in the hands of men who share my madness."

"I still want to buy, Mr. Trock, And I'll find a way. You see, I've fallen in love with this valley."

The older man studied him, a keen regard that, oddly, did not make Halliday uncomfortable. At length Trock spoke one word, "Why?"

"Because of its beauty and sense of orderliness and—and tranquillity." Halliday began to search for words. "No, it goes deeper than that. People here seem to live in harmony with the land instead of off the land. And up there"—he looked at the crest of the western ridge, then at the more distant eastern crest—"wilderness at your doorstep."

Trock said in a quick, absorbed way, "How did you know it's wilderness?"

"I drove some of the side roads up the slopes. When you get past the vineyards, the roads all come to a dead end. Above those points, no sign of man. Not even fire trails."

"Yet," said the older man, "you want to destroy that wilderness with a weekend house."

"No. I want a place at the edge of it, not in it."

"And," murmured Trock, "ten thousand others would follow you, each taking a place at the edge of the wilderness, until there would be no edge and no wilderness and then no tranquil valley. Why, Mr. Halliday, don't you find a valley of your own and do there as we have done here?"

"It's a thought," agreed Halliday. "But perhaps one reason I'm drawn here is that I was born here."

Again that slow, meditative study before the other shook his head. "If you had told us that in the beginning ——"

Halliday broke in quickly, "Why is that so important to you?"

"As a lawyer, Mr. Halliday, you must be familiar with the concept of the grandfather clause?"

"Generally. It was conceived in the South after the Civil War as a legal way to keep the freed slaves from voting. Laws were passed which made it difficult to vote unless your grandfather before you had been able to vote."

Trock nodded. "By extension it has come to mean that any privileges held by a man prior to some arbitrary cutoff date should not be lightly denied to him or his descendants." He dismissed Halliday with another friendly smile and turned to the sheriff. "I'll try to scout up Hughie and send him here right now, Joe, if you'd like."

Schmidt was diffident. "No, Tom. Able, I'm afraid he'll have to come to the office and give a formal statement, like the others."

"Certainly. I'll tell him to phone you and come in at your convenience. . . . Good-by, Joe. . . . Good-by, Mr. Halliday."

A strong sense of excitement worked on Halliday as he stood with Schmidt and silently watched the truck reach the highway, then turn right up the valley. At last he had found one who could be the controlling intelligence of Mara Valley. A man, too, with a powerful purpose—his madness, he had called it. But could the purpose of such a man be evil?

"How," mused Halliday, "did he get the name Tom Able?"

"Used to be Thomas A. Trock," said Schmidt. "The valley changed it to Tom Able."

Halliday nodded toward Anita's car. "What did he have to say about that?"

"Nothing."

Halliday stared his disbelief. Schmidt said, "He knew I've been looking all morning for Hughie. He found out I was here, so he drove over to tell me Hughie got up early and jeeped up the ridge to look for cougar sign."

"Did you say cougar sign?"

"Yeah. Some fool hunters from the city killed the old cougar that ranged

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EDEN the high ridge. Tom Able's been hoping another cat would drift in. He got a report of a doe kill that could have been a cougar's work, so he sent Hughie up early this morning to make sure."

"You mean he wants a cougar up there? Why?"

"Preserving nature's balance, he calls it. I dunno. People here learned a long time ago Tom Able's crazy ideas aren't crazy."

A thought came to Halliday. "Then it couldn't have been Hughie who told you I started the fight last night. Because you haven't talked to him, even by telephone. That leaves the Trock lawyer. George Spencer. He told you. Right?"

A careful stolidity settled over Schmidt's face. "Did you know, Halliday, that I'm new at this sheriffing trade?"

"I didn't, no." Halliday was conscious of an acute wariness in the man.

"My father was the sheriff. He accepted things as they were, and in his time he was right to do that. Four months ago he died. I was a sergeant with the State Highway Patrol, over in the Sacramento Valley. They asked me to come home and be sheriff. They didn't bind me to any deals."

Halliday asked softly, "Who were 'they'?"

Schmidt didn't answer that. "I had six years in the highway patrol. Six good years. We played it clean, and the brass backed us up. I learned to like that."

Silence fell between them. Presently Schmidt went on, "Tom Able Trock, now, there's a man people like to do things for. You couldn't blame him if he came to expect it. But when I pulled in Hughie a couple of months ago for speeding and reckless driving, why, Tom Able didn't say a word to me about it."

"I see. What happened to the charges?"

"Hughie pleaded guilty to speeding and paid the minimum fine. Pinkley dropped the reckless-driving count."

"First offense?"

"Fifth." Schmidt looked at Halliday and away. "Dad let him get away with it in the valley because of Tom Able, and because he knew Hughie when Hughie was a kid with big problems. Hughie got his four arrests in other counties."

"I see."

Again a silence, and again Schmidt spoke, when he broke it, with great care. "Things changed in the valley while I was away. I don't know what's going on. A man does what he thinks he has to do at the time."

Here, thought Halliday, was a remarkable frankness. "Maybe," he said, "you had better tell me where this big trouble is coming from."

Schmidt was not yet ready to do that. He was determined as he said, "Lois Dupree's a good kid. Remember that."

Halliday considered the possible meaning of that, finally replying, "If I were interested in her I'd worry about the man she works for, not about me."

Schmidt seemed satisfied. He stepped across to the Stillman car, Halliday following, and leaned an elbow against its top. He pointed to the right-front wing window. It was open less than an inch; the resulting aperture was stuffed with clean rags. He pointed to a green plastic garden hose that lay on the gravel beside the car, its other end out of sight at the rear of the car. No explanation was needed. Anita apparently had attached one end of the hose to the exhaust, run the other end through the wing window, tightened the window against it to hold it in place, then stuffed the aperture with the rags to keep the deadly carbon monoxide within the car.

"Suicides like this," said the sheriff, "are the commonest thing in the book. On the patrol we didn't do the investigatin'. We'd come across the car and call the sheriff, then stand by till he showed up. The sheriff would check to make sure it fit the pattern, and that was all. Just one trip. Like the one I made out here earlier this morning. And not come back."

"But," said Halliday, "you did come back."

"Yeah. That note business. You kept bringing it up. It got me to thinking."

"Yes?"

"I told you maybe nine out of ten leave notes if they kill themselves over a lost love, as you call it. I thought maybe I was wrong about that figure. So I called Harry Dozier. Know him?"

"Yes. Head of the homicide detail in San Francisco."

"Uh-huh. I figured if anybody was an expert on suicidal deaths it was he."

"And?"

Schmidt said laconically, "He buys that figure. Nine out of ten."

"And the tenth?" Halliday said. "Why doesn't the tenth leave a note?"

"Well, mostly, Dozier says, because he's a completely selfish, self-centered guy. When he makes up his mind to kill himself, he's so sorry for himself he doesn't think about anybody else."

"Anita wasn't that kind."

Schmidt nodded and went on, "Dozier said there's one other circumstance that sometimes accounts for the tenth. The overpowering impulse to suicide comes at a time when there's nothing at hand to write with or on."

Schmidt again put on his stolid countenance. "Look," he said. He opened the right-hand car door, leaned in sideways and sat so that Halliday could see what he was doing and punched open the glove compartment. It was stuffed with a number of items in disorder. Schmidt pointed to three that lay in front: a small white note pad and two pencils.

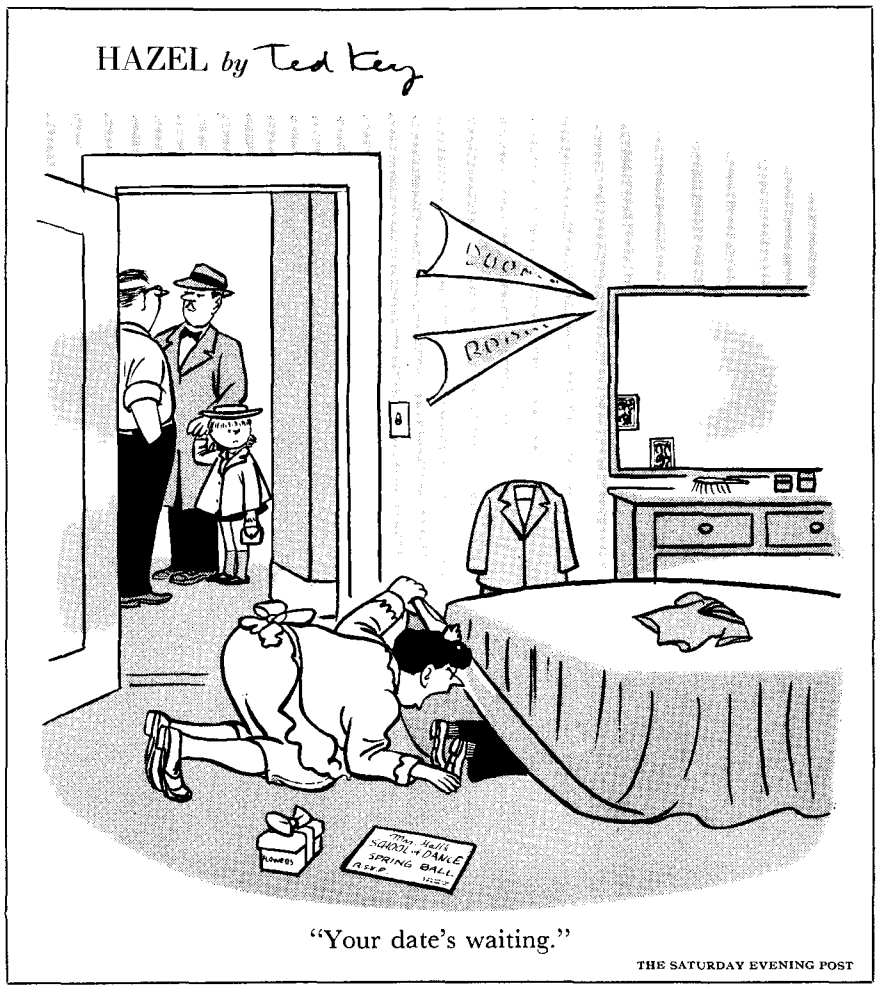
"I came back out here to make sure these things weren't here," said Schmidt. "But they were." He waited until he caught Halliday's gaze, then held it. "You started it," he said. "Suppose you tell me what to make of it."

Halliday said, "There's still the possibility the family suppressed a note."

"Maybe. But I phoned Stillman and put it to him straight. I believe him when he says they didn't find one."

Halliday said musingly, "A real pickle. Still, you haven't any choice, sheriff. You've got to look for evidence that Anita was murdered."

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT



"Your date's waiting."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Schmidt looked at the ground, nodding in a slow and reluctant way. "Yeah," he said. "Yeah, maybe so. But you don't know what that'll do, 'cause you don't know this valley."

"No. But if it was murder, I know something else. I know Anita had me at that party for protection. She was afraid of Hugh, but not enough to tell me so."

"Hey! You're saying Hughie did it. You've got no right to do that."

Halliday looked at him, not replying, then turned away and circled the death car. It was a two-door sedan, perhaps five years old, black body and white top, its finish well preserved and agleam.

Schmidt still sat as Halliday had left him, sideways on the front seat, his feet on the road, his hands resting on his heavy thighs, his expression troubled.

Halliday said, "Was Anita locked inside the car when her parents discovered her?"

"Yeah."

"Who unlocked it?"

"Stillman."

"How come he carried a key to it?"

"Used to be his car. Gave it to Anita when he got a new one."

"I see the door's still locked on the driver's side."

"Uh-huh."

"So when the Stillmans reached here this morning and saw the car and Anita slumped in the front seat, Stillman jerked the hose out of the wing window and opened the door on this side to get to her. But he didn't disturb the door on the driver's side?"

"That's right."

Halliday studied the other's face before he spoke. "What's the matter, sheriff?" Something wrong?"

"Huh?"

"I've been asking questions and getting short answers. Care to tell me what's bothering you?"

Schmidt looked at his fists. His tone grew belligerent. "I don't like you jumpin' to the conclusion Hughie killed her."

"Then I withdraw it. If it's murder, it would appear that he's just the obvious suspect, that's all."

"You say he is. That means others'll say it too if they find out I'm lookin' for murder. And me without a single bit of proof of murder, let alone proof that Hughie did it." His voice rose. "Don't you understand, fellow? I can't do that!"

Halliday felt like kicking himself for mentioning Hugh Trock. Schmidt had to know that Hugh was the obvious suspect; he had not let himself face up to the fact until Halliday spoke the name.

Halliday said, "There's a way out. Look for murder secretly while pretending to be wrapping up a suicide." His tone hardened. "It's risky. But you can't do less and call yourself a sheriff."

Schmidt thought about that, finally saying, "One big trouble is that I can't trust you."

"That's right. And I can't trust you. So we work together. But we watch each other."

Schmidt got slowly up from the car and stood erect. His eyes showed relief. "We'd better get goin'. Where do we start?"

Halliday said, "The obvious first places to look for evidence are this car and Anita's body. But we can't make a secret search without help. We've got to bring Harvey Stillman in with us."

Schmidt thought about that and started to shake his head. Halliday snapped, "We've no choice. You can't impound this car in a public garage without arousing suspicion. But you can put it in Stillman's garage and put your own lock on it, and nobody'll be the wiser. Then there's your autopsy surgeon—can you trust him?"

"I don't know."

"That means you can't. Again we need Harvey Stillman. He can insist that a pathologist be brought up from San Francisco to participate in the autopsy. I know the man to get—Dr. Sidney Parr. You can prime him to insist on a really thorough autopsy—look for needle marks in out-of-the-way places, run tests for all poisons and likely drugs, get an accurate count on the blood alcohol, and so on. Then we'll know."

"O.K. Let me take some photographs of the car as it is, then you can help me get it into the Stillman garage."

"No," Halliday said. "I won't be welcome there. You'll have to manage the car by yourself."

Schmidt gazed at the house and then at Halliday. "Yeah," he said thoughtfully. "I forgot about that. That can spell trouble."

"Not if I stay out of Mrs. Stillman's way." TO BE CONTINUED

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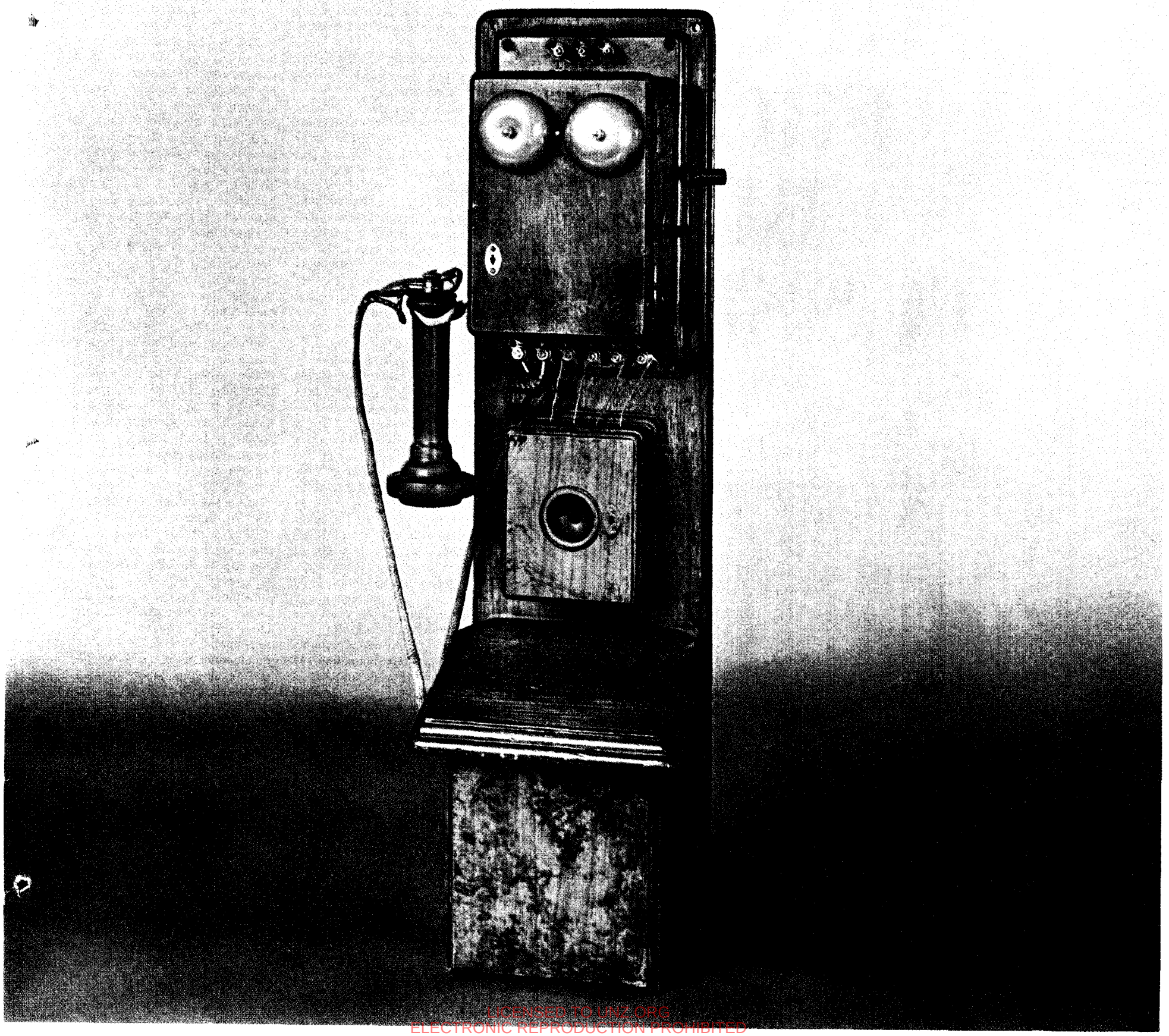

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How Carl Albert, an Oxford-educated Oklahoma farm boy, uses tools of leadership in his new post as Majority Leader of the House of Representatives.

LITTLE GIANT FROM BUG TUSSLE

BY JOHN M. VIRDEN

The House's Democratic triumvirate: Majority Whip Boggs (left), Speaker McCormack and Majority Leader Albert. Their assignment: to ramrod Administration proposals through the House.

Congressman Carl Albert walked briskly into his picture-lined office on Capitol Hill shortly after noon on January tenth of this year, and almost fell through a huge floral map of Oklahoma. This fragrant message of congratulations to the newly elected majority leader was fashioned from 2000 white chrysanthemums, bordered in mistletoe (state flower). It had been delivered while Albert was in the well of the House being installed in the No. 2 position in the leadership of the Democratic Party in the House of Representatives.

When the stumpy, redheaded politician regained his balance, he plucked off a telegram that came with this wall of blooms. It read:

CONGRATULATIONS, CARL. WE KNOW HOW FAR YOU HAVE COME.

Carl Albert has indeed come a long way, starting from an ugly little country schoolhouse called by the improbable name of Bug Tussle. It was almost exactly forty-five years from the day he first made up his mind to be a Congressman until he was sworn in as floor leader of his party in the House.

Like almost everything else that has happened to Albert, the majority leader's job was gained the hard way.

The death of Speaker Sam Rayburn last November threw the Democrats into disarray. A group from the ultraliberal wing of the party seemed to reason the House leadership was up for grabs.

Front runner in the move to unhorse acting Speaker John McCormack and acting Majority Leader Albert—or both—was Representative Richard Bolling, from Kansas City, Missouri, a member of the powerful Rules Committee. Bolling is an articulate intellectual liberal who left the classroom to run for Congress in 1948, and has been there since.

Bolling's first pitch, a cautious one, was at the Speaker's chair, under the mistaken assumption that President Kennedy would lend support to head off the almost certain election of fellow Bostonian McCormack to the powerful position. When the President firmly declined to interfere, the Missourian went after the majority leadership.

Long friendly to both Bolling and Albert, the Chief Executive again refused to lift a finger to influence the outcome of the leadership fight. But former President Harry S. Truman, who resides in Bolling's district, gave his blessing to Bolling's effort. The Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) flocked around him. They were joined by stray Democrats of like views, and some who simply wanted a change in the "moderate" leadership. It is impossible to say how many members backed Bolling; anywhere from 80 to 115 were claimed at one time or another as sure votes.

In newspapers and on television Bolling made a case for himself, depicting Albert as lacking sufficient drive to push the Administration's $92,500,000,000 program through the legislative mill. He gave a number of interviews and appeared on a national television panel program. On the other hand, Albert worked quietly from his small, cluttered office in the old post-office building in McAlester, Oklahoma, making no splash in the press, or on television. A few days after Mr. Rayburn's funeral, Albert sent telegrams and letters and made phone calls to every Democratic House member saying simply that he was a candidate for majority leader and asking their support. When the replies came back, Albert had the required 131 votes in the bag, with some to spare.

Six days before the party caucus, Dick Bolling quit the contest with the pathetic remark, "I haven't got a chance." He was right. His support had withered as the countdown neared.

The beginning of Albert's political ambitions came one January day in 1917. Representative Charles D. Carter, a five-eighths Chickasaw Indian who had been Congressman from Oklahoma's far-eastern district since statehood, came to Bug Tussle, made a speech and handed out some packets of seed to the kids.

"I suppose you'd have had to hear Charley Carter speak to understand this," Albert says. "He had snow-white hair, and that gift of the American Indian for oratory. I made up my mind I was going to be a Congressman just like Mr. Carter." Thirty years later Albert was elected Congressman from the same district Charley Carter had represented.

When Albert, all five-feet-four and 130 pounds of him, in a blue-serge suit, strode down the aisle of the House for the first time, he was an immensely proud young man. As he approached his assigned seat, a veteran Republican member, mistaking him for a page, beckoned to him. The Congressman-elect stuck out his hand in his best campaign manner, and the older solon laid a sheaf of papers in it, saying, "Son, take these over to my office."

Without a word Albert carried the documents over to the House Office Building, then ran back to the Capitol in time to answer "present" when the clerk called his name, preparatory to the swearing-in ceremony of the 80th Congress.

From that ludicrous initiation Congressman Albert might have been put down among the numerous one-gallus characters the forty-sixth state has elected to office since its admission to the Union on November 16, 1907. True, he was born in a log cabin, May 10, 1908, and he walked the usual two miles to a country school until he finished the first eight grades. Also, in the best political traditions, he grubstaked himself to an education by doing menial chores. But right there—unless you count the fact that Carl Albert is as disarmingly friendly as a limber-tailed hound pup—all similarity between him and the run-of-the-cotton-patch type of politician stops. Far from being a smooth-politicking rube, Albert can list three college degrees after his name, two of them from Oxford. He had traveled widely in Europe, North Africa and the Pacific area before he came to Congress.

Democrats in Congress sometimes refer to him as "the Little Giant from Little Dixie" and compare him to Abe Lincoln's political rival, Stephen A. Douglas. But down in "Lapland"—where Arkansas and Texas "lap" over into Oklahoma—the voters in his district are more likely to call him "the Little Giant from Bug Tussle."

Albert's district is made up of a tier of thirteen counties in Oklahoma's southeast corner. In it live 227,692 people—farmers, ranchers, oil-field workers, lumberjacks, sawmill hands, small tradesmen and the like. Most of the members of the Choctaw Indian tribe live in that area. Bounded on the north by the meandering and beautiful Arkansas River, it stretches down to the brick-colored Red River. There it faces Sam Rayburn's old domain on the Texas side.

It is a rough piece of Oklahoma, any way you look at it, and the poorest. Per capita income in Pushmataha—called

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Diminutive Congressman Albert has achieved commanding stature among his colleagues through his ability to "sense the temper of the House."

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"A public servant must have a mind and will of his own to do what he feels is right, even when the public doesn't go along with him."

Photographs by Edward Clark

The Alberts in their Washington home: David, seven; Mary Frances, fourteen; Mary Harmon Albert, and her husband.

"Shove" by the natives—County is about $700 per year, or roughly one third the national average. As a banker at Antlers put it, "This is one of the few places where old-age pensioners belong to the country-club set." Income is a little lower in nearby Johnston County, but a good deal higher in more industrialized Pittsburg and Carter counties.

The rugged Kiamichi and Winding Stair mountains cover almost half the district. This is open-range land where thousands of cattle roam at will, and seem to prefer bedding down in the middle of the public roads. If you hit one, you have bought yourself a cow. Cattle have the right-of-way even when they are sound asleep. One grizzled old rancher near Tuskahoma told this reporter, "What I like about this country is that I can drive my cattle from here to Mena, Arkansas, (sixty-four miles), and never have to get off my horse and open a damn wire gate."

Millions of acres of virgin timber and second-growth pine forests flourish in these wild mountains, supporting the biggest single industry in that section of the state, the giant Dierks Lumber Company. There is little love lost between the lumber combine and the small ranchers who pasture their herds in the forest leased to or owned by the Dierks Company.

How many wildcat stills have operated in these mountains the Internal Revenue Service won't even guess. Now that legal liquor has come to traditionally dry Oklahoma, the number of moonshiners is smaller, but there is still a ready market for their corn whisky, called Three Hours in the Fence Corner, guaranteed to make a man "feel single and see double in twenty minutes flat."

Bug Tussle is only a white clapboard, two-room rural schoolhouse, six miles due north of McAlester. It is set in an acre of lumpy Bermuda grass and boasts a storm cellar big enough to hold the entire student body. Bug Tussle has changed little in the past fifty years. From 1915 to 1923 Carl was usually in the classroom at Bug Tussle when he was not in a cotton patch one mile north. His eight years in the country school fashioned his personality somewhat more than did the seven years he spent in universities. Albert has never lost the demeanor of the gifted country boy who walked to school dreaming of going to Congress, and someday rising to be a power in the land.

Ernie and Leona (Scott) Albert had five children—four sons and a daughter, all living. Carl is the eldest. Mrs. Albert, a gentle woman with an iron will, who encouraged her children "to be somebody in this world," was a bedridden invalid for several years before her death in 1936. Ernie Albert lived to see his eldest son sworn in as a Congressman in 1947.

In 1923 the Alberts left the farm and moved into a small house on the edge of McAlester so the eldest son could attend high school. Ernie Albert went to work full time in the coal mines. Carl's bookish habits soon put him on the school's honor roll. After classes he did odd jobs, practiced debate speeches and developed a thundering oratorical style. He was president of the Student Assembly by his senior year.

In 1927 he and Louis Dakil, now an Oklahoma doctor, won the national high-school debating-team championship. Later Albert placed third in the National Oratorical Contest sponsored by the Associated Press. His subject: the Constitution of the United States. The prize was a three-month trip to Europe. In England he saw the tall spires of Oxford and set his heart on going there.

Ernie Albert, tenant farmer turned coal miner, told his ambitious son that if he meant to get a college education, he would have to do it on his own. When young Albert enrolled in the University of Oklahoma that autumn he had ten dollars left after paying his fees. By sundown he had a job that provided room and board. During his four years at the university, Albert was a waiter, a soda jerker, a dry-cleaning solicitor and a tutor.

In his freshman year Carl latched on to more money than he had ever seen before—$1500 as first prize in the National Collegiate Oratorical Contest—and made the university debating team. With a speech on World Peace he won the national collegiate oratory title in 1929. He joined Kappa Alpha social fraternity, and plunged into student politics as leader of the Antiadministration Party. The young man from Bug Tussle was moving fast.

Albert's college speech teacher recalls "his absolutely unshakable mental poise." But a fraternity brother at Oklahoma says his knack of making the short, hard words hit like a flail came from much practice, rather than born genius. He drilled himself under the Canadian River bridge some miles south of the campus. A friend would go along with him, usually at night, to listen and to heckle him. As Albert practiced by blasting his speeches across the dry sandbar, his companion would mutter rebuttals, yank his necktie, unlace his shoes or throw sand at him.

On graduation day at the University of Oklahoma in June, 1931, Carl Albert was President of the University Student Council, wore a Phi Beta Kappa key and had been selected as a Rhodes scholar. The late Dr. William B. Bizzell, then president, called him "the brightest mind that ever passed through this university." Those spires of Oxford were visible from Norman, Oklahoma, that day.

On the ship passage to England, Albert met two other bright young Rhodes scholars—Dean Rusk, now Secretary of State, and Fowler Hamilton, now Director of the International Development Administration.

During his years at Oxford, Albert used the long English weekends and his vacations to tour Britain, the Continent, North Africa and the Middle East. In the House of Commons he listened for hours to the deliberations and speeches of the British lawmakers.

The nadir of the depression lay on Oklahoma in 1934. A parching drought had turned half the state into a vast dust bowl and had driven thousands from the state. That year Carl Albert came home from Oxford, flat broke. His English law degrees didn't impress prospective employers. There were many well-educated young men on WPA or in CCC camps.

His ambition to run for Congress gnawed at him, but there was the matter of money to finance a campaign. So Albert took the first job he could get, as an office clerk in Oklahoma City. Two years later he switched over to the legal staff of an oil company and stayed in that job until 1941, when he volunteered for the U.S. Army, and went to Camp Polk, Louisiana, as a private in the 3rd Armored Division. He spent nine months in the ranks before the commanding general decided the diminutive lawyer might do something other than wrangle heavy tanks, and recommended him for a direct commission. There followed a fast brushup on military law at the Army's Judge Advocate General's School.

Albert reported to the Pentagon, wearing shiny new captain's bars, early in 1942.

"So he'p me, there wasn't another unmarried man in that whole office," says pretty Mary (Harmon) Albert, "but I saw Carl's two-oh-one file before he arrived. When he walked in to report, I tol' the other girls, 'Now, you stan' back and stop droolin' 'cause this one is mine, he's jus' mah size.'"

Mary Harmon of Columbia, South Carolina, was then twenty-one, stood five feet, wore a Size 7 dress and was a Pentagon clerk. In no time she had captivated the captain.

On August 20, 1942, Miss Mary Harmon and Capt. Carl B. (for Bert, a name he loathes) Albert were married in the old Lutheran Church of the Reformation at Columbia. They had a year together in crowded, frantic wartime Washington before he went off to the war in the Pacific. Mary returned to South Carolina to finish college.

Thirty-three months later Lieutenant Colonel Albert came home again with a fine fruit salad of medal and campaign ribbons stitched over his left breast pocket. He had a small wad of money saved from his pay, and a deep desire to go home and run for Congress.

Two older lawyers told Albert to move in with them and they would toss him a few cases until he could get started. But he had not tried many cases when the late Congressman Paul Stewart decided his health would not stand another campaign. When Stewart withdrew in 1946, Albert jumped into the race.

There were six Democratic hopefuls in the primary. For one of the few times in his life, Albert was knocked back on his heels. Bill Steger of Durant bested him by more than 3000 ballots. But no one had a clear majority, and the two recently discharged war veterans battled it out in a runoff. Albert beat Steger by 391 votes. Later that fall he waltzed over his Republican opponent. In 1948 he beat his Democratic rivals by a comfortable margin and won the general election by six-to-one. In 1950 he enjoyed a politician's dream—no opposition.

Then came 1952, and Albert's primary battle was a real shindy. There he faced State Senator Kirksey Nix, a big, popular, blue-jawed lawyer, handsome as a race horse.

"For a while I had Bug Tussle's pride treed right on top of his well-worn stump," says Nix, now a judge of the Oklahoma Court of Criminal Appeals. "But in the last two weeks of the campaign he laid the lash of that Biblical oratory on me. I don't see why folks call that guy 'little.' He's just wound up real tight. When he talks, he commences to unwind, and before he shuts up, he's ten feet tall."

Election-night tallies gave Albert every county. The elections of 1954, 1956, 1958 and 1960 were easy ones for Albert. Though he always campaigned as though he were running against a dozen men, he had only token opposition or none at all.

A few days after his re-election in 1954, Speaker Sam Rayburn told Albert he had been picked as the Democratic whip of the House, a position he was to hold for the next seven years.

When the venerable Mister Sam was asked why the little-known Albert was picked for a key slot in the party organization, he said, "There's nothing peculiar about it. . . . Carl has tact and energy, intelligence, education and a sense of responsibility. And mind you, sir, these things don't always go together. I've been

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watching House members since Woodrow Wilson's Administration and I can tell big timber from small brush."

The term "whip" is a misnomer when applied to Carl Albert. Albert's forte is persuasion, and the uncanny ability to "sense the temper" of the House in much the same way Mr. Rayburn could. One longtime colleague says that Albert is "close to being another Sam Rayburn, but with more hair and an Oxford education."

The new majority leader of the House is not likely to be mistaken for a page now. For one thing, he is about thirty pounds heavier than he was in 1947. Short, compact, he has a big head that looks as though it might have been stuck on as an afterthought. He has a long upper lip and a hard jaw which give him a perpetually solemn look one Washington wag described, with more candor than kindness, as the mien of a worried Teddy bear.

Politically he is harder to classify. Generally he is a progressive-moderate, a middle-roader who fights for anything he believes will help farmers, cattlemen or public schools. Labor, veterans and the Department of Defense count him as a dependable and able friend on the Hill. Those who have worked closely with him say Albert is probably the congressional champ at resisting pressure groups.

"Maybe I'm not original in my beliefs," Albert says, "but a public servant must have a mind and will of his own, or he'll wind up little more than an errand boy. Hear all sides, sure, but he must do what he feels is right—even when it does not jibe with popular demand. If I felt otherwise, I'd be ashamed of myself and would get out of politics."

On Washington's feverish cocktail circuit the Alberts are almost strangers, attending only the must functions and a few of the soirees at the embassies. Though he neither drinks nor smokes and is a slow hand with the small chatter, Albert enjoys these gatherings because they allow him to practice his Spanish and French.

Most of the time he works six days out of seven on Capitol Hill, but tries to get home in time for a leisurely dinner with Mary and their two children. Their daughter Mary Frances is fourteen and David Ernest is a bouncy lad of seven.

In Washington the Alberts live in a rented brick house at 4614 Reno Road. They own a small frame home at 827 East Osage Street in McAlester and live there during the months Congress is not in session. In Washington or in McAlester, Sundays are strictly reserved for church and the family. No politics. After services at the Methodist church, there is dinner at home. Sunday afternoons and evenings are devoted to "whatever Mary and the children want to do."

Carl Albert is too much of a practical politician to make calculated guesses about his future, other than to say that is up to the people of the 3rd Oklahoma District. His affection for "this House" is evident to anybody who talks to him for even a few minutes. There is no doubt that he is exactly where he wants to be, and he expects to stay there.

An enthusiastic friend of Carl who has known him since they were boys told this reporter: "Carl's time was bound to come. Far too many cowboys, plowboys and prairie yodelers and several other kinds of political freaks get elected to high office. Maybe his popularity year after year and now his election as majority leader in the House indicate a trend toward higher-quality men in the important places in the Government. The good Lord knows I hope so." THE END

Leaving the White House after his regular Tuesday breakfast with the President—a strategy-mapping session.

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EDITORIALS

ON "MUZZLING" THE MILITARY

During the furor over the "muzzling" of Pentagon generals and admirals, we came across a letter in the Washington *Post* from Arthur Locke King of Georgetown, South Carolina. The letter told of Rear Adm. Victor Blue, a Spanish-American War hero, and the reception he received when he went home to Marion, South Carolina. According to Mr. King, "A banquet to which many notables were invited was given in his honor. After much oratory by the political bigwigs of that day and a rather lengthy introduction of the guest of honor, he was called upon for a speech. The admiral rose to his feet and was silent for some little time, apparently trying to adjust his 'sea legs' to the floor of the banquet hall. Then, raising his glass, he said, 'I am a member of a branch of the United States Government which believes in fighting—not talking.' He then took his seat amid thunderous applause."

We live in a vastly different world from that of Admiral Blue. But some of the comments on "muzzling" make us wonder whether he did not have a better understanding of the role of the military in a democratic society than some of our generals and quite a number of our politicians.

Few principles are more firmly rooted in the American tradition than the supremacy of civilian authority and the isolation of our military leaders from partisan politics. There are good reasons for this tradition. We do not want military force to be a factor in our political life, and we do not want the loyalty of our fighting forces to be modified by political considerations. The Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara, summed up the American concept of the role of the military before the Senate Armed Services Committee last fall by saying, "We believe that the military establishment is an instrument, not a shaper, of national policy. Its members, as free Americans, are entitled to their views on the issues of the day, and they have every right to make their views effective through the ballot. They do not have the right, however, to use the military establishment to advance partisan concepts or to alter the decisions of the elected representatives of the people."

These principles are as basic as the manual of arms. They are second nature to the overwhelming majority of our professional military men.

Anyone who questions the wisdom of this policy should ponder the recent agony of France, a country with a great tradition of liberty, threatened with chaos by dissident military leaders. He would do well also to consider the frequency with which established governments are overthrown by military juntas south of the border.

The "muzzling" of military leaders has led to memorable furor twice in our time. The classic case was the dismissal of General MacArthur in 1951. MacArthur publicly disagreed with the Truman Administration's conduct of the Korean War and was fired by the President.

Within the past year Maj. Gen. Edwin Walker achieved the status of a martyr among the radical right by doing something that no military man on active duty should do. According to the Inspector General of the Army, General Walker "failed to comply with criteria established in Army Regulations . . . by making speeches containing remarks that were inflammatory and derogatory to past public officials, quoting and recommending material which was in varying degrees nonfactual, biased and inflammatory in character, and arranging for speakers who gave inflammatory speeches." The public officials referred to were former President Harry S. Truman, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

The Acting Inspector General found that General Walker "in an official capacity attempted to influence the members of the 24th Infantry Division and their dependents in their selection of senatorial and congressional candidates by recommending the use of voting materials not obtained through military sources."

It was the opinion of the acting Judge Advocate General of the Army that General Walker had violated Army Regulations and the Hatch Act and that he had violated a criminal Federal statute. General Walker was admonished and given an inferior job. He promptly resigned.

We believe that these two cases illustrate three things that no military man on active duty should do. First, he should not disagree publicly with the orders of his Commander in Chief, the President. Second, he should not make partisan political speeches, and third, he should not in any way whatsoever try to influence the votes of members of his command. Therefore, Truman acted properly in firing MacArthur, and Kennedy was justified in allowing the Army to admonish Walker.

At the same time it would be foolhardy to ignore the danger of the Communist conspiracy. Our military leaders have broad experience in fighting Communism around the world. The country can and *should* benefit from this experience, if it is presented in such a way that it will enlighten and unite the people rather than divide them in partisan political bickering.

It is for this very reason that we believe, and the vast majority of responsible officials of this Administration and its predecessors would agree, that it is absolutely necessary that the public statements of our military men and other Government officials be "censored," reviewed, edited or coordinated. Otherwise the Government will speak with a thousand tongues, and a sensible coordinated policy will not be possible.

The fault, in the past, has been in the execution, not the system. The record shows, by the number of vigorous condemnations of Communism retained by the censors, that there is no sinister purpose or design in the deletions. At the same time we believe that the best that can be said for some of the deletions made by Pentagon censors is that they were stupid. As we said in our November-fourth editorial, the censor who deleted a reference to the X-15 as a "Man o' War," saying, "Let's use another steed," was just plain silly. We believe also that the notion that the cold war or the prospects for negotiation will somehow be affected by preventing a general or an admiral from referring to "Communism" or the "Communist menace" is excessively naïve.

The Pentagon and the State Department surely can do a better job and eliminate much of the petty nitpicking that is understandably annoying to senior officers. In the long run, however, if we are to preserve the indispensable concept of civilian authority without silencing our military leaders after the fashion of Admiral Blue, some sort of control is necessary. How well it will work depends upon the restraint and good judgment of ordinary men.

ROCKEFELLER AND THE GIMME BOYS

Governor Rockefeller comes up for reelection next fall, and he needs a decisive victory if his sorely beset Presidential candidacy is to remain alive and kicking. Nonetheless, Governor Rockefeller stood up before the American Legion in Albany, N.Y., on a recent evening and told the lobbyists he was against their proposal to award New York's Korean War veterans $50 to $250 apiece. He thought the $100,000,000 might better be spent for education and mental health.

Up to this point the lobbyists had had things their own way. New York state assemblymen, having introduced nearly fifty bills to effect the necessary constitutional amendment, were panting to win the favor of the state's 482,000 veterans of Korea. To nobody's surprise Mayor Wagner of New York City—who may run against Rockefeller—had announced in favor of the handout. Twenty-one other states had already voted Korean War bonuses.

Rockefeller's speech wrecked the plans of the lobbyists, at least for this year, and the governor was hailed for his political courage. But it's just possible that Rockefeller gained votes instead of losing them. Responsible government and good politics are not necessarily incompatible. He may not even have lost all the veterans' votes, since many of them would feel sheepish about accepting a tip for their patriotism.

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COMPARE IT 6 WAYS FROM SUNDAY

1 PRICE! A NEW LOW ONE

Looks like it's going to be a banner year for the automobile industry. Car sales are booming. It's a great time to get a great deal on a new automobile. But before you buy any new car, compact or standard, see what's going on at your Dodge Dealer. See the new size Dodge Dart. Check its new low price—up to $64 lower than last year's comparable model.

FORD FAIRLANE		$2079
MERCURY METEOR		$2203
THE NEW SIZE DODGE DART		**$2241**
CHEVY BISCAYNE	Price includes heater	$2324
FORD GALAXIE		$2378

Dodge Dart 2-Door Sedan

The comparison, above, is based on manufacturers' suggested retail price of six-cylinder 2-door sedans. Only white wall tires, bumper guards, other optional equipment, state and local taxes (if any) and destination charge extra.

2 DEPENDABILITY

Dart's body is rustproofed. You go 32,000 miles between grease jobs. High-speed starter and high-output alternator are standard for quick, sure starts.

Car	Rustproofing Method	Electricity Output	Recommended Interval Between Grease Jobs
DART	**DIP & SPRAY**	**35 AMP.**	**32,000 MILES**
BISCAYNE	Spray only	30 amp.	1,000 miles
GALAXIE	Spray only	30 amp.	30,000 miles
METEOR	Spray only	30 amp.	30,000 miles
FAIRLANE	Spray only	30 amp.	30,000 miles

3 COMFORT

Lots of room. Chair-high seats. Smooth Torsion-Aire ride. The wheels and tires are sized to put plenty of rubber on the road.

Car	Suspension System Front and Rear	Standard Equip. Tire & Wheel Size
DART	**TORSION BAR/LEAF SPRINGS**	**700 x 14 (V8)**
METEOR	Coils/leaf springs	650 x 14 (V8)
FAIRLANE	Coils/leaf springs	700 x 13 (V8)
BISCAYNE	Coils/coils	700 x 14 (V8)
GALAXIE	Coils/leaf springs	750 x 14 (V8)

4 SAFETY

Dart gives you more braking power-per-pound than most any car at any price. As much as 62% greater lining area than other cars near its price. The linings are bonded, not riveted, for longer wear. And Dodge Dart brakes adjust themselves. You get sure, straightline stops every time.

Car	Effective Brake Lining Area	Shipping Weight (Two Door Six)
DART	**195.2 SQ. IN.**	**2965 LBS.**
BISCAYNE	185.6 sq. in.	3405 lbs.
GALAXIE	180.0 sq. in.	3478 lbs.
METEOR	120.5 sq. in.	2843 lbs.
FAIRLANE	120.5 sq. in.	2757 lbs.

5 PERFORMANCE

The new size Dodge Dart has the most powerful standard six engine in the business. It takes a V8 in most other cars to keep up with it. And Dart's standard V8? Nothing near Dart's price can match it.

Car	Standard 6 HP and Torque	Standard 8 HP and Torque
DART	**145 HP/215 FT. LBS.**	**230 HP/340 FT. LBS.**
GALAXIE	138 hp/203 ft. lbs.	170 hp/279 ft. lbs.
BISCAYNE	135 hp/217 ft. lbs.	170 hp/275 ft. lbs.
METEOR	101 hp/156 ft. lbs.	145 hp/216 ft. lbs.
FAIRLANE	101 hp/156 ft. lbs.	145 hp/216 ft. lbs.

6 SIZED RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BIG AND LITTLE !!!!

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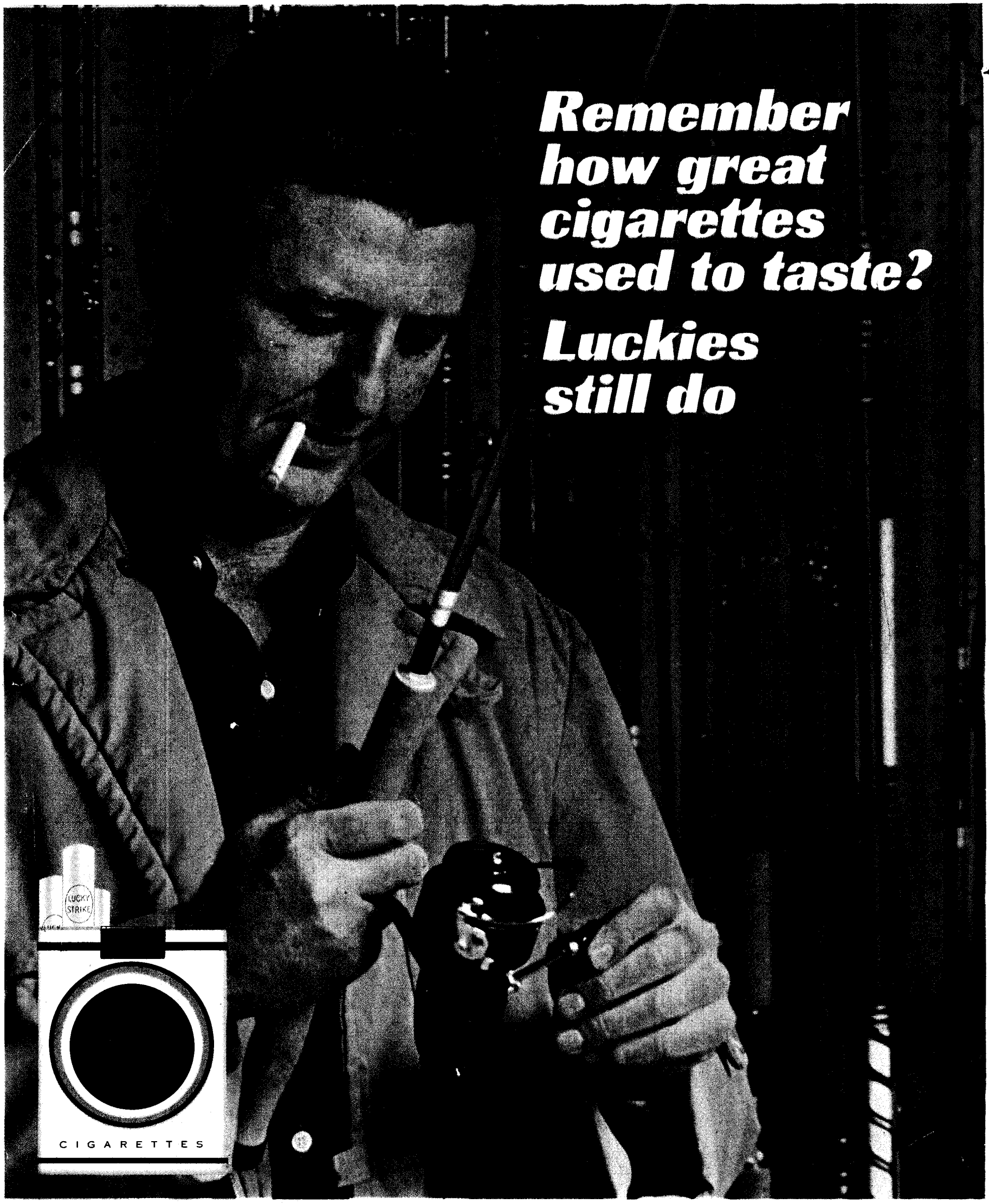

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